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T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

THIS novel was written by the late celebrated and truly amiable Mr. Samuel Richardson, and is as striking an original as ever yet was presented to the public. The principal character is, that of Sir Charles, and in him we meet with a young gentleman surrounded by a thousand temptations, but at the same time adhering to his duty as a man and a christian. Beauty could not tempt him to seduce, nor could the greatest, the most affluent fortune make him marry the woman who was not the object of his affections. Nay, so much was he attached to the protestant religion as by law established in England, that he would not turn papist to marry a rich Italian lady, nor would he suffer her to abjure her religion merely for the sake of a husband. The whole work

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contains

contains the most enlarged sentiments of virtue and benevolence, and happy indeed will those youth be, who copy after the example of Sir Charles Grandison.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON was the son of a gentleman, who died possessed of an estate of eight thousand pounds a year, and his lady was one of the most amiable of her sex.

Sir Thomas, the father of Sir Charles, had for many years been much addicted to horse-racing, from which his lady had in vain endeavoured to reclaim him, but she took care to keep so much hospitality in her house, that she was beloved and admired by all the poor who lived in the neighbourhood. Sir Thomas, as a man of real gaiety, took no notice of his daughters, but spent his leisure hours in teaching his son the art of fighting with the small sword, of which he soon became a great proficient.

It was at an early period of life that Sir Charles lost his amiable mother, for one evening Sir Thomas having been brought home wounded, in consequence of fighting a duel, his lady fell into fits, which put an end to her valuable life. A little before her death, she was so sensible, that she sent for her son, and he coming to her bed side, she recommended to him the care of his sisters. The pious youth held her dying hand in his, and embracing it in the most tender manner, told her, her injunctions to him now she was stepping into eternity, should be the rule of his conduct as long as he lived. She then expired, holding his
hand

hand in hers, sincerely lamented by all those who had ever known her.

Sir Thomas was much affected for the loss of his worthy lady, and the rather, when he considered that his own imprudent conduct, had in a great measure hastened it. Mr. Grandison, who loved his mother tenderly, gave himself up to melancholy, which so much alarmed his father, that he was prevailed on to send him abroad to make the tour of Europe, under the direction of a tutor, who had been recommended by a general, who was uncle to the young gentleman. This tutor, it seems, was one of those abandoned miscreants, who under pretence of directing the studies of young gentlemen, actually lead them into every scene of debauchery; but Grandison escaped all the snares that he laid for him. The truth is, he was obliged while at Paris, to become his own tutor, or in other words to take care of himself, for he found that his governor did not pay the least regard to the most sacred of all moral obligations, so that on many different occasions the young gentleman was obliged to remonstrate to him on the great impropriety of his conduct, in acting so inconsistent with the nature of his profession.

At Turin our adventurer became acquainted with one Dr. Bartlet, who was then governor to a young gentleman whose name was Lorimer, and this young squire was of such abandoned principles, that he and Mr. Crewker, the tutor of Grandison, soon became intimately acquainted. In that city they played so many roguish tricks, while Dr. Bartlet and Grandison were enlarging their minds with real knowledge, so that

Crewker was obliged to decamp, lest he should have been sent on a seven years voyage to the gallies. Having arrived safely at Rome, Crewker sent a letter to Grandison, desiring him to meet him in that city, but the young gentleman, who had long beheld his conduct with concern, was determined not to be trifled with any longer, and therefore wrote an account of his whole conduct to his father.

In answer to this letter, his father left him at liberty to do as he pleased, observing at the same time, that he was so well convinced of his prudence, that he doubted not but he would be able either to make a proper choice of a governor, or to act with such prudence as not to be in want of one.

Upon the receipt of that letter, young Grandison went to wait on his good friend, Dr. Bartlet, but as he could not with propriety ask him to forsake the station that had been assigned him, they both entered into a treaty of mutual friendship, which was only to end with the life of one of them.

While Lorimer was passing through some of the capital towns in Lombardy, Grandison made the greatest part of the tour of Europe, and wrote down such pertinent remarks on the laws, manners, and customs of the people, as convinced every one that he had a very sound judgment, and that he had not hitherto spent his time in vain. Indeed Lorimer learned nothing, his whole time was spent in idleness, and attending the public diversions, which was so offensive to the doctor, his worthy tutor, that he wished he had never undertaken to accompany him.

The

The doctor put up with all these extravagancies as he could not bring his pupil to a sense of reason, and in the mean time the young gentleman gave him the slip, and set out to be present at the carnival at Venice. It was some time before the doctor could learn which way he had gone, but upon mature deliberation, he received intelligence, that he was gone to Venice, and therefore he set out to meet him in that celebrated city. When he came there, he found that Mr. Lorimer had launched out into all sorts of fashionable follies, and what was still worse, he had committed several violences on some of the people. In vain did Dr. Bartlet set before his pupil the character and conduct of Grandison, for he paid no regard to them any farther than to copy one of his letters, which he sent to his father as his own, not doubting but he would thereby be brought to imagine that he had acquired considerable knowledge abroad. The doctor was a good deal surprised when he received an answer from the father of the young gentleman, mentioning the contents of the letter, and having taken the young gentleman to task, he freely confessed the whole, which surprised the doctor so much, that he looked upon him as one of the meanest wretches he had ever known.

The freedom which the worthy doctor used with his pupil, was far from having the desired effect, for instead of taking his advice, he got into company with a courtesan who had deceived several travellers, and in conjunction with her contrived a scheme to impose on the doctor. Bad connections lead to bad practices, and they generally end in the commission of some notorious crimes.

crimes. From Venice they set out for Athens, Mr. Lorimer taking the vile woman along with him, and much about the same time Grandison arrived at the same place, from a tour that he had been making in the island of Candia.

At Athens Mr. Lorimer and his whore represented to the *cadi*, who is the Turkish judge in all civil causes, that Dr. Bartlet was a person who had contrived some schemes to overturn the established government, upon which he was taken up and committed to prison. This infamous scheme having been reduced to practice, Lorimer and his courtesan set out for Venice, leaving the doctor a prisoner in a dungeon, where there was not one person to visit him who could speak either in the learned or in his own native language.

While he remained in that disconsolate condition, one Mr. Beauchamp, a young gentleman, who had been acquainted with Mr. Grandison in the island of Candia, happened to come to Athens a few days after Mr. Grandison set out for Constantinople, and upon his arrival there, having heard that an English gentleman was in prison, he enquired into his character, and found that he was the worthy doctor Bartlet; upon that he dispatched a messenger to Constantinople to Mr. Grandison, in order to lay the case of the worthy doctor before the British resident at the Porte.

Mr. Grandison was not a little affected to hear of the misfortune of the worthy doctor, and therefore having applied to the English as well as the French resident, he procured an order for his releasement, and lest it should have miscarried, he
set

set out with it for Athens. Fortunately for the doctor he arrived there in time to save his life, for as all his money was spent, the cadi had ordered that rather than he should starve, he would send a brace of janizaries to strangle him. Mr. Lorimer, the father of the young gentleman, whose studies the doctor had been appointed to superintend, never imagined that his son could have been guilty of so base an action, nor did the doctor suppose it himself, as soon as he was delivered from confinement, he set out for Venice, where he found his pupil, who by that time was become tired of the courtesan, and therefore he took that opportunity of detaching him from her.

From Venice they set out for Rome, but the unhappy young gentleman acted in the same irregular manner as before, so that in a few weeks he paid the debt of nature, by dying a violent death, a circumstance of the utmost service to his family, and which had been long foreseen by his worthy tutor. Indeed had he lived, he would have plunged his father into many misfortunes, and although the old gentleman was for some time sorry for his death, yet in the end he found that instead of being sorry he had reason to rejoice.

It is true, he died what we commonly call a sincere penitent, for he confessed his faults, and told the doctor, that were he to recover, he would live a new life. It is certain, that nothing in the world can be less depended on than a death bed repentance, for although repentance can never come too late, yet the most genuine is, that which is attended with sincere obedience. These

were the sentiments of the worthy doctor, who in consequence of his untimely end, fell into a violent fever, and was some weeks before the physician believed there was any hopes of his recovery.

In the mean time Mr. Grandison, who had visited Egypt as well as several other parts of the coast, returned to Italy, and happening to call at Rome, where he learned that Mr. Lorimer was dead, and that Dr. Bartlet, his worthy tutor, was just recovered from a dangerous fit of illness.

Mr. Beauchamp happened to be at that time in Rome, and as he had not finished his tour, he recommended the doctor to him as a tutor, a circumstance that arose purely from motives of humanity, for Mr. Beauchamp had a step-mother who had prevailed on his father to abridge his yearly allowance, so that he was reduced to no small difficulty how to support the character of a gentleman.

It was with much difficulty that Mr. Beauchamp could be prevailed upon to accept of a gratuity, but Mr. Grandison, who hated formalities, prevailed upon him, by representing his own disinterestedness on the one hand, and the necessities of his friend on the other. These preliminaries being settled, Grandison set out for Leghorn, where he met with an English gentleman in distress, and lent him some money on his bond, but finding him much dejected in his spirits, he sent for him, and in his presence burnt the bond in the fire, telling him at the same time that he could not bear the thoughts of making him one moment unhappy. Indeed, Mr. Grandison

dison took no pleasure in any thing besides that of doing good, his heart burned with love to his fellow creatures, and he considered nothing as his own, while one of his fellow creatures stood in need of it.

Having done an action that would have reflected honour on the most dignified character in human nature, he visited every place worth notice in Leghorn, and during the whole of his stay there, he constantly attended divine service in the chapel of the factory; for he was well convinced in his own mind, that all learning and knowledge, let them be of ever so extensive a nature, are no better than empty bubbles, unless sanctified by the divine blessing.

From Leghorn he set out for Florence, where he visited the museum, and beheld the natural and artificial beauties in that celebrated repository with admiration. The gaiety of the place, however, did not detach his mind from the practice of virtue, for at all times, and in all places where-ever he was, he still considered himself as in the immediate presence of the deity, and therefore he was continually afraid to offend, lest he should have incurred the displeasure of his God, whose service he preferred to every thing else.

We must now introduce our adventurer into the company of some noble Italians, whose names were much respected in their own country, and whose adventures will make no small figure in this work, therefore it is extremely proper the reader should be acquainted with them.

In the neighbourhood of Bologna were two noble families of the name of Porretta, who both boasted their descent from the ancient Romans,

and probably their pretensions to so high an original, were not ill founded. The one of these noblemen was a marquis, and the other a count, and the lady of the marquis was a woman much esteemed throughout the same province where she resided. They had three sons, the eldest of whom was in the service of the king of Naples, the second was a bishop, and the third commanded a regiment in the service of the king of Sardinia. The daughter was about eighteen and adorned with all those accomplishments that make female charms irresistible, and was doated on both by her father and mother, the latter of whom called her her Clementina. Jeronymo, who had the regiment under the king of Sardinia, had been some time at Rome, where he became acquainted with Mr. Grandison. He was a young nobleman of fine parts, and had imbibed the sentiments of the best writers, both of ancient and modern times. He was susceptible of the warmest impressions of real friendship, and had a sweetness of manners that is seldom found in one of his age, but to his great misfortune he had contracted an acquaintance with a set of young profligate noblemen, with whom he spent the evenings in all sorts of debauchery, and at the same time wanted to introduce our hero to the said company.

Mr. Grandison, ever complaisant, went to the place of meeting with his friend, and finding the young nobleman destitute of every spark of moral virtue, he resolved to have no more to do with them. He left nothing undone to bring his friend off from such connections, but finding that in a manner impossible, he refrained from visiting him, lest he himself should be led
away

away by the same contagious example. There is a sort of glory that shines around every thing done by a virtuous person, and certain it is no action in the whole life of Grandison, contributed more towards making him share in the esteem of every good man, than the part he took to reclaim his friend. He had for some time seen him on the brink of ruin, but his tenderness for him was the same, and he resolved, if possible, to save him from impending destruction.

He spake to him several times in private in the most tender and affectionate manner, but finding he paid no regard to what he said, he sent him the following letter :

To the BARONE DELLA PORRETTA.

WILL my Jeronymo allow his friend, his Grandison, the liberty he is going to take with him? If the friendship he professes for him be such a one, as a great mind can, on reflection, glory in, he will. And what is this liberty, but such as constitutes the essence of true friendship? I am the rather encouraged to take it, as I have often flattered myself, that I have seen my Jeronymo affected by the arguments urged in the course of the conversations that have been held in our select meetings at Padua, and at Rome; in which the cause of virtue and true honour has been discussed and pleaded.

I have now no hopes of influencing any one of the noble youths, whom, at your request, I have of late so often met: but of you I have still hopes, because you continue to declare, that you
prefer

prefer my friendship to theirs. You think that I was disgusted at the ridicule with which they generally treated the arguments they could not answer ; but as far as I innocently could, I followed them in their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and not always, as you know, unsuccessful ; but still they could not convince me, nor I them.

I quit therefore, yet not without regret, the society I cannot meet with pleasure ; but let not my Jeronymo renounce me. In his opinion I had the honour to stand high before I was prevailed upon to be introduced to them ; we cultivated, with mutual pleasure, each others acquaintance. Let us be to each other what we were for the first month of our intimacy. You have noble qualities ; but are diffident, and too often suffer yourself to be influenced by men of talents inferior to your own.

The ridicule they have aimed at has weakened, perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wished to have more than a temporary effect on your heart. Permit me to remind you on paper of some of them, and urge to you others.

You have shewed me letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and others from your uncle, and still, if possible, more admirable ones from your sister—all filled with concern for your present and future welfare ! How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family ! And how tenderly does he love them !—What ought to be the result ? Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the character of a dutiful son,
and

and an affectionate brother, that I will not attempt to inforce their arguments upon him.

Mr. Jeronymo has pleaded, and justly may he boast of a disposition to benevolence, charity, and generosity; but remember, my Lord, that true goodness is an uniform thing, and will alike influence every part of a man's conduct; and that true generosity will not be confined to obligations, either written or verbal.

Besides, who, though in the least guilty instance, and where some false virtue may hold out colours to palliate an excess, can promise himself to stop, when once he has thrown the reins on the neck of his lawless appetite? And may I not add, that my Jeronymo is not in his own power? He suffers himself to be led! O that he would choose his company anew, and be a leader! Every virtue then that warms his heart, would have a sister virtue to encourage the noble flame, instead of vice to damp it.

Justly do you boast of the nobility of your descent, of the excellency of every branch of your family. Bear with my question, my Lord: Are you determined to sit down satisfied with the honour of your ancestors? Your progenitors, and every one of your family, have given you reason to applaud their worth; will you not give them cause to boast of yours?

Let us consider the objects of your pursuit. Are they women seduced from the path of virtue by yourself—who otherwise, perhaps, would have married, and made useful members of society? Consider, my friend, what a capital crime is a seduction of this kind! Can you glory in the virtue of a sister of your own, and allow yourself
in

in attempts upon the daughter, the sister of another? And let me ask, How can that crime be thought pardonable in a man, which renders a woman infamous?

Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to suppose, that nature has designed them to be superior to women. The highest proof that can be given of such superiority, is in the protection afforded by the stronger to the weaker. What can that man say for himself, or his proud pretension, who employs all his art to seduce, betray, and ruin the creature whom he should guide and protect? —Sedulous to save her, perhaps, from every foe but the devil and himself!

Remember, my Jeronymo, that you are a man, a rational and moral agent, and act up to the dignity of your nature. Are there not, let me ask, innocent delights enough to fill with joy every vacant hour. Believe me, Jeronymo, there are. Let you and me seek for such, and make them the cement of our friendship. Religion out of the question, consider what morals and good policy will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part in public life. What (were the examples set by you and your acquaintance to be generally followed) would become of public order and decorum? how will a regular succession in families be kept up? You, my Lord, boast of your descent, and why will you deprive your children of an advantage in which you glory.

Good children, what a blessing to their parents! but what comfort can the parent have in children born into the world the heirs of disgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have no family honour to support, no fair
example

example to imitate, but must be warned by their father, when bitter experience has convinced him of his errors, to avoid the paths in which he has trod ?

How delightful the domestic connection ! to bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a sister, a daughter, that shall be received there with tender love ; to strengthen your own interest in the world by an alliance with some noble and worthy family, who shall rejoice to trust to the Barone della Porretta, the darling of their hopes.—This would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the source of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, the unhappy object of a vagrant affection ? Must not my Jeronymo estrange himself from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his sister, persons shut out by all the laws of honour from their society ?

But the present hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment him on his triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows, that welfare and order of society ought to be maintained by a submission to divine and human laws ; but his single exception for himself can be of no importance. Of what then is general practice made up ?—If every one excepts himself, and offends in the instance that best suits his inclination, what a scene of horror will this world become ! Affluence and a gay disposition tempt to licentious pleasures ; penury and a gloomy one to robbery, revenge and murder. Not one enormity will be without its plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown down. But even in
this

this universal depravity, would not his crime be much worse, who robbed me of my child from riot and licentiousness, and under the guise of love and truth, than his who despoiled me of my substance, and had necessity to plead in extenuation of his guilt?

I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but you will take, at least, kindly, these expostulations, though some of them are upon subjects on which our conversations have been hitherto ineffectual. I submit them to your consideration. I can have no interest in making them, no motive but what proceeds from that true friendship with which I desire to be thought,

Most affectionately yours,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

The young Italian nobleman was of too high a spirit to be directed by Mr. Grandison, and therefore their friendship broke off for some time, but as the baron found himself involved in difficulties, in consequence of his unhappy connections, he left Rome, and travelled to Padua. There he once more met with Mr. Grandison, who treated him with the utmost respect, telling him at the same time, that he hoped he had broke off all connections with his former unhappy companions. The young gentleman told him he had, and Grandison, who was ever willing to construe things in the fairest light, believed him.

It was not long, however, before Grandison found that the reformation of his friend was extremely partial, for he had contracted an acquaintance with a courtesan, who had formerly played

played off her charms against our hero, but to no purpose. Enraged to think that she should be slighted by an English gentleman, after her charms had captivated several Italian princes who were equally poor as proud, she resolved to wreck her vengeance upon him. The artful woman contrived to have challenges sent to each party in the name of the other, but Mr. Grandison, so far from giving way to any sort of resentment, expostulated with his friend, and told him, that he would never draw his sword in a strange country, unless it was in his own defence, but at the same time he intimated that there was a possibility of their meeting again by accident, at some place where the mystery might be cleared up to the mutual satisfaction of both, and then took his leave.

It seems the lady of pleasure had another person against whom she was exasperated, besides our adventurer, and her resolution was, if possible, to make away with both. Grandison was in a manner utterly unacquainted with this diabolical scheme, and therefore leaving Padua, he travelled through the Cremonese, a part of Italy, celebrated in the classic authors.

As Mr. Grandison was passing through a narrow road, he saw a horse with a saddle on, but no rider, and at the same time he heard the cries of a wounded man. Humanity for his fellow creature in distress, induced him to go up to the place from whence the cries issued, where he found two ruffians attempting to assassinate a gentleman who had no person to assist him. He immediately drew his sword, and having wounded one of the ruffians, his companion contrived
to

to carry him off; but how great was his surprize when he found that the gentleman whom they had attacked was his old friend the Baron Della Porretta, who had come so far in disguise, in consequence of his late amour. Having bound up the wounds of his friend in the best manner he could, he put him into his chaise, and in the mean time dispatched one of his servants to the city of Cremona, in order to procure a surgeon. He had scarce performed this charitable act, when he was informed that one of the baron's footmen was lying in an adjoining thicket, tied to a tree, and that there were no hopes of his recovery, he having been wounded in the most dangerous manner, and almost bleeding to death in consequence of his wounds.

The poor bleeding servant being put into the coach, Mr. Grandison walked on foot, while it moved slowly along, and when they had proceeded about six miles, the surgeon came up and dressed their wounds. The baron was so much overcome by Mr. Grandison's goodness, that he implored a thousand blessings upon him, and told him, that if it should please God to spare him, he would for ever after be guided by his advice.

When they arrived at Cremona proper lodgings were taken for the baron, and his whole family were sent for to visit him. The encomiums they bestowed upon Mr. Grandison were the effusions of real benevolence, and each of them strove who should oblige him most. While the baron lay ill Mr. Grandison seldom left his bed-side, and in that time repeated all the arguments

ments he had formerly made use of, in order to dissuade him from revenge, especially as it was a vice prohibited both by natural and revealed religion. The young nobleman listened to him with the utmost attention, and the truth appearing strong in its natural colours, he resolved to abide by his advice, without giving way to those false notions of honour that have ruined many of the sons of our nobility, as well as those in foreign parts.

When the baron began to recover, he was removed to his father's house, at Bologna, where his brother, the bishop attended him, and each of the family joined in congratulating our hero on the generous part he had acted. The brother who was a general in the service of the king of Naples, invited Mr. Grandison to accompany him to that city, while the bishop insisted on his staying along with him, in order to learn him the English language.

It seems, that while our celebrated Milton was in that country, he had contracted an acquaintance with some of their progenitors, and therefore his immortal Poem of Paradise Lost, was considered by them as the standard of English taste, in the same manner as we consider Horace and Virgil among the Romans. Mr Grandison delivered lectures in the Italian language upon our English Homer, and none were more attentive to them than the fair Clementina, who always sat by her brother's bed-side while Mr. Grandison was speaking.

Indeed she was so much taken with him, that she became more and more enamoured of him, though she knew that she could not marry him,
as

as he was what the Roman Catholicks call a heretic. It seems our wounded baron had been so much overcome by our heroes goodness, that he thought there was no recompence could be made to him, but that of an alliance with the family, which he considered as a most distinguishing honour. This however was not agreeable to the sentiments of the father and mother, for at the same time the Count of Belvidere having arrived at Bologna, from Spain, became enamoured of Clementina, and as he was a young nobleman of great worth, and possessed of a considerable estate, they considered the proposal for a match as too advantageous to be rejected.

About the same time the rebellion broke out in Scotland, and as Mr. Grandison could not help loving his country, consequently he was obliged to have some debates with the people, whom he respected, and who, in every thing except religion, were persons of real worth. It was reported throughout all Italy that the pretender would be victorious, and as the consequence would have been the establishment of the Romish religion, so Lady Clementina could not help pluming herself on these hopes, for she, with all her virtues, was a most wretched bigot to popery. She longed to see all hereticks reconciled to the idolatry of Rome, or, as she called it, to be brought into the bosom of the church.

As Mr. Grandison did not chuse to enter into the heat of argument with persons whom he really respected, and as at the same time he loved the laws and religion of his country, he
resolved

resolved to leave Italy and return to England. He communicated his sentiments to the marquis, who endeavoured to dissuade him from it, his principal view being to get Mr. Grandison to intercede with the Count Belvedere, and his daughter to enter into wedlock. Mr. Grandison complied with his request, and being admitted to the young lady, he spoke many things in favour of the count, but, to his great surprize, found that she had began to place her affections on himself.

The time that Mr. Grandison had fixed for his departure from Italy drawing nigh, he put his friends in mind of it; but it seems the younger brother of Clementina was so intent on a match between him and his sister, that he began to sound her on her inclinations. The mother did the same, but neither of them could get any other satisfaction from her but tears. They had for some time beheld a settled melancholy on her countenance, which never seemed to be in the least dispelled, except during the time that Mr. Grandison was learning her a language, which, according to their opinion, could never be of any use to her.

Mr. Grandison, was desired to talk to her on the subject, which he did with great prudence, but could not receive a satisfactory answer. The marquis finding that Mr. Grandison was eager to set out for England, through Germany, a grand entertainment was provided for him, for they had by that time brought themselves to hearken to the voice of reason in not detaining a young gentleman from his country

try while the flames of a civil war were kindled in it.

Clementina behaved in so chearful a manner, that her parents began to imagine that she had forgot or given up all thoughts of Grandison, and when he was going to take his leave, she gave him her hand and even her cheek to kiss, telling him that the deliverer of her brother must never be forgotten by her. She concluded by wishing that God would convert him to the true catholic religion, wishing that he might never want such a friend as he had been to her brother. Just as he was taking his leave, the younger brother flung his arms about his neck, and told him that nothing gave him so much uneasiness as to see him and his sister parted, upon which Mr. Grandison took his leave and set out for Inspruck.

Soon after his arrival at Inspruck, he received the disagreeable news that the young lady was in a manner become delirious, and that for several hours she had shut herself up in her closet, uttering the most incoherent expressions, upon which her maid called her mother, and then Clementina declared that she was determined to go into a nunnery, for she could not bear the absence of the lovely stranger. Her confessor, who was really a worthy man, was sent for, and did all he could to keep up her spirits, but he soon discovered that her mind was fixed on some other object, besides religion. He saw that her mind was agitated between passion and duty, and he found it very difficult to say any thing to her in a proper manner.

At

At Florence lived one Mrs. Beaumont, an English lady, and a widow, who, in the early part of her life had been robbed of her fortune by an uncle, and as she had some acquaintance with the Marchioness Della Pometta, she desired that her daughter Clementina might be for some months left under her care, promising at the same time that she would do every thing in her power to reconcile the young lady, by the most rational arguments, to hearken to the voice of reason, and not give herself up to melancholy. The marchioness complied with her request, and the amiable Clementina was sent to the house of Mrs. Beaumont.

Mrs. Beaumont, who was a lady of great prudence, as well as discernment, soon discovered that all this uneasiness in the mind of Clementina, arose from the sudden departure of Mr. Grandison. She told her she could not help loving his person, and admiring his many accomplishments, both natural and acquired, but at the same time she said that she would never give her hand to a heretic, if he had even an imperial crown on his head. So strong is the force of bigotry, and so necessary is it for every person to improve their mental faculties, by attending to the sober dictates of reason.

Mrs. Beaumont was really a sensible lady, and being no stranger to the force of bigotry, when it operates on the human mind, she sent an account to the marchioness of the conversation that had passed between her and Clementina, adding at the same time the arguments she had made use of, in order to dissuade her from giving up her
mind

mind to a fruitless passion, from which she could never receive any enjoyment.

The marchioness, in a letter which she sent her in answer, told her, that she was under many obligations to her, and would never forget them as long as she lived, but as her daughter was in some measure cured of her melancholy, she desired she might be sent home, to all which Clementina agreed, and was received by her parents in the most tender and affectionate manner. It was then proposed to send for Mr. Grandison, who was then at Vienna, and accordingly the general, brother of Clementina, wrote him a letter, which he received with all the marks of surprise. He was much affected to hear of the condition in which the young lady was, but as he knew that religion was an inseparable bar in the way, he was obliged to summon up all his fortitude, and return to visit a family, which he loved in the most affectionate manner.

Upon Mr. Grandison's arrival he was received in the most polite manner, by the marquis and his son, the bishop, while the other son, who had been wounded, and still kept his chamber, embraced him as his deliverer. He added, that Clementina would be his, or she would die of love for him. Mr. Grandison was then conducted into the drawing-room of the marchioness, whom he found richly dressed, and the lovely Clementina standing behind her chair. The young lady was dressed in the same elegant manner as her mother, but her natural modesty was such, that it outshone all the decorations that can at any time be added to the sex. The marchioness treated him with the utmost respect, and apologized

apologized for the confusion her daughter was in, because she had no hopes of seeing him in so unexpected a manner. She told him, that her son, the bishop, would converse with him on subjects of the utmost importance, and in the mean time she would do all in her power to keep up the spirits of her daughter.

Soon after this conversation was over, the marquis entered, and treated Mr. Grandison in the same condescending manner, telling him at the same time what the marchioness had said before, namely, that his son, the bishop, would treat with him on some points that were in dispute between them.

At last the bishop made his appearance, and he proposed to Mr. Grandison, that he had no objections to his marrying his sister, upon condition that he would renounce the protestant religion, and live in Italy, only that once in two or three years he should be allowed to return to England, to receive the rents of his estates. This proposal was what Mr. Grandison would by no means agree with; he declared that he would never renounce the protestant religion, but if Clementina would be his, he would only spend three months of the year in England, and during the remainder of the year he would reside in Italy. This, however, was what they would by no means comply with, although the young lady said all she could to persuade them to it. Mr. Grandison remained firm in his purpose without ever deviating from it in the least, and he was seconded by the younger brother, who said every thing he could to induce his parents to agree to the match; but all to no purpose, for the bishop

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declared.

declared that his sister should never marry a heretic, and the other brother seemed to treat our hero with the utmost contempt.

The marquis was as bigotted as the rest of the family, but the mother acted a very prudent part, for she left the whole to the management of her husband. The brothers began to call our adventurer an obscure fellow, who had only come to Italy in order to push his fortune, and therefore they wished him away as soon as possible. They looked upon the alliance as derogatory to their family, but nothing was so odious as that of his being a heretic, a crime that no papist will ever forgive, because he imagines the person is to be sent to hell.

The contempt with which Mr. Grandison was treated, induced him to leave Italy immediately, and having travelled to Paris, waited in that city, in order to hear from his father.

While he was at Paris, he became acquainted with Mr. Danby, an English merchant, who knew his father, and with him he spent some time at his country-house. Mr. Danby's house was situated at some distance from Paris, and one night, while Mr. Grandison was laying awake, meditating on his Italian adventures, he heard a noise, and getting up, found that some ruffians had got hold of Mr. Danby, and were very near having murdered him; Mr. Grandison ran his sword into the shoulder of one of the ruffians, upon which the fellow roared out that he was a dead man.

A second fellow had got up to the window, and called out to a third to follow him, upon which Mr. Grandison drew his sword, and would certainly

certainly have done the thief's business, had not he slipped down and fallen upon the head of his companion, after which they both took to their heels.

The fellow who had been wounded in the inside of the house, lay weltering in his blood, upon which Mr. Grandison ordered proper care to be taken of him, and he was soon brought to himself, by some of the servants who attended. The fellow told Mr. Grandison that he was willing to make an ample confession, which he did, and in consequence thereof, the following particulars were discovered.

Mr. Danby was a bachelor, and although he had the utmost aversion to making his will, yet was a real generous man, and had long supported a profligate brother in all sorts of extravagancies. That brother had spent his whole fortune in gaming, and finding that Mr. Danby would not advance him a thousand guineas, he contrived a scheme to put himself in possession of his whole fortune. This wretch had hired the three ruffians to murder him, and that there might be no suspicion that he was concerned in it, it was agreed that the drawers should be broke open, and every thing taken out of them as soon as the murder was perpetrated. The villains had fifty crowns each before they undertook to execute their scheme, and they were to have each a thousand crowns as soon as they had completed the bloody work. Their wicked employer waited for them at Calais, but when he heard that they had been disappointed, he got on board of the packet and landed at Dover. The two villains, who had made their escape from the

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house, were taken the next day, and being found guilty were ordered for execution, but Mr. Grandison having interceded for them, they were only condemned to the galleys for life.

While Mr. Grandison was thus discharging all the duties of benevolence that do honour to men, and add a lustre to Christianity, his father, Sir Thomas, was indulging himself in a round of unlawful pleasures. That his daughters might not be an incumbrance to him, he made choice of one Mrs. Oldham to superintend their education, whose husband had died of a broken heart after having spent a good estate.

Mrs. Oldham was a gay woman, and not destitute of many female accomplishments, but so volatile was she in the whole of her conduct, that she made such advances to Sir Thomas, that in the compass of a few months she was obliged to take a journey to London, in order to lye-in privately.

The young ladies, the daughters of Sir Thomas, had so much spirit, that they opposed the return of Mrs. Oldham, telling their father, that they would manage the domestic affairs of the house in Wiltshire; but as he had another house in Essex, he took the lady to it as soon as she was fit to go abroad, and there they lived in such an elegant manner, that most of the neighbouring gentry began to imagine that they were married, for unless that had been the case, they could not account for his treating her in the manner he did.

Sir Thomas, however, was a man of so much gaiety, that he did not confine himself to one woman, for he had another besides Mrs. Oldham, whom

whom he kept in London, and who lived in the most extravagant manner. He did not know that Mrs. Oldham had been delivered of a child, for she concealed that circumstance from him, and he was extremely angry with his daughters, because they would not permit her to come again to the house as their governess.

Sir Thomas behaved with great severity to his daughters, by ordering them not to write to any person, nay, not even to himself or their brother, but in all companies, while over his bottle, he could not help taking notice that his son was one of the most accomplished young gentleman in the world, who had joined piety, learning and bravery together.

While he was living in this dissipated manner, Mrs. Farnborough, the woman whom he kept in town, was seized with the small pox and died, which affected him so much, that he went down to Hampshire, and spent some weeks with his daughters, acting as a man of good sense, a quality that he was known to possess in a considerable degree.

Just about the time of Mrs. Farnborough's death, and before Sir Thomas set out for Hampshire, he was visited by Lord L——, who had been making the tour of Europe, and who brought along with him several presents from his son, which served to convince the baronet of his son's good taste. He invited Lord L—— to spend a few days with him in the country, which his lordship complied with, and had not been long there, before he fell in love with one of the daughters, who was then about nineteen years of age.

It was not long before his lordship discovered his passion to the young lady, but Sir Thomas would by no means give his consent, nor would he assign a reason for that part of his conduct. He now began to put his domestic affairs in proper order, especially as he expected that it would not be long before his beloved son returned, but he was still uneasy in what manner to dispose of Mrs. Oldham, who had already bore him two children. He doubted not but his son would hear of his connection with her, and at the same time he was unwilling to discard her without making a proper provision for her and her children.

While Sir Thomas was meditating on these things, a proposal was made by one of the first noblemen in the kingdom, to bring about a marriage between Mr. Grandison and his daughter, and news of it was communicated to Mr. Grandison, then at Florence. Sir Thomas proposed to give up his whole estate to his son, reserving only a small annuity to himself, but this was what the pious youth would by no means agree to, and therefore in his answer he told his father, that he would never take possession of his estate while he was alive. He added further, that as to the marriage, he knew nothing at all about it, for he could not, consistent with his duty, give his consent to enter into that state with any person, till such time as he was acquainted with her in such a manner as to discover her natural temper and disposition.

When Sir Thomas received the answer from his son, he found that he had so much virtue, that he would, if proper explanations were made, be ashamed of his own conduct, and therefore he

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gave up all thoughts of the marriage till such time as his son should arrive. In the mean time, as there were several accounts to settle, he ordered his two stewards to bring them in, because they contained several sums, which he wished to conceal. Having given these directions to his stewards, he went down to his seat in Essex, where he was soon taken extremely ill, and for several days deprived of the use of his reason. His daughters were sent for to attend him, and an express was dispatched to Paris for his son, who waited only for his permission to return. On the eleventh day the fever left him, and seeing his daughters standing by his bedside, parental affection returned to its proper channel, and he beheld his dear offspring with that complacency and delight that should ever mark the character of a father. Soon after this his delirium returned, and he paid the debt of nature in the presence of Mrs. Oldham and his beloved daughters, leaving behind him the character of a man who might have been an ornament to society, had he not been a slave to fashionable follies.

Mr. Grandison, who arrived just about this time, put his seal upon every thing in the house, that no person should open them till his father's will was read, upon which Mrs. Oldham wept bitterly. The young ladies told her, that she had no reason to expect any thing, seeing she had lived in the most scandalous manner with their father, but if any thing was left to her, there was not the least doubt but their brother would do her justice.

Thus poor Mrs. Oldham was discarded, after having reigned several years in the most domi-

neering manner over the passions of Sir Thomas ; but now he was dead, and as she had no person to apply to, she saw nothing before her but misery ; she had two children by her husband, and two by Sir Thomas, and as all her children were unprovided for, as well as herself, she looked upon herself as the most miserable of beings.

Sir Charles Grandison having given orders for his father's interment, it was conducted in the most decent manner, and his remains having been deposited with those of his deceased spouse, the pious youth caused a monument to be erected to the memory of both, not so much to make a pompous display of their virtues, as to convey a lasting example to those who should come after. He took care to avoid all manner of ostentation, and in consequence of that œconomy, he was enabled to bestow some small gratuity on such families as were labouring under the greatest distress. He then proceeded to search for the will, but not finding any, he set out for the house in Essex, and as Mrs. Oldham had affixed her seals to every thing, it was necessary that she should be sent for before they were broke open.

The poor woman received the summons to attend in the most trembling manner ; she was conscious that she had not acted consistent with her duty to the young ladies, and it must be acknowledged that when she made her appearance before them, they did not treat her with so much humanity as they ought to have done. She appeared before her examiners in the most trembling manner, and when they took notice that she was in mourning, she answered that she was a real mourner,

mourner, for she was left destitute, exposed to all the hardships of an injurious world. They told her that her brother was coming, upon which the woman turned pale, and was ready to fall into fits.

Sir Charles entered. She was standing near the door. He bowed to her. Mrs. Oldham, I presume, said he—Pray, madam, be seated. I sent to you that you might see the seals broken—Pray, madam, sit down, added he, taking her hand, and leading her to a chair not far distant from his sisters, and seating himself in one between them and her. Pray, madam, compose yourself, said he, looking upon her with eyes of pity, and then turned to her sisters, to give her time to recover herself.

A flood of tears relieved her. She tried to suppress her audible sobs, which he most considerably would not hear; and her emotions attracting the eyes of the ladies, he took them off, by asking them something about a picture that hung on the other side of the room. He then drew his chair nearer to her, and again taking her trembling hand—I am not a stranger to your melancholy story, Mrs. Oldham—Be not discomposed. He stopped to give her a few moments to recover herself, and then resumed, See in me a friend ready to thank you for all your past good offices, and to forget all mistaken ones. She could not bear this, she threw herself at his feet. He raised her to her chair. Poor Mr. Oldham, said he, was unhappily careless! yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his love.—Your misfortunes threw you into the knowledge of our family. You have
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been a faithful manager of the affairs of this house. By written evidences I can justify you ; evidences that no one here will, I am sure dispute. Mr. Grandison, who is a good-natured man, but a little hasty, has told me, that he treated you with unkindness. He thought you wrong for insisting to put your seal ; but he was mistaken, you did right.

O brother ! brother ! said both the ladies, at the same time, half in admiration, though half concerned. Bear with me, my sisters, said he, we have all something to be forgiven for. They knew not how they were concerned in the admonition, from what their father had written of them. He then made a motion for chocolate to be brought in, and being willing to relieve Mrs. Oldham by some little employment, desired her to be so good as to see it made.

The moment she was gone out of the room, he thus addressed himself to the ladies. My dear sisters, let me beg of you to think favourably of me on this occasion. I consider not the case of this poor woman on the foot of her own merits with regard to us. Our father's memory is concerned : she is intitled to justice, for its own sake ; to generosity, for ours ; to kindness, for my father's. He praises to me Mrs. Oldham's œconomy in several of his letters. He had a right to do what he would with his own fortune. It was not ours till now. Whatever he has left us, he might have still lessened it. That œconomy is all that concerns us in interest, and that is in her favour. He could have given Mrs. Oldham a title to a name, that would have commanded our respect, if not our reverence.

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You have enlarged minds, you are the daughters of the most charitable, the most forgiving of women, and I was willing, before I recommended her to your mercy, to judge of her behaviour. Is she not humbled enough? From my soul I pity her. She loved my father, and I have no doubt but that she mourns for him in secret, yet dares not own, dares not plead her love. I am willing to consider her only as one who has executed a principal office in this house; and it becomes us so to behave to her, as that the world should think we consider her in that light only.

After they had drank chocolate, he told Mrs. Oldham, that he would attend her, and desired his sisters to accompany them. On their coming to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, and which was his usual apartment, Mrs. Oldham turned pale, and weeping, begged to be excused attending them in it, and to wait in the adjoining drawing-room. Sir Charles granted her request. Poor woman! said he, how unhappily circumstanced is she, that she dare not, in this company, shew the tenderness, which is the glory, not only of the female, but of the human nature!

In one of the cabinets in that chamber they found a beautiful little casket, with the key tied to one of the silver handles, and a paper wafered upon it, on which was wrote, My wife's jewels. Sir Charles asked his sisters, if they had not yet had their mother's jewels, and being told that their father had said they should be theirs on their marriage, he instantly presented them this casket, which, while their brother was taking
minutes

minutes of papers, the ladies retired to open. Besides the jewels they found three purses in it, in two of which were a considerable number of old broad-pieces, with some bank-notes and India bonds. The third purse was thus labelled.

“ *For my beloved son* : In acknowledgment of his duty to his father and me, from infancy to this hour ; of his love to his sisters ; of the generosity of his temper ; of his love of truth ; and of his modesty, courage, benevolence, steadiness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of making a **GOOD MAN**. **GOD** grant it. —
Amen.”

The ladies immediately carried the purse to their brother, when having read the label, Excellent woman ! said he, being dead she speaks ; and looking up, he added, may her pious prayer be answered ! Then opening the purse, he found five coronation medals of different princes ; a gold snuff-box, in which were three diamond rings, and a miniature picture of his mother, set in gold, an admirable likeness. Neglecting all the rest, he eagerly took it out, gazed at it in silence, kissed it, and put it to his heart. The ladies told him what was in the other two purses, and offered the bonds, notes and money to him. He asked if there were no particular directions upon either ? They answered, No. He then observing that there might be a difference in their value, emptied them upon the table, and mingling the contents both together, added, Thus mingled, you, my sisters, will
equally

equally divide them between you. This picture (putting his hand on his bosom, where it yet was) is of infinitely more value than all the three purses contain besides.

When Sir Charles, and his sisters had looked over every other part in his father's apartment, he followed Mrs. Oldham to her's, who shewed him the closet in which all she was worth was contained, and complained of Mr. Grandison's refusing to let her take 50l. out of it. He bid her assure herself of justice, and breaking the seal, left it to her to shew them what she thought was proper for him to take account of. He was obliged to check the curiosity of his sisters, who would have examined her drawers. She shewed them the cabinet which contained all the money, notes and securities she had honestly saved. Miss Caroline asked to what amount. No matter, sister, to what amount, said Sir Charles. You hear Mrs. Oldham say, they are honestly got together. I dare say, that my father's bounty enabled his meanest servants to save money. I would not keep one that I thought did not. I make no comparisons, Mrs. Oldham; you are a gentlewoman. I believe there is near 1200l. said Mrs. Oldham, and looked as if she was afraid of the ladies censures.

They expressed their surprize at the largeness of the sum, and observed, that many times they should have been glad of as many shillings between them. Sir Charles asked what occasion they had for more than current money, and observed, that now they had a claim to independency, he hoped that 1200l. should not be the summit of either of their stores. Mrs. Oldham, trembling,

trembling, said, in this private drawer are some presents—I disclaim them; if you will believe me ladies, I never wished for them, offering to pull out the drawer. Forbear, Mrs. Oldham, said Sir Charles, presents are yours; the money also is yours: never will I either disparage or diminish my father's bounty: he had a right to do as he pleased. Had he made a will, would they not have been yours?—If you, Mrs. Oldham, if you, my sisters, can tell me any thing he but intended or inclined to do by any one of his people, that intention will I execute with as much exactness as if he had made a will and it was part of it. Shall we do nothing but justice?—The law was not made for a man of conscience.

After Sir Charles had inspected and taken minutes of every thing in this house, he gave Mrs. Oldham the key of her apartment, and ordered the house-keeper to assist her in the removal of her effects, at her own time and pleasure, and to come and go at all times with freedom and civility, as if she had never left the house.

Sir Charles then, addressing himself to his sisters, said, You may look at the justice I aim at doing to persons who can claim only justice from me, as an earnest, that I will do more than justice to my beloved sisters. You should have been the first to have found the fruits of the love I bear you, had I not been afraid that prudence would have narrowed my intentions. I am sorry, my dear sisters for your spirits sake, that you are left in my power. The best of women was always afraid that it would be so. But the moment I can, I will give you an absolute

lute independence on your brother, that your actions and conduct may be all your own. Both Caroline and Charlotte, with tears, expressed their gratitude, and told him that they thought it their highest felicity that they were in the power of such a brother.

Sir Charles, some time after, at parting with Mrs. Oldham said, I would be glad to know, madam, how you dispose of yourself; every unhappy person has a right to the good offices of those who are embarrassed. When you are settled pray let me know the manner; and if you acquaint me with the state of your affairs, and what you intend to do for and with those who are intitled to your care; your confidence in me will not be misplaced. Mrs. Oldham, at her first opportunity gave him a written account of the manner in which she proposed to live, with an estimate of all she was worth, on which Sir Charles generously allowed her an annuity for the sake of her sons by his father.

When Sir Charles found that Sir Thomas had left the inspection of each steward's account to the other, he entered into the examination of the whole himself; and though he allowed them several disputable and unproved charges, he brought them to acknowledge a much greater balance in his favour than they had made themselves debtors for. He then disposed of his hunters, racers, and dogs, took a survey of the timber upon his estate, and felled that which would have been the worse for standing; but, for the sake of posterity, planted an oakling for every oak he cut down; when the sale of the timber he cut down in Hampshire, which lay convenient

convenient for water-carriage, for use of the government, furnished him with a very considerable sum. He then went into Ireland, to look into the condition of his estate there, paid off a mortgage upon it, took it into his own hands, and finding it capable of great improvements, ordered them to be made.

Lord L. came to town from Scotland two or three months after Sir Charles's arrival in England, and paid him his first visit, when on his lordship's avowing his passion for Miss Caroline, and she acknowledging her esteem for him, he introduced him to her, and putting their hands together, holding them between both his: With pleasure, said he, do I join hands where hearts so worthy are united. Do me, my lord, the honour, from this moment, to look upon me as your brother. My father, I find, was a little embarrassed in his affairs. He loved his daughters, and perhaps was loth that they should early claim another protection; but had he lived to make himself easy, I have no doubt but that he would have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me—and I will perform it.—Miss Caroline was unable to speak for joy, and my lord's tears were ready to start.

Miss Charlotte was affected with this scene, and with her eyes and hands lifted up she prayed, that God would make his power as large as his heart: the whole world then, she said, would be benefitted either by his bounty or his example. And has not my Charlotte, said he, turning towards her, some happy man, that she can distinguish by her love? You are equally dear to
me,

me, my sisters. Make me your confident, Charlotte. Your inclinations shall be my choice.

Two months before the marriage, Sir Charles put into his sister's hands a paper sealed up. Receive this, my Caroline, said he, as from your father's bounty, in compliance with what your mother would have wished, had we been blessed with her life. When you oblige Lord L. with one hand, make him, with the other, this present; and intitle yourself to all the gratitude, with which your worthy heart will overflow, on both occasions. I have done but my duty; I have performed only an article of the will, which I have made in my mind for my father, as time was not lent to make one for himself. He saluted her and withdrew, before she broke the seal; and when she did, she found in it bank notes for ten thousand pounds.

She threw herself into a chair, and was unable, for some time, to stir, but recovering herself, hurried out to find her brother. She was told he was in his sister's apartment. She found him not there, but Charlotte in tears. Sir Charles had just left her. What ails my Charlotte? said she. O this brother! my Caroline, cried the other: there is no bearing his generous goodness. She took it up, and found it was for the same sum he had given her, and to carry interest. The two sisters congratulated and wept over each other as if distressed. Caroline found out her brother; but when she approached him, could not utter one word of what she had meditated to say; but dropping down on one knee, could only express her gratitude by her lifted-up hands and eyes.

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Just as he had raised and seated her, entered to them the equally grateful Charlotte. He placed her next her sister, and drawing a chair for himself, taking a hand of each, he thus addressed himself to them. My dear sisters, you are too sensible of these, but due instances of my brotherly love. It has pleased God to take from us our father and mother, and we must supply to each other their wants. Look upon me only as an executor of a will, that ought to have been made, and perhaps would, had time been given. My circumstances are greater than I expected; greater, I dare say, than my father thought they would be; and less than I have done, could not be done, by a brother who had power to do this. You don't know how much you will oblige me, if you never say one word more on this subject. You will act with less dignity than becomes my sisters, if you look upon what I have done in any other light than as your due.

Sir Charles, at the end of eight months from his father's death, gave Caroline, with his own hand, to Lord L. who carried her down to Scotland, where she was greatly admired and caressed by all her relations. Sir Charles accompanied the Lord and Lady L. as far on their way as York; where he made a visit to Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, his father's maiden sister, who resided there. She having heard of his goodness to his sisters, and to every body else with whom he had any concerns, longed to see him; and on this occasion rejoiced in the opportunity he gave her to congratulate, to bless, and applaud her nephew.

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It is now necessary for some time to leave Sir Charles, in order to make the reader acquainted with another character, who will make no inconsiderable figure in the following part of this work. Miss Harriet Byron, a most accomplished young lady, who had united in her face, feature, complexion, grace and expression, which very few women, even of those most celebrated for their beauty, have singly in equal degree; who has a heart that is equally pure and open, and a fine mind legible in her lovely and expressive countenance. This lady, who was justly the delight and pride of her relations, and the admiration of all who either saw or conversed with her, was taken to London by her aunt Rees, who paid a visit to her relations at Selby-house, where Miss Byron lived.

Among the several admirers of this lady, was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a gay, proud and conceited fop, with a handsome person, and an estate of eight hundred thousand pounds a year. The baronet had been accidentally in her company, when she enlivened the conversation with the most agreeable sallies of wit, and waiting upon her afterwards at Mr. Reeve's, he there made an open declaration of his passion, in the presence of her uncle and aunt, on which Miss Harriet frankly told him, that she thanked him for his good opinion of her, but could not encourage his addresses. He seemed amazed at this declaration, and repeating cannot encourage my addresses! said, that he had been assured that her affections were not engaged; but that surely it must be a mistake. She asked if it was a necessary consequence, that the woman who could not receive
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the addressee of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, must be engaged? Why, madam—as to that, said he, I know not what to say—but to a man of my fortune, and I hope not absolutely disagreeable either in person or temper, of some rank in life—what, madam, if you are as much in earnest as you seem, can be your objection? be so good as to name it. We do not, said she, we cannot all like the same person. Women, I have heard say, are very capricious. Perhaps I am so. But there is a something (we cannot always say what) that attracts or disgusts us. Disgusts! madam—disgusts! Miss Byron, cried he. I spoke in general, Sir, replied the lady; I dare say, nineteen women out of twenty would think themselves favoured in the address of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. You, Sir, may have more merit, perhaps, than the man I may happen to approve of better, but—shall I say? added she; pardon me, Sir, you do not—you do not hit my fancy. If pardon depends upon my breath, cried he, let me die, die if I do!—Not hit your fancy, madam! (and then he looked upon himself all round) Not hit your fancy, madam!

In short, Sir Hargrave, exasperated at the thoughts of her rejecting so accomplished a person as himself, behaved with great insolence, and charged her with pride, cruelty and ingratitude, when the lady, not willing to stay to be insulted, begged his excuse, and withdrew in haste.

The baronet soon paid Miss Byron another visit to apologize for his behaviour in the last, and then making vehement professions of love, offered to make her large settlements, and told her, that she should prescribe to him in every thing, as to place
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of residence, excursions, even to her going abroad to France, to Italy, and wherever she pleased. To all which she answered as before; and when he insisted upon her reasons for refusing him, frankly told him, that she owned it was with some reluctance, that she had not the opinion of his morals that she must have of those of the man on whom she must build her hopes of present happiness, and to whose guidance intrust her future. Sir Hargrave stormed, repeating my morals, madam; you have no opinion of my morals, madam, and after shewing several menacing airs, departed abruptly.

As Miss Byron had never been in London before, Lady Betty Williams, a near relation of Mr. Reeves, insisted on accompanying Miss Byron to a ball at the opera-house in the Hay-market, and of providing her with a dress. Mr. Reeves was a hermit, Mrs. Reeves, a nun, Lady Betty, a lady abbess, and Miss Byron an Arcadian princess: she had a white Paris net-cap, glittering with spangles, and incircled by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a small white flower on the left side. Her hair hung down in natural ringlets to shade her neck. A kind of waistcoat of blue sattin trimmed with silver point *d'Espagne* the skirts edged with silver fringe; this waistcoat was made to fit close to her waist by silver clasps; there was a small silver clasp at the end of each clasp, and all was set off with bugles and spangles. A kind of scarf of white Persian silk was fastened to her shoulders, which flew loose behind. Her petticoat was of blue sattin, trimmed and fringed as her waistcoat.—
She

She had a Venetian mask, and bracelets on her arms.

Miss Byron took no pleasure in the place, or the shoals of fools that swarmed about her. The glitter of her dress, which attracted the eyes of the observers, threw her into confusion: the insipid and absurd behaviour of all around her, made her despise both herself and them.

About two in the morning Mr. Reeves waited on her to her chair, and saw her into it before he attended Lady Betty and his wife into theirs; and observing that neither the chair nor the chairmen were those who brought her, he asked the meaning of it, and was told by her servant, who had been hired but a few days before, that the chairmen had been inveigled away to drink, and that he having waited two hours, and not returning, he had hired a chair to supply their place. The chair moved off with the servant with his lighted flambeau before it. The chairmen had carried her a great way, when calling out several times, they stopt, and her servant asked her commands, Where am I, William? said she. Just at home, madam, he answered; and on her observing that they must have come a round-about way, he told her that they had done so on purpose to avoid the crowd of chairs and coaches. They proceeded onwards, but presently after undrawing the curtains, and finding herself in the open fields, and soon after the lights put out, she pierced the night air with her screams, till she could scream no more. She was at last taken out in fits, and when she came a little to her senses

senses, she found herself on a bed with three women about her ; one at her head holding a bottle to her nose, her nostrils sore with hartshorn, and a strong smell of burnt feathers ; but no man near her.

Where am I ? Who are you, madam ? were the first questions she asked. No harm is intended you, said the eldest of them ; you are to be made one of the happiest of women. We would not be concerned in a bad action. I hope not ; I hope not returned she, you seem to be a mother ; these young gentlewomen, I presume are your daughters. Save me from ruin, I beseech you, madam ; save me from ruin as you would your daughters. This must be the vile contrivance of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Is it not ? Is it not ? Tell me ; I beg of you to tell me.

Miss Byron then arose, and sat on the side of the bed ; and at that moment in came the vile Sir Hargrave. She screamed out. He threw himself at her feet ; but finding that the women could hardly keep her out of a fit, retired. On her reviving, she began to beg and offer rewards if they would facilitate her escape. But she had hardly begun to speak before Sir Hargrave entered again, and, with greater haughtiness than before, bid her not needlessly terrify herself, and told the women they might withdraw. As they went out, she pushed by the mother, and between the daughters, followed the foremost into the parlour, and then sunk down on her knees, wrapping her arms about her, and crying, O save me ! save me !

Sir

Sir Hargrave entered, when Miss Byron leaving the room, and kneeling to him, if you have mercy, if you have compassion, let me now, now, I beseech you, sir, experience your mercy. The women again withdrew, and he answered, I have besought you, madam, and on my knees too, to shew me mercy; but none would you shew me. Kneel, if you will, in your turn. Now are the tables turned. Barbarous man! said she, rising from her knees; but her spirits instantly subsiding, Be not, I beseech you, Sir Hargrave, cruel to me, I never was cruel to any body, you know I was civil to you. Yes, yes, and very determined, he returned; you called me no names. I call you none, Miss Byron. Sweet creature, added he, clasping his arms about her; your very terror is beautiful! I can enjoy your terror, madam; and then offering to kiss her, she turned aside her head; on which he added, I don't hit your fancy, madam! You don't like my morals, madam!

And is this the way, Sir Hargrave, said she, are these the means you take to convince me that I ought to like them? Well, madam, cried he, you shall prove the mercy in me, you would not shew. Be mine, madam, be legally mine. I offer you my honest hand: consent to be Lady Pollexfen.—No punishment, I hope—or take the consequence.—What, sir, said she, weeping bitterly, and threw herself trembling on the window seat, justify by so poor, so very poor a compliance, steps that you have so basely taken! Take my life, sir, but my hand and my heart are my own; they never shall be separated. You cannot fly me, madam, he replied; you are securely

curely mine ; and mine still more securely you shall be. Don't provoke me ; don't make me desperate.

Then throwing himself at her feet, he embraced her knees with his arms. She was terrified and screamed, and in ran one of the daughters, crying, Good sir ! Pray sir !—Did you not say you would be honourable ? The mother followed her in, Sir, sir ! in my house ——

What a plague, cried he, do you come in for ? I thought you knew your own sex better than to mind a woman's squalling. I have not offered the least rudeness. Dear blessed, blessed woman, cried the lady frantic, with mingled terror and joy, to find herself in better hands than she expected. Protect me ! Save me ! Indeed I have not deserved this treacherous treatment. Nay, dear lady, the woman returned, if Sir Hargrave will make you his true and lawful wife, there can be no harm done, surely. She then turning to him, told him, the gentleman was without.

Instantly entered a most horrid looking clergyman ; he was a tall, big-boned, splay-footed man, in a shabby gown, as shabby a wig, with a huge red pimpled face, and a nose that, when he looked on one side, hid half his face. He had a dog's-eared common-prayer-book in his hand, which had once been gilt, and which was opened at the page of matrimony.

She was so intent on making a friend when a clergyman appeared, that paying yet but little attention to his horrid visage, she pushed by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round with her ve-

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hemence

hence, and making the woman of the house totter, when throwing herself at the clergyman's feet, Man of God ! Good, dear, reverend sir ! cried she, save a poor creature, basely tricked away from her friends—save me from violence ! Give not your aid to sanctify a base act.

The man snuffled his answer through his nose, and when he opened his pouch mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth. He squinted upon her, and taking her clasped hands, which were buried in his fist, Rise, madam ! said he ; kneel not to me ! No harm is intended you. One question only. Who is that gentleman before me, in silver-laced clothes ? He is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, sir, said she ; a wicked, a very wicked man. O madam ! returned he, a very hon-our-able man ! bowing, like a sycophant, to Sir Hargrave. Then asking her name, and she telling it him ; Sir Hargrave took her hand, and the snuffling priest began : “ Dearly beloved.”

The lovely Miss Byron again behaved like one frantic, and crying, Read no more ! dashed the book out of his hand ; I beg your pardon, sir ! but you must read no further. I am basely betrayed hither. I cannot, I will not be his. Proceed, proceed, sir, said Sir Hargrave, taking her hand by force ; virago as she is, I will own her for my wife. “ Dearly beloved,” again snuffled the minister. She stamped, and threw herself to the length of her arm, as Sir Hargrave held her struggling hand, crying No dearly beloveds ; and the minister proceeded, “ We are gathered together in the sight of God.” I adjure you, sir, said she, by that God in whose
sight

fight you read we are gathered together, to proceed no further. I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the same tremendous name, that you stop further proceedings. My life take, with all my heart take my life; but my hand never, never will I join with yours. Proceed doctor: doctor pray proceed, said the vile Sir Hargrave. When the day dawns she will be glad to own her marriage. Proceed at your peril, sir, said she. If you are really a minister of God, do not proceed. Do not make me desperate.—Madam, turning to the window, you are a mother, and have given me room to hope you are a good woman; look upon me as if I were one of those daughters whom I see before me.—Could you see one of them thus treated?—Dear young women, turning to each, can you unconcernedly look on and see a young creature tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, basely treated, and not make my case your own? Speak for me! Plead for me: each of you, if you are women, as you would yourselves wish to be pleaded for in my circumstances, and were thus barbarously used!—A soul, gentlewomen, you have to answer for. I can die; but never, never will I be his.

The young women wept, and the mother being moved, desired that they might talk to the lady by themselves. This was granted, and retiring into another room, they pleaded Sir Hargrave's great estate, his honourable love, his handsome person, her danger, and their being unable to save her from worse treatment. Miss Byron on the other hand, pleaded her contempt of riches, her invincible aversion, and then cried,

How!—Not able! Ladies, is not this your own house? Cannot you raise your neighbours? Have you no neighbours? A thousand pounds will I order to be paid into your hands for a present before the week is out; I pledge my honour for the payment; if you will but save from a violence, that no worthy woman can see offered to a distressed creature!—A thousand pounds—dear ladies! only to save me, and see me safe to my friends!

The wretches in the next room heard all that passed, and at that moment came in Sir Hargrave, and with a visage swelled with malice, desired that the young women might go to bed, and leave him to talk with the perverse beauty. He called her cruel, proud and ungrateful, and swore that if she would not allow him to exalt her into Lady Pollexfen, he would humble her. Pray, Sir, said the youngest of the two daughters, and wept. Greatly hurt, indeed, said he, to be the wife of a man of my fortune and consequence! But leave her to me, I say,—I will bring down her pride. What a devil am I to creep, beg, pray, intreat, and only for a wife? But, Madam, said the insolent wretch, you will be mine upon easier terms, perhaps.

Sir Hargrave then led the mother and youngest daughter to the door, the eldest following them of her own accord. Miss Byron besought them not to go, and when they did, would have thrust herself out with them; but the wretch Sir Hargrave, in shutting them out, squeezed her dreadfully, as she was half in, half out; and her nose gushed out with blood, her stomach was very much pressed, and one of her arms bruised; she
screamed;

screamed ; he seemed frightened ; but instantly recovering herself, So, so, cried she, you have killed me, I hope.—Well, now I hope, now I hope, you are satisfied. I forgive you ; only leave me to my own sex. She was, indeed, in violent pain, her head swam, her eyes failed her, and she fainted away.

Sir Hargrave was in the most dreadful consternation, running about the room, and calling upon God to have mercy upon him ; having let in the women, they lamented over her, saying, she had death in her face. But Sir Hargrave, in the midst of his terror, was careful of his own safety, for seizing her bloody handkerchief, he said, if she did not recover, that should not appear against him, and hastening into the next room, he thrust it into the fire ; by which were sitting the minister and his helper, over some burnt brandy. O gentlemen ! cried he, nothing can be done to-night. Take this, giving them money. The lady is in a fit. I wish you well home. They however proposed to sit in the chimney-corner till peep of day ; but the women not thinking her likely to recover, one of them ran into them, and declared that the lady was dead, on which, calling for another dram, they snatched up their hats and sticks, and away they hurried.

When the lady came to herself, she found nobody but the three women with her ; she was in a cold sweat, and as there was no fire in the room, they led her into the parlour which the two men had quitted, and placed her in an elbow chair ; for she could hardly stand or support herself, and then chafed her temples with Hungary-

water. The mother and eldest sister left her soon after and went to Sir Hargrave, and at length the youngest sister was called out, and instantly came in Sir Hargrave, who took a chair and sat down by Miss Byron, biting his lips, and looking at her from time to time as in malice, she still feeling a violent pain in her stomach and arms.

At last the lady broke silence, resolving not to provoke him to do her father mischief.—Well, have you done, Sir Hargrave, to commit such violence upon a poor young creature that never did nor thought you evil? What distraction have you given to my cousin Reeves! She stopt, and he continued silent. These people, Sir, seem to be honest people. I hope you designed only to terrify me. Your bringing me into no worse company is an assurance to me that you meant better, than—Devils all!—interrupted he—She again stopt, and presently after resumed, I forgive you, Sir, the pain you have given me.—But my friends—as soon as day breaks I will get the woman to let my cousin Reeves—

Then up he started: Miss Byron, proceeded he, after a pause, you are the most consummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life. She was silent and trembled. Damn'd fool! ass! block-head! woman's fool! cried he, I could curse myself for sending away the parson. But your arts, your hypocrisy, shall not serve you, madam. What I failed in here, shall be done elsewhere. She wept, but could not speak. Can't you go into fits again? Can't you? cried he, with an air of a piece with his words. God deliver me, prayed she to herself, from the hands of this mad-man! She arose, and as the candle stood near the
glass,

glass, she saw herself in the habit, to which she had till then paid little attention. Pray, Sir Hargrave, said she, let me beg that you will not terrify me father. I will forgive you for what you have hitherto done, and place it to my own account, as a proper punishment for consenting to be thus marked for a vain and foolish creature. Your abuse, Sir, give me leave to say, is low and unmanly; but in the light of a punishment I will own it to be all deserved. Let my punishment end here, and I will thank you, and forgive you with my whole heart. He told her, that her fate was determined, and a servant-maid giving him a capuchin, he repeated, Your fate is determined, madam—Here, put this on—Now fall into fits again!—Put this on.

In short, she again begged, prayed, and would have kneeled to him; but all in vain; the capuchin was put on, whether she would or no, and afterwards being muffled up in a man's cloak, in spite of all her struggles, prayers, and resistance, he lifted her into a chariot and fix, which was brought to the door. There were several men on horseback, among whom was her own servant, and Sir Hargrave entering, said to that fellow, You know what tale to tell if you meet with impertinents; and on her screaming out, he upbraidingly cried, Scream on, my dear, and barbarously mocked her, imitating the bleating of a sheep. Then rearing himself up, cried, exulting, Now am I lord of Miss Byron!

At the first setting out, she once or twice cried out for help; when, under the pretence of preventing her taking cold, he tied a handkerchief over her face, head and mouth, and having first

muffled her up in the cloak, leaning against her with his whole weight, he held both her hands in his left hand, while his right arm, being thrown round her, kept her on the seat. When she called out for help at the approach of passengers, she heard one of the men represent Sir Hargrave as the best of husbands, and herself as the worst of wives. Thus did every glimmering ray of hope vanish from her mind.

Sir Charles Grandison now expecting Lord and Lady L. who were returning from Scotland, had been to that nobleman's seat at Colnebrook, where he had left his sister Charlotte, to see every thing put in order for their reception, and was returning to town in his chariot and six, when meeting Sir Hargrave's chariot, the coachman seemed inclined to dispute the way, and Sir Hargrave looking out to see the occasion, the lady found means to disengage one hand, and on hearing a gentleman directing his coachman to give way, she pushed up the handkerchief from her mouth, and down from her eyes, and cried out, Help, help, for God's sake. The gentleman ordered his coachman to stop, and Sir Hargrave, cursing his coachman, cried; Drive on; drive on when I bid you. The lady again cried out for help, when Sir Charles ordered his servants on horseback to stop the postilion of the other chariot, and bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril. Sir Hargrave, with vehement execrations, continued calling out, on the contrary side of the chariot to that Sir Charles was on. Upon which Sir Charles alighted, walked round to the other side, and the lady endeavouring to cry out, he saw Sir Hargrave struggle.

struggle to put the handkerchief over her mouth, swearing outrageously. And the lady instantly seeing the stranger, spread out both her hands, repeating, For God's sake—Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, by heavens, said Sir Charles. You are engaged, I doubt, in a very bad affair. I am Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and carrying away a fugitive wife.—Your own wife, Sir Hargrave? Yes, said he, swearing by his Maker; and she was going to elope from me at a damned masquerade. See! drawing aside the cloak, detected in the very dress! O no! no! no! said the lady. Proceed, coachman, cried Sir Hargrave, and cursed and swore. Let me ask the lady a question, Sir Hargrave? You are impertinent, Sir, said the villain. Who the devil are you? Are you, madam, Lady Pollexfen? said Sir Charles. O no! no! no! was all she could say.

Two of Sir Charles's servants instantly rode up to him, and the third held the head of the horse on which the postilion sat. Three of Sir Hargrave's approached on their horses; but seemed as if afraid of coming too near, and parlied together. Have an eye to those fellows, said Sir Charles; some base work is on foot; and then addressing himself to Sir Hargrave's coachman, who lashed his horses on, cried, Sirrah, proceed at your peril. Sir Hargrave then, with violent curses and threatnings, ordered him to drive over every one that opposed him. And Sir Charles bidding him proceed at his peril, turned to the lady, saying, Madam, will you—O Sir, Sir, Sir, cried she, relieve, help me, for God's sake! I am in a villain's hands! tricked, vilely tricked into a villain's hands. Help, help, for God's

fake! Sir Hargrave then drew his sword, and called upon his servants to fire at all that opposed his passage. My servants, Sir, said Sir Charles, have fire-arms as well as yours. They will not dispute my orders. Don't provoke me to give the word. Then addressing the lady, Will you, madam, put yourself into my protection? O yes, yes, Sir, said she, with my whole heart—dear Sir, protect me?

Sir Charles then opening the chariot-door, Sir Hargrave made a pass at him, crying, Take that, for your insolence, scoundrel; but Sir Charles being aware of the thrust, put it by; the sword, however, raked his shoulder. His own sword was in his hand, but undrawn, and the chariot door remaining open, he seized Sir Hargrave by the collar before he could recover himself from the pass he had made; and with a jerk, and a kind of twist, laid him under the hind wheel of his chariot. Then wrenching his sword from him, he snapped it, and flung the two pieces over his head.

Miss Byron, notwithstanding the disorder of her mind, had disengaged herself from the man's cloak. Sir Charles had not yet the leisure to consider her dress; he was, however, struck with the beauty of her person, but still more with her terror. He offered her his hand, but thought not now of the footstep, any more than before; nor did she think of any thing but her deliverance; for, instead of accepting his offered hand, she threw herself into his arms, and was ready to faint. He carried her round Sir Hargrave's horses, and seated her in his chariot, assuring her, that she was in honourable hands, and that he
would

would convey her to his sister, a young lady of virtue and honour ; and shutting the door, begged her to fear nothing, for he would attend her in a moment.

Sir Hargrave's men had fled, and Sir Charles's having pursued them a little way, were returning to support their master, when bidding one of them tell Sir Hargrave who he was, he stepped back to his chariot, where he found the lady sunk down through terror to the bottom of it, where she lay panting, and could only say at his approach, Save me ! save me !

Sir Charles re-assured her, lifted her on the seat, and carried her to his sister. Miss Charlotte was too much surprised at her brother's unexpected return, and too much affected with the disorder visible in the lady's countenance, to give much attention at first to her dress. She found her trembling as she sat, and Sir Charles, in a very tender manner, assuring her of his and his sister's kindest protection ; on which that lady saluting her, bid her thrice welcome to that house. Miss Byron, too deeply humbled by her distress, threw herself on her knees to Miss Charlotte ; when Sir Charles and that lady having raised her to her seat, You see before you, Madam, said she, a strange creature, and looked at her dress ; but I hope you will believe I am an innocent one. This vile appearance was not my choice. Fie upon me ! I must be thus dressed out for a masquerade ; hated diversion ! I never had a notion of it. Think not hardly, Sir, added she, her hands clasped and held up, of her whom you have so generously delivered. Think

not

not hardly of me, Madam, turning to her. I am not a bad creature. That vile, vile man!

Charlotte, said Sir Charles, you will make it your first care to raise the spirits of this injured beauty; your next to take her directions, and inform her friends of her safety. Such an admirable young lady as this cannot be missed an hour without exciting the fears of all her friends for her. Then sending for a very eminent physician, and repeating that she was in honourable hands, and that his sister would take pleasure in obliging her, he took his leave.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves were in the greatest consternation, when at their coming home from the masquerade, they found not Miss Byron at home. They instantly sent to the Lady Betty's who could give them no information. Every method that could be thought of was taken to discover the place to which she was carried, but without effect, till they received a letter from Miss Grandison, by which they were informed that she had been cruelly treated, but was now in safe and honourable hands, and that though she was very ill, she was better than she had been.

Mr. Reeve's accordingly set out for Lord L's, taking with him a portmanteau filled with Miss Byron's clothes, and there found his lovely cousin very ill: but filled with gratitude for the favours she received from Sir Charles, and his amiable sister.

Sir Hargrave was much bruised by his being pulled in so forcible a manner out of his chariot; but what was still a greater mortification to this vain fop, was his having three of his teeth struck

out

out with the fall, and his upper lip cut through, and which he was obliged to have sewed up. He vowed revenge against Sir Charles, and was no sooner recovered than he sent him a challenge. But Sir Charles, though perfectly skilled in all the offensive weapons, was resolved never to make use of them except in his own defence. He knew that duelling was contrary both to the laws of God and to society, and fearless of the censures that might be thrown upon him, vindicated the right he had to guard his own life, and to spare himself the guilt of murder; yet justified what he had done, and boldly asserted, that was he to find Sir Hargrave again guilty of a notorious violation of the laws of justice and humanity, he would again exert himself, in order to save the innocent from his brutality.

Sir Charles and his sister Charlotte, greatly delighted with the conversation, the delicate sentiments, and many engaging qualities of their lovely guest, grew extremely fond of her; to shew their affection they gave her the title of sister; and on Lord and Lady L's arrival, after Miss Byron's return to Mr. Reeves, they were conducted thither by Sir Charles and Miss Charlotte, that they might see and acknowledge their new relation. Miss Byron's mind was filled with gratitude to her generous benefactor, and with an admiration of his virtues that admitted of daily increase; and which by the familiarity allowed by that virtuous friendship which subsisted between her and Sir Charles, together with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, instantly ripened into love. All these persons seemed to be actuated by one soul; Sir Charles was as
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the tender friend, as the affectionate brother; and Lord L. his Lady and her sister, considered him not only as their brother, but as their better father, and gloried in their relation to him as their highest honour. He, upon every new occasion that called for his virtues, was the subject of their praise; and Miss Byron frequently residing at Lord L's seat for several days together, was informed of all the circumstances of his life, that had come to their knowledge.

In one of these visits to Lord L's, when Miss Byron was enjoying with the ladies of Sir Charles's family all the delights that arise from an unreserved sympathy of soul, their brother suddenly set out for Canterbury, without acquainting them with the reason of his journey. They at first imagined that he might be carried there by love, and Miss Byron suffered some little inquietude on that supposition; but on his return they were informed of the following particulars: Mr. Danby, the French merchant, whose life Sir Charles had saved when in France, being in a languishing state, was desirous to die in his native country, and accordingly landed at Dover; but being obliged to stop at Canterbury, in his way to town, sent for Sir Charles, and yielded to the common destiny; his body was afterwards brought to town. He had two nephews and a niece, who owed to him their education, to each of whom he had given a thousand pounds, to put the young men out apprentices to merchants of credit, and enable them to make a reputable appearance; and he had made them hope, that at his death, he would leave each of them three thousand pounds more,
but

but on the attempt made upon his life by villains set at work by his wicked brother, the father of those nephews and that niece, of which they, however, were innocent, he left the bulk of his fortune, which was very considerable, to Sir Charles, and made him his executor and residuary legatee, after bequeathing to each of the three, one thousand pounds; making some generous remembrances to three of his friends in France, and requesting his executor to dispose of three thousand to charitable uses, either in France or England, as he thought, and to what particular objects he pleased.

Sir Charles, had he strictly executed this will, would have been a considerable gainer, as Mr. Danby's effects in money, bills, stocks, and jewels, amounted to upwards of thirty thousand pounds: but though he was a little offended that neither of Mr. Danby's nephews nor his niece attended the funeral, to which he had invited them; nor were present at the opening of the will, though he sent to them for that purpose, he was resolved to make up the defects, occasioned on the one hand by a resentment extended to the innocent, and on the other, by what Sir Charles thought too deep a sense of gratitude for the timely assistance he had afforded him.— Sir Charles, therefore desired Mr. Sylvester, their attorney, who came to excuse their attendance, to advise the young people to recollect themselves, telling him, that he was disposed to be kind to them, and wished they would, with marks of confidence in him, give him a particular account of their views, prospects and engagements.

Mr.

Mr. Sylvester had not been gone above two hours, when he sent a note to Sir Charles, desiring to be permitted to wait on him that same evening with some of his clients. They were received with marks of respect, and then they were asked what were their expectations from their uncle? The two young gentlemen told Sir Charles, that his father had promised to give them as much as would set them up in trade, and as for the young lady, she was to have been married to the son of a merchant.

Sir Charles, with all the good nature that must forever mark the character of the man of true generosity, told the young gentlemen, that they should have five thousand pounds each, besides such legacies as had been left for them, and their sister was to have the same sum as a marriage portion. He concluded by telling them that he would not only give them the above sums, but also, that on all future occasions, he would be ready to serve them, upon which they burst into tears.

Sir Charles finding that his presence rather made them uneasy, withdrew for some time to his study, but soon after returned, and told them, that the pleasure he felt in being of service to them was more than he could express, and that the consciousness thereof was a sufficient reward. He desired the young gentlemen, as they were now entering upon business, to take religion along with them, and with all their dealings with others, to temper justice with mercy, especially when debts were due to them, and not to take such advantages as would on any account
ruin.

ruin those who had in some instances been unfortunate.

The brothers declared that his conduct should be the example that they would constantly imitate, and the young lady could only express her gratitude by her looks. When he dismissed them, he told them, that he hoped they would let him hear from them soon, and in the mean time he would take care to perform all that he had promised.

Miss Byron was charmed at such generosity, in one who had delivered her from confinement; and Sir Charles's sister told her that such was the constant conduct of their brother. They knew that Miss Byron was a most amiable young lady; but they had some suspicion that their brother was in love with some foreign beauty. In order to discover the real state of their brother's mind, they applied for information to the good Dr. Bartlet, who was well acquainted with every particular, but the doctor referred them to their brother. Accordingly they asked him, Whether he had any thoughts of marriage? but at that time he gave them no answer. In a few days after he sent for Miss Byron into Lord L——'s study, and repeated the whole story to her of Clementina; at which she was very much affected; and considered herself as an unhappy slave to a fruitless passion.

Sir Charles went next day to visit Miss Byron, at the house of her uncle Reeves, and told her, that the bishop, brother of Clementina, had sent him a letter, earnestly desiring that he would once more return to Bologna. He added, that although the marchioness had seconded the request

quest of her son, yet the rest of the family, particularly the general, were of a very different opinion; for religion, or rather superstition, was the reigning motive that gave life to all their actions, and kept their minds in a state of slavery.

They had taken their daughter Clementina to Urbino, in order to divert her melancholy, and from thence to Naples, where they embarked for Leghorn, and then returned to Bologna through Florence. She was again sent back to Florence, where she was put under the direction of the lady Sforza and her daughter Laura, who because of her superior accomplishments, treated her with the utmost cruelty.

Her maid Laura, who continued to attend her, was always sent out of the way when any cruelty was to be inflicted on the young lady. One day when the honest servant was shut out of her lady's apartment, she listened at the door, and heard Laura calling her by the most opprobrious names. The poor young lady asked what reason she had to use her so, adding, that if God had in any measure afflicted her, she was then an object of pity, and ought not to be treated in so inhuman a manner. Laura told her that all was done for her good, and with an air of disdain, going out of the room, said that she would bring the strait waistcoat.

Poor Clementina was terrified to the utmost, and therefore hid herself under a part of the stairs, but she was soon discovered by her cloaths, and dragged out, after which the waistcoat was put upon her, and she was confined to her chamber. The servant sent an account of this cruel transaction
to

to father Marefcott, who was greatly affected with it, and on his return to Bologna, told the whole affair to the bifhop, who fent an account thereof to the general, requesting him to give his affiftance in refcuing their fiftter from fuch a ftate of cruel confinement. Accordingly the young lady was releafed, but the cruel ufage with which fhe had been treated, had almoft broken her fpirits.

Miss Byron wept when fhe heard this narrative, upon which Sir Charles fhewed her another letter from Jeronymo, which informed him that Clementina was in a very dangerous way. Miss Byron, though in love beyond what fhe could exprefs, yet turning to Sir Charles, told him that her heart bled for the diftreffes of the fuffering lady.

He took her to her feat, and pulling a chair for himfelf, told her that he had received another letter from the bifhop, and in anfwer to it, had fent notice that he would once more return to Italy, to try if he could not, by his advice, settle the peace of a noble and worthy family. He added, that every thing was ready for his departure, and that he had engaged one of the moft fkilful furgeons to go along with him, in order to attend Jeronymo.

Sir Charles having feen his fiftter Charlotte happily married to Lord G——, who had for fome time paid his addreffes to her; he settled his domeftic affairs, and fet out for Italy by the way of France, attended by Mr. Lowther and an eminent furgeon. He ftaid no longer at Paris than juft to pay fome legacies that had been left by Mr. Danby, and there he received an account that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen had been attacked by
feveral

several ruffians, who were then attempting to murder him. Sir Charles no sooner heard the news, than he rode to the place, attended by three servants, where he found the gentleman calling out for mercy, while his assailants were exercising their whips upon him and his companion.

When Sir Charles arrived, he demanded to know what was the reason they used the gentlemen in that manner, upon which they told him to be upon his guard, as each of them had pistols. They demanded a conference, which Sir Charles granted, upon condition that they would immediately desist from attacking the gentleman. The four assailants then told Sir Charles that they were not robbers, that they had no intention to commit murder, but that the persons whom they wanted to punish, were a set of the most abandoned villains. At that instant Mr. Lowther, the surgeon, came up, and Sir Charles having raised one of the gentlemen, who was all over blood, asked the surgeon whether his wounds were mortal.

Mr. Lowther having examined the wound, declared that it was not mortal, upon which Sir Charles turning to the assailants, told them that he expected they would submit to give an account of their conduct before a proper tribunal. Upon his mentioning these words, one of the gentlemen answered him, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen had attempted, along with some of his dissolute companions, to violate the chastity of a lady at Abbeville, and that they were her relations, who had followed the villains, in order to treat them as they deserved. They added, that all they de-

sired,

fired, was, that they would ask pardon on their knees, and then they were willing to leave them under his protection, seeing he appeared to be a man of honour.

Sir Charles turning to Sir Hargrave, told him, that if he had done wrong, his duty was to acknowledge it, but if not, he would take care that his countryman should not be reduced to so much disgrace in a foreign country.

Meanness is the inseparable companion of wickedness, and no sooner had Sir Charles done speaking, than they fell on their knees, and asked pardon, upon which the strangers rode off, leaving them to the agonising pains and horrors of a guilty conscience. By this time, Sir Hargrave's chaise had arrived, and Sir Charles, with the assistance of his servants, having helped him into it, went to his own, and arrived at the house of Count de Belvidere, where he found the bishop with some friends waiting for him. Father Marefcotti was along with them, and the Count treated every one of them with the greatest civility. Next day they set out for Italy, taking the Count along with them, who during their journey, told Sir Charles, that such was his passion for Clementina, that he could not give her up and therefore hoped that he would leave nothing undone to forward his suit.

When they arrived at Bologna, Sir Charles was received with every mark of respect, both by the marquis and marchioness. Having attended with the utmost care to the dressing of those wounds that Jeronymo had received, the young nobleman soon recovered, to the great joy of the family, who implored every blessing on our adventurer, and

and commended the surgeon as an angel sent from heaven. Mr. Lowther had an apartment assigned him near that where his patient lodged, and after they had been about five days at Bologna, Clementina arrived there along with her brother, the general, and his lady, for he had been married a few weeks, and nothing was to be seen but harmony among all those who were members of the family.

The general who had the highest notions of what is called honour, could not bear the thoughts that his sister should be married to an Englishman, and an heretic, and therefore he rather expressed himself with seeming coldness, and even with some marks of disdain. To all this Sir Charles paid no more regard, than that of taking notice of it, so that by a noble triumph over his passions, he convinced the general that he had a soul superior to every thing bordering on meanness.

Clementina was the picture of silent woe, and although she had never been wanting in duty to her mother, yet she seemed at that time to take no notice of her. In order to drive all melancholy thoughts out of her mind, it was proposed to have a ball, and Sir Charles was to be introduced to her.

When Clementina came into the company, she seemed wild, and having her eyes half shut, scarce took any notice of Sir Charles, while her mother wept to see her in such an unhappy state of mind, and Sir Charles was unable to utter one word. The general was stung with the deepest remorse, when he reflected on the part he had acted, and taking his sister by the arm, begged
that

that she would once more make her relations happy. Her parents again shed tears, while the pious father Marescotti said all he could to reconcile her mind to the dictates of reason and religion.

In vain, however, did the whole family, as well as the confessor, endeavour to bring over Sir Charles as a convert to the church of Rome; he declared that he was so well convinced of the truth of christianity, that nothing should ever make him renounce its doctrines, while he enjoyed the right use of his reason. He told them, however, that she should have the free exercise of her religion, and that her daughters, if she had any, should be at her own disposal, to be educated in her own religion, but all the sons were to be brought up protestants.

These difficulties being over, and as the whole family seemed to be reconciled to the match, Sir Charles had not the least doubt but he would receive the heart and hand of his Clementina. But just at that time the Count Belvidere arrived at Bologna, and having visited Sir Charles, told him that he could not bear the thoughts of giving up all that was dear to him in the world, and therefore challenged our hero to fight. This, however, was what Sir Charles would by no means comply with, for although he was not afraid to fight, yet he had too much regard for the principles of our holy religion to venture his life, where there was no occasion for so doing.

Next day Sir Charles was introduced to Clementina, who received him in the most melancholy attitude, and having put a paper into his hand, desired him to leave her, at the same time
returning

returning to her closet, leaving him unable to express his sentiments. He attempted to follow her but in vain, for she shut the door, and falling on her knees, prayed that God would deliver her out of all her troubles. Sir Charles then opened the paper, and read as follows :

“ O thou whom my heart best loveth ; my tutor, my brother, my friend ! seek me not in marriage ! I am unworthy of thee. Thy soul was ever most dear to Clementina ; whenever I meditated the gracefulness of thy person, I restrained my eye, I checked my fancy, by meditating the superior graces of thy mind. And is not that soul, thought I, to be saved ? Dear obstinate, and perverse ! And shall I bind my soul to a soul allied to perdition ?—O thou most amiable of men ! how can I be sure, that, were I thine, thou wouldst not draw me after thee, by love, by sweetness of manners, by condescending goodness ? I, who once thought a heretic the worst of beings, have been already led by the amiableness of thy piety, by the universality of thy charity to all thy fellow creatures, to think more favourably of heretics, for thy sake. Of what force would be the advice of the most pious confessor, were thy condescending goodness, and sweet persuasion, to be exerted to melt a heart wholly thine ? I know that I should not forbear arguing with thee, in hopes to convince thee ; yet sensible of thy superior powers, and of my duty, might I not be entangled ? My confessor would, in that case, grow uneasy with me. Women love not to be suspected. Opposition arises from suspicion and contradiction ;
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thy love, thy gentleness, thrown in the other scale, should I not be lost? O thou whom my soul loveth, seek not to entangle me by thy love!

“ Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would mislead me from what I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: since wert thou to convince me at the time, my doubts would return; and whenever thou wert absent, I should be doubly miserable. For, canst thou, can I, be indifferent in these high matters? Hast thou not shewn me, that thou canst not? And shall I not be benefited by thy example? Shall a wrong religion have a force, and efficacy, upon thee, which a right one cannot have upon me?—O thou most amiable of men! seek not to entangle me by thy love!

“ But dost thou indeed love me? or is it owing to thy generosity, thy nobleness, thy compassion, for a creature, who, aiming to be great, like thee, could not sustain the effort? I call upon the blessed Virgin, to witness, how I formerly struggled with myself! how much I endeavoured to subdue that affection which I ever must bear to him.—Permit me, most generous of men to subdue it. I know thou lovest Clementina: it is her pride to think that thou dost. But she is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own that thou lovest her soul, her immortal soul, and her future peace. In that wilt thou shew thy love, as she has endeavoured to shew hers. Thou art all magnanimity; thou canst sustain the effort which she was unequal to. Make some other woman happy! but let it not be an Italian.

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“ You, my father, my mother, my brothers, and you, my spiritual father, have helped to subdue me, by your generous goodness. You have all yielded up your own judgments to mine. You have told me, that if the choice of my heart can make me happy, happy I shall be. But shall I not, if it please God to restore my memory, be continually recollecting the arguments which you father Marefcotti, in particular, formerly urged against an alliance with this noblest of men, because he was of a religion so contrary to my own, and so pertinacious in it? And will these recollections make me happy? O permit me, permit me, my dearest friends, still to be God’s child? let me take the veil!—And let me pass the remainder of my life in prayers for you all, and for the conversion and happiness of the man, whose soul my soul loveth, and ever must love. What is the portion of this world, which my grandfathers have bequeathed to me, weighed against this motive, and my soul’s everlasting welfare?

“ O thou whom my soul loveth, let me try the greatness of thy love, and the greatness of thy soul, by thy endeavours to strengthen and not to impair a resolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep! But my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? and shall I not endeavour to make the close of it happy?

“ But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for the obligations he has heaped upon us all? In return for his goodness to two of your children? These obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows
not

not his magnanimity? Who, that knows him, knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the action? Divine, almost divine philanthropist, canst thou forgive me?—But I know thou canst. Thou hast the same notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come! And can I have the presumption to imagine, that the giving thee in marriage so wounded a frame, would be making thee happy? Once more, if I have the courage, the resolution, to shew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conquest of myself; and do not put me upon taking advantage of my honoured friend's generosity: but do God, and thou enable me to say, Not my will, but his and theirs be done!—Yet, after all, it must be, let me own, in thy choice (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to such exalted merit) to add what name thou pleasest to that of

“ CLEMENTINA——.”

Sir Charles at reading this paper was astonished, perplexed, and confounded, and at the same time filled with admiration at the angelic qualities of Clementina. He threw himself on a sofa, not heeding Camilla, who sat in the window. The lady rang. Camilla hastened to her. He started as she passed him, and arose; but on her return she roused him from the stupidity that had seized him. O Sir, said she, my lady dreads your anger; she dreads to see you; yet hopes it.—Hasten, hasten, and save her from fainting.

He hastened in. The admirable lady met him half way, and throwing herself at his feet, cried,

Forgive me, forgive the creature that must be miserable, if you are offended with her. He attempted to raise her, but she would not be raised, she said, till he had forgiven her. He then kneeled to her, as she kneeled, and clasping her in his arms, cried, Forgive you, Madam! inimitable woman!—Can you forgive me for having presumed, and for still presuming, to hope to call such an angel mine!

She was ready to faint, and cast her arms about Sir Charles to support herself. Camilla held to her her salts, and she again repeated, Am I, am I forgiven.—Say that I am. Forgiven! Madam! he returned; you have done nothing that requires forgiveness. I adore your greatness of mind!—What you wish, bid me be, and that I will be. Rise most excellent of human creatures!

Sir Charles raised her, and leading her to a chair, involuntarily kneeled on one knee to her; holding both her hands in his as she sat, and looking up to her with eyes full of love and reverence. Camilla had run down to the Marchioness, crying, O Madam! such a scene! Hasten, hasten up. They will faint in each other's arms. The Marchioness hastened after Camilla, and found him in this kneeling posture, her daughter's hands both in his. Dear Chevalier, said she, restrain your grateful rapturé! For the sake of my child's head, grateful as I see by her eyes it must be to her—restrain it. O Madam, said Sir Charles, quitting Clementina's hands, and rising and taking one of hers, Glory in your daughter: You always loved and admired her; but you will now glory in her. She is an angel.—Give me leave, Madam, (to Clementina)

mentina) to present this paper to the Marchioness. He gave it to her, saying, Read it, Madam—Let your Lord, let the Bishop, let Father Mare-scotti read it.—But read it with compassion for me ; and then direct me what to say, what to do ! I resign myself wholly to your direction, and theirs ; and to yours, my dear Lady Clementina. You say, you forgive me, Chevalier, said the lady :—Now shall I forgive myself. God's goodness and yours will, I hope, perfectly restore me. This is my direction, Chevalier—Love my Mind, as yours ever was the principal object of my love.

The whole family were surprised at this happy turn, that had taken place in the affections of the young lady, and much more so at the condescension of Sir Charles, who was determined to do every thing in his power to promote her happiness, so far as conscience was not concerned. The young lady was so much overwhelmed with his goodness, that she could make no answer, and Sir Charles was afraid, that she would have fainted away in his arms. He told her that he would never urge her any more on the subject, unless her brother the bishop would give his consent, a circumstance that was not likely to happen. The violence of love, which of all passions, is the strongest, began to prey upon the mind of Sir Charles, and therefore he resolved, in order to divert his melancholy, to visit some of the states in Italy.

Accordingly he left Bologna, and after spending some time at Rome and Naples, returned to

England, where he was received by his friends with every demonstration of joy. The only thing that contributed towards damping his peace of mind, was the news of Miss Byron's being taken extremely ill, and that she was then along with her aunt, Mrs. Shirly, a maiden lady in Nottinghamshire. He set out immediately for the residence of his dear charmer, and having offered her a share of his heart, she gave him all the encouragement she could, consistent with female modesty. He told her that he was free from all connections with Clementina, and assured her that she had no reason to doubt his honour. In a word, the marriage was soon agreed on, and Miss Byron's friends having high notions of honour, proposed that the ceremony should be performed in the most public manner. Accordingly every necessary preparation was made, and the ladies, who were to attend, were dressed in the most elegant manner, but Miss Byron, although not much decorated with respect to outward appearance, made a more distinguishing figure than them all put together.

When they arrived at the church-yard they were met by several young girls, daughters of the tenants, all decently dressed, and carrying baskets of flowers to spread before the bridegroom and bride, but the crowd was so great, that they could scarce perform what they intended. The ceremony being over, Sir Charles led his lovely bride into the vestry, where her aged grandmother was waiting for her, and no sooner did the old lady see the amiable pair, than she dropped down on her knees, and implored a thousand blessings upon them. The bells were set a ringing.

ringing the moment the ceremony was performed, and continued so till the whole company returned to the hall, where nothing but love and joy was to be seen.

An entertainment was provided for the tenants and their children in the park, and after dinner was over at the hall. Sir Charles went to attend them, his bride having declined to accompany him, as she had never been fond of popular applause. The tenants received Sir Charles as a father rather than a landlord, and wished him all the joy that a mortal can experience in this world. The happy day was concluded with a ball, and next morning Sir Charles sent a letter to Jeronymo, the brother of Clementina, to let her know that he was now married. The same day the church-wardens came to wait on him in behalf of the poor, and Sir Charles gave them gratuities according to their different circumstances, taking care to join prudence with charity in all his actions. Next Sunday the whole family made themselves ready to proceed to church, in order to adore that Supreme Being, who is the lord and author of life, and when they came there, the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon Sir Charles and his amiable spouse. People crowded from every part of the parish to see them; the honest and industrious wished them all manner of success, and the poor blessed them as benefactors sent down from heaven to release them.

Soon after the marriage of Sir Charles, he received a letter from Italy, informing him that the Lady Clementina had eloped from her relations, and had taken her passage on board an English
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ship, attended with no more than one servant. This gave the most sensible uneasiness to Sir Charles, but as he was determined not to keep any thing concealed from his lady, he shewed her the letter, and she interceded with him in the strongest manner, to take Clementina under his protection..

Sir Charles immediately set out for London, where he found a letter from the unhappy lady, with directions where he might send her an answer. He did not hesitate one moment in going to her lodgings, where he was introduced, and the first thing he did, was to propose conducting her to his own house in Grosvenor Square, where she would be under the care of his sisters. After some hesitation, she complied with his request, and went into the coach along with him, but next day she received the news that her relations, as well as the Count Belvidere, were come in search of her.

When the marquis her father saw her, he rushed into her arms, and cried out, My daughter ! my daughter ! while the marchioness, overcome with joy, sunk down on the floor. The young lady, who loved her parents in the most tender manner, fainted away beside her mother, and lay motionless for some time, till the marquis and Sir Charles helped her into a chair. When the first emotions of joy were over, Clementina lifted up her eyes, and seeing Lady Grandison, snatched her hand and kissed it most eagerly, at the same time imploring upon her and her beloved chevalier, a thousand blessings. Her heart was so full ; but Lady L----- and Lady Grandison endeavoured to divert her attention to her.

her parents, and congratulated them on the happy event of having found her. Sir Charles withdrawing, returned with the bishop and Jeronymo, whom he presented to their sister, and it is hard to say, whether the two young lords shewed more joy, or Clementina more confusion. She offered to beg pardon of her brother, but they would not suffer her, telling her, that they had been the occasion of her elopement, and now that they had found her, they looked on their happiness as more complete than they could have expected or hoped for.

Jeronymo clasping Sir Charles to his bosom, called him his ever honoured brother, and thanked him a thousand times for the generosity he had shewn to his sister; Clementina did not as yet know that the Count Belvidere had accompanied her relations to England, for Sir Charles had used great caution, and at last told her that the count only wanted to take leave of her. She consented to see him as one of the friends of her family, and he being admitted, she entered into conversation with him with a dignity becoming her birth and education, she knew that nothing could give greater pleasure to her relations than to see her united to the count, and therefore after some hesitation, she told her parents, if they would give her one year to consult her own inclinations, she would endeavour to oblige them, by giving the count her hand. This was a most joyful surprize to her parents, and they consented to stay a few months with Sir Charles, part of which was spent at his country-house in all sorts of innocent amusements, and when they took their leave, Sir Charles and his Lady accompanied

accompanied them to Dover. Jeronymo staid till
 next year in England, in order to enjoy the Bath
 waters, when Sir Charles, his Lady, and two
 sisters accompanied him to Italy, and had the
 pleasure to be present at the marriage of Clemen-
 tina with Count Belvidere. Having staid some
 time in Italy, Sir Charles, with his Lady and
 relations returned to England, and retired to
 their country seat, where they spent every day in
 doing good to their poor neighbours. Lady
 Byron, who had now born Sir Charles a boy and
 a girl, was beloved by the poor, to whom she
 was a most generous benefactor, and Sir Charles
 was admired by all the neighbouring gentlemen
 on account of his many virtues.

End of Sir Charles Grandison.

CLARISSA:

OR THE

HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

COMPREHENDING

The most IMPORTANT CONCERNS of
PRIVATE LIFE.

FROM the following very affecting narrative, an awful lesson is given to *parents* not to exert an undue authority over their children, in the grand article of marriage; and to *children* not to prefer a man of *pleasure* to a man of *probity*, upon the dangerous but too prevalent principle, “that a reformed *rake* makes the best *husband*.”

The lovely and most accomplished, yet, through life, the cruelly persecuted and unhappy Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, was the youngest child of James Harlowe, Esq; a man of an extensive fortune; but, as a husband and a father, obstinate and tyrannical to an extreme. Mrs. Harlowe, her mother, was all mildness, all benevolence; but unable to exert the amiable qualities she possessed, from the untoward disposition of her husband, and of an imperious son, in every respect

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the counterpart of his father. Still more was her innate tenderness for Clarissa restrained by the selfish jealousy and over-bearing pride, of Miss Arabella, her other daughter ; superior to the former in years, but infinitely inferior to her in all the graces both of body and mind : but it was not for these advantages alone she had contracted an antipathy to her. By the will of her grand-papa Clarissa had been left a handsome estate, with an elegant little building upon it, which was called " The Dairy House." To prevent the discontents excited in the family by this legacy, so honourably bestowed as the reward of her superior virtues, Clarissa, with equal modesty and mildness, resigned it to the management of her papa, and thereby prevented, for a time, the inward malevolence of her brother and sister from proceeding to a downright quarrel.

During an excursion of Mr. James Harlowe, the son, into Scotland, Lord M. made overtures in behalf of his nephew Mr. Lovelace, for an alliance with the family. The proposal was attended with too many advantages to be rejected, and the gay and witty, but dissipated and abandoned, Mr. Robert Lovelace, accordingly paid his respects to Miss Arabella ; Clarissa, whom he had never seen, being from home at her favourite Dairy House. Delighted with him, even from his first visit, Arabella could not conceal her raptures at being taken notice of by a man so agreeable as Mr. Lovelace ; she lamented indeed that he was *wild* and *loved intrigues*, but always added in his excuse, that he was *young* and *a man of sense*. She liked him better and better every day, yet, though he had repeated opportunities for it, he

He artfully evaded every expression which might be construed into a declaration of his love. This conduct Miss Bella attributed to *bashfulness*; but at length, from his continued silence upon a subject of which her own heart was full, she could not help betraying a peevish fretfulness. Lovelace, who now had worked her to the very pitch he wanted, seized the minute in which her displeasure seemed to be at its height to urge his suit. Then, as he expected, she denied him; but it was with a coyness and an indifference foreign to her breast. These, however, her pretended lover laid hold of as a final answer, relinquished his addresses, and left the mortified Arabella prudently to make a virtue of necessity.

On his return some time after into the country, Mr. Lovelace, who though *disappointed*, as he said, in his former hopes, affected still to court the friendship of the family, paid a visit to Mr. Harlowe. Clarissa was now at home; and every one present remarked, that from the minute he first beheld her, she engrossed the whole of his attention. On being asked how she liked him, she replied, that, in her opinion, the man was too fond of himself to have any regard for a wife, and that she liked him not at all. The next day Lord M. made a proposal in form from his nephew, whose visits were accordingly permitted. No opportunity, however, would Clarissa allow him to converse with her in private; as she knew that, since his late addresses to Arabella, her father had been strongly prepossessed against him, in several letters from her brother, and that he would come to no determination without his concurrence.

She never even received the visits of Mr. Lovelace as intended for her more than the rest of the family. At length, on condition that Miss Clarissa would direct his subjects, he engaged to write, at their earnest desire, a description of each court and country he had visited during his travels, as a necessary requisite to a young gentleman under the care of a brother-in-law of Mrs. Harlowe, who was soon to make the *grand tour*. This opened an epistolary correspondence between them, in the course of which he often inclosed letters to Clarissa, fraught with every expression which love and tenderness could dictate.

Thus were matters situated, when Mr. Harlowe the younger returned from his trip to the north. Incapable of forgiving an injury, he now determined to revenge the many quarrels which Lovelace and he had had at college, in consequence of the poignant ridicule with which the former had exposed his insolence and pride. In this, though from very different motives, he was warmly seconded by his sister Bella. As the brother, in particular, scrupled not, on all occasions, to treat Mr. Lovelace with the most consummate rudeness; a duel ensued, in which Harlowe was wounded and disarmed. This occasioned a fever which set the whole family in a flame, and which was wholly imputed to the innocent Clarissa. Lovelace, who had generously spared the life of his malevolent antagonist when at his mercy, after repeated messages to enquire after his health, at length attempted to pay him a visit in person. The father, who considered this as an aggravation of the injury done to his family, was with difficulty restrained from going
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to meet him with a drawn sword; Clarissa, terrified at the confusion, fainted away; and Lovelace, melted at her situation, departed, though not without vowing vengeance at every step.

On the recovery of young Harlowe, he resolved with his sister, as the only infallible method of preventing an alliance with the detested Lovelace, to have Clarissa disposed of in marriage to another as soon as possible. Tired out, meanwhile, by the ill treatment she experienced from them at home, in consequence of her opposition to their schemes, she desired, and, notwithstanding the opposition of her brother, at length obtained permission to go for a short time to reside with Miss Howe, her dear, her bosom friend. Hardly had she been absent a month upon this agreeable visit, when she received a sudden order to return. How great was her surprise on observing the formal severity of every countenance, as she entered the once happy mansion of her father; and especially on hearing herself accused of having been in the company of Lovelace! In vain did she urge that alone she had never conversed with him, and that it became not her to object to any visitor Mrs. Howe might think proper to receive. Her father insisted that she had been indulged too much; that every match *kindly* proposed by her brother for her *good*, she had rejected; that it was now his turn, and he would be obeyed; that, in a word, she was to consider Mr. Roger Solmes, and no other, as her future husband. The gentle heart of Clarissa revolted at the very name of a wretch, famed for nothing but his wealth, his meanness, and his avarice; and to the most grating insults from her brother

and sister, and the hardest usage from her parents was she exposed from the aversion she expressed to this proposal. Of every consolation in life was she divested but her correspondence with Miss Howe. Even this she would not have enjoyed, had it not been from the circumstance of her having been allowed to feed a few bantam fowls in an old wood-house at the side of the garden, where she found means to conceal her letters in a crevice of the wall. There her friend's servant received her letters, and there he deposited the answers of his young mistress.

In the height of her distress, when denied even admittance to her parents, she wrote several moving letters to her brother and sister; but to these she received no return but reproach and insult, with the bitterest reflections on her supposed prepossession in favour of Lovelace. To her father and two uncles she also wrote; yet they all remained inflexible, all threatened her with the utter loss of their affection, if she did not yield to their wishes. Thus surrounded with perplexity, and devoted to sorrow, with what terror and alarm, on entering the wood-house one day, did she behold Lovelace start forth into her presence! There, in disguise, he had concealed himself, and though the respectful modesty of his behaviour in this lonely place rather dissipated her fears, yet still she was terrified, lest, being seen, an assignation might be imputed to her by her cruel brother. After reproaching him for the danger to which he had thus exposed her, she was hastening from him, when, throwing himself at her feet, he besought her patience for a few moments, declaring that he had committed
his

his present rashness only to avoid a greater ; that he thought he had so little interest in her heart, he could not promise himself his forbearance would be attended with any other effect than to lose her for ever, from her being obliged to accept for a husband the man she could not but detest. Severity, Clarissa assured him, would be far from effecting the end desired ; as by no consideration should she be induced to marry Solmes, and with great sincerity she could declare her wishes for a single life. On intimating his “ great concern, that after so many instances of his tender and obsequious devotion ”——She stopped him by saying, “ Why don’t you assert in plain words my *obligation* to you for your unwished-for perseverance, which has set all my friends against me.”——“ She must forgive him,” he said, “ for having presumed to hope for a greater share in her favour than he had hitherto found, when so vile a reptile as Solmes was set up as his competitor ; it” he added, “ the violent measures pursued should drive her to extremities, the ladies of his family would be proud of giving her their protection.”

Not long after this interview, from which her confidence in Lovelace was not a little increased, she received a most affectionate letter from her mama, in which were inclosed patterns of rich silks for her choice of different suits on her marriage with Mr. Solmes. At the same time leave was given for her to come, and point out those she approved of ; but, if she was still resolved to continue undutiful, by no means to think of entering into the presence of her parents. In vain did she intreat to speak with her mama in

private; her father sent her notice that, unless she would consent to become the wife of Mr. Solmes, he would never see her more.

Thus circumstanced, Miss Howe, the dear confidant of all her sorrows, strongly inforced to her the propriety, the actual necessity, of resuming her little estate. But the dutiful Clarissa could not think of entering into any contest with her father, though, by the rigid treatment of that father, the extremities of indigence and misery should be her lot.

In order to force her to a compliance, her inexorable relations now resolved to send her to a house, surrounded by a moat, belonging to her uncle Anthony Harlowe; where she was no longer to be permitted the use of her pen, and where her only visitors were to be the odious Solmes, and her barbarous brother and sister. On this resolution she warmly remonstrated to her brother, while, with spirit, she added, that “ she should think it hard to be sent against her will to any one’s house, when she had one of her own to go to.”

Hardly had her brother received this letter, when up came Miss Bella to her in a perfect flame, and uttered every thing barbarous and aggravating which the most envenomed malice could suggest. In the evening of the same day she received a letter from her, intimating that “ her mama had procured a respite for her till the ensuing week; that, however, she had effectually done her business with all the family; and that, thanks to her stubbornness, no one would receive her but her uncle Anthony, to whose house she must

must expect to be carried in the course of a very few days."

In this melancholy situation Clarissa received a letter from her lover, in which he told her, that he had something of the last consequence to communicate to her, and strenuously begged for a meeting in the garden; owned that he had procured a key, but, on his fear to disoblige her, was afraid to come without her leave; and hinted how ill he was of a cold he had caught by waiting in the coppice behind the garden in the midst of the rain. Impressed with pity, if not with love at this intelligence, and driven desperate by the obstinate severity of her relations, Clarissa gave him to know that the following night she would meet. Hardly had she deposited her epistle, when, repenting her imprudence, she returned upon her steps, in order to take it away; but already had the watchful Lovelace obtained possession of it. Within two days she was to be carried a prisoner to her uncle's moated house, whence she despaired to make her escape. As her last resource, she wrote to her uncle himself, supplicating more time. This indulgence she obtained, though on the hard condition of her receiving a visit from Mr. Solmes; for which, glad to obtain a farther respite at any rate, she accordingly appointed that day sevensnight.

Her appointment with Lovelace she now revoked, and desired that, whatever he might have to communicate, he would write. This produced a letter from him, in which he loudly complained of the breach of her promise, and in which, for the first time, he rather appeared the haughty than the humble lover. The impropriety of this

behaviour did not pass unresented by Clarissa. In answer she told him, that she was amazed at the freedom of his reproaches, and that she could not help desiring he would give himself no farther trouble on her account. Two days after she received another letter from him: this, on the presumption of her forgiveness for his late warmth, was full of contrivances for her escape from her cruel relations, and of pretended apprehensions from Solmes's visit. He even proposed to fix her in a place of security, either with his female relations, or wherever else she should think proper; and then, leaving her entirely at her own liberty, she might either agree with her friends, or approve or reject him as his conduct should deserve. Generous as these offers were in appearance, she told him, however, in answer, that she had given up all thoughts of ever more writing to a man, who could reflect on her for having done what her own judgment directed; that his secret machinations, in order to come at the secrets of her family, were highly culpable; and that, though her antipathy to Mr. Solmes was too deeply rooted for her ever to get the better of it, yet she would by no means have him interpret that aversion an encouragement to himself.

When the dreaded hour for her interview with Solmes arrived, Clarissa was ordered down into the parlour. Thither, reluctant, she went with trembling steps. Her intended husband approached her richly dressed, and cringing to the ground. He could hardly utter a word, so conscious was he of his demerits. On stammering out his apprehensions that she might have heard

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some things to his disadvantage, and his wish to correct every *fault* she should mention to him; Clarissa replied, that indeed she had heard *many* things to his disadvantage, and that *one fault* in particular she wished him to correct, the endeavouring to have a young and helpless creature to marry, from motives of sordid interest, the person she never could esteem. “Withdraw then your addresses,” she added; “thereby you will be entitled to my thanks, and amply shall you enjoy them.”

Solmes was at a loss what to say or what to do, when in came her uncle Anthony. On his entrance Clarissa rose, and with all humility interceded for his compassion. “When you deserve it niece,” he replied, “you will have the favour of every body.”—“Then now, if ever, do I deserve it,” cried she. “Never will I marry any man without the consent of my father, of you, and of all my relations. Let me not be thus precipitated, and, to confirm my resolution, I will take the most solemn oath that can be offered to me.”—“That,” said the uncle in a threatening voice, “shall be the matrimonial oath, and to this gentleman. It shall indeed, Clary; and the more you oppose it, the worse it will be for you.”—“Sooner, Sir,” rejoined she, “shall you follow me to the grave; and you, Mr. Solmes, take notice, there is no death I would not sooner undergo, than, as your wife, be forever unhappy.”—Her uncle, in a rage, declaring that, in spite of all opposition, she should marry Mr. Soimes within one week at farthest; she could not help saying, that the harsh treatment she had of late experienced, was owing to

the instigations of a brother, who would not himself give the instance of duty which was exacted from her.

On attempting to leave the room, she was prevented by her brother, who bolted in upon her, and, after many sarcastic invectives, led her up to Solmes, and would have joined their hands. "What right, Sir," said she, "have *you* to dispose of my hand; what right have *you* to treat me thus?"—Her uncle Anthony, and even Mr. Solmes, could not help censuring his boisterous behaviour to her. She again addressed herself to the latter, and conjured him, if he had any regard for his own happiness, no longer to persist in his addresses; and to her brother she scrupled not to declare, that if he thought meekness always indicated tameness, and there was no magnanimity without bluster, for once he would find himself mistaken; and he would have reason to see, that a generous mind scorns compulsion.

Though in great disorder, and ready to faint, in consequence of the violent struggle she had undergone, yet not the smallest attention was paid to the hapless Clarissa. On ringing for one of the servants to bring her a glass of water, her brother inhumanly cried out to Solmes, "Art, damned art." Having swallowed the water, she again, though staggering with extreme faintness, attempted to withdraw. But her uncle telling her he had not yet done with her, she was stopped, though at length permitted to go to the garden, on her promise to return so soon as the open air had recovered her spirits.

Within half an hour her attendance was once more required in the parlour, where, after remaining

maining some time alone, her uncle Anthony came to her, followed by Solmes. The latter renewing his supplications, "No more of these," cried the boisterous uncle. "The perverse girl despises all I once designed to do for her, so I will change my measures." Clarissa, while she thanked him for all his kind intentions, expressed her willingness to resign all claim to any of his favours, except kind looks and kind words; adding, that if he would be pleased to convince her brother and sister that he had altered his generous purposes in her behalf, she might expect better quarter from them both. Without giving her uncle time to shew his displeasure, in burst the meanly listening James Harlowe, with every mark of fury in his look, and every expression of reproach upon his tongue. Was this, he asked, the construction she chose to put on all his care and concern for her?—His care and concern, Clarissa told him, she in no respect desired or wanted; her papa and mama were both living, and were they not, he was the last person whom, if she might judge from his late conduct, she would wish to have any concern for her; she wished not to be independent of her *father*, yet surely she had a right to consider herself independent of *him*.

As she uttered these words, a message came for young Harlowe to wait upon his father. "Son James," she heard her once kind parent say, in a voice of thunder, "carry this rebellious child to my brother Anthony's; not another hour shall she stay under my roof." On her knees she begged for admittance, beseeching him not to reprobate his prostrate child. Her uncle and Solmes
were

were moved. Not so her hard-hearted brother, who even held the door that she might not see her father. By the intercession of her mother, however, the above sentence of her father was again deferred for a few days longer; but for this favour, as before, she was doomed to endure another visit from Solmes.

At this period, when under hourly apprehensions of being united for life to a man who justly merited her utter abhorrence, she received a letter from her dear Miss Howe, informing her that she had tried, but in vain, to persuade her mama to give her the protection of her house, should she be compelled to relinquish that of her father. Lovelace at the same time intimated to her, by letter, that he was no stranger to the cruelties she had of late experienced, and strongly urged her to embrace the protection of the ladies of his family. In this state of uncertainty she was told by her sister's maid Betty, a pert hussy, (who, tutored by the example of her mistress, took every opportunity of insulting the unfortunate Clarissa) that all her fears from her uncle's chapel would be realised in her own chamber. This intelligence was confirmed by Mrs. Hervey, sister-in-law to her mother, who farther informed her, that this precipitate measure was occasioned by the menaces of Mr. Lovelace; to prevent the consequences of which, the whole family had come to a resolution that she should be married the ensuing Wednesday; that her father himself would bring her up the settlements to sign, with a determination, as she had complained of harsh usage, to use all the arts of persuasion, in order to induce her to consent; and that,

that, at any rate, whether she yielded with a grace or not, she must be Solmes's wife; *that point* was absolutely resolved upon. The only reply of Clarissa was, "*Indeed* I never will. This was not *originally* my father's will; *indeed* I never will." Mrs. Hervey replied, that, at any rate, it was his will *now*; and that, as Mr. Lovelace had certainly formed a resolution of forcing her out of their hands, she could not help thinking them right to prevent being bullied out of their child.—"Nothing then remains for me to say," returned Clarissa, "I am driven quite desperate;—I care not what becomes of me."

On requesting a farther respite, she was asked, if her intention was to give the vilest of men an opportunity to put his murderous schemes in execution. Bereft of all patience at this cruel insinuation, she called on her aunt Hervey in the language of distraction, that whatever might be the consequences of this barbarous compulsion, she was guiltless of them. Frantic she rushed half-way down stairs, insisting on seeing her papa, and declaring, that as she owed her life, so she should rejoice to owe her death to him. Hearing her brother's voice she stopped, and overheard him say to his sister, "It works charmingly, my dear Bella; let us keep it up, and the villain will be caught in his own trap. She must now be what we would have her."—"Do you keep my father to it," Bella replied, "and I will take care of my mama."

From a spirited rage, Clarissa now sunk into a desponding gloom. Determined at all events, however, to baffle the unmanly triumph and oppressive projects of her brother, she wrote to Mr.

Lovelace,

Lovelace, that, as the only method she had left of avoiding the tyranny of her relations, she would, the Monday following, meet him at the garden-door, and accept his offered protection. Hardly had she adopted this precipitate measure, when, though too late, she would have given the world to recall it. In answer to a letter fraught with tenderness, which, in the interim, she had received from Lovelace, she told him, that as there were yet three days to come before the arrival of the time, her parents might relent; and that, in this case, she reserved to herself the liberty of acting as she should think proper.

Rather than that she should be forced into the protection of a man so violent and impetuous in all his measures as Lovelace, Miss Howe, with all the affectionate warmth of friendship, offered to accompany her in her flight. This Clarissa rejected; but as her dear friend rather dreaded the effects of such apparent rashness, she determined to stay and brave the worst. This resolution she wrote to Lovelace, and deposited the letter in the usual place; but he, artfully apprehensive lest she should withdraw her promise, suffered it to remain there, that she might be still under the necessity of observing her engagement.

At length the fatal hour of appointment arrived. In vain did Clarissa urge, that having considered of her proposed flight, she was determined not to risque it. He cunningly drew her from the garden-gate; besought her to hasten to the chariot, which was in readiness for her; told her that he had been watched; that this was the only minute she had to escape, and that to part with her now would be to lose her for ever.—

“ Whither

“ Whither do you draw me, Mr. Lovelace ?” cried she in anger, and struggling to loosen her hand from him. “ I would sooner die than go.” — Lovelace vowed that not only his own happiness both here and hereafter, but the safety of her implacable brother, depended on the present moment; that her will should thenceforth be a law to him in every thing; that all his relations expected her, her own promise called on her; and that he urged her to take no step, but what would the sooner reconcile her to her parents. Clarissa desired to judge for herself; and added, that it did not become him to blame her friends for endeavouring to compel her, when he thus used compulsion himself. That minute she declared she would call out for help if he did not unhand her, and allow her to return. “ I will obey you, dearest creature,” said Lovelace, assuming a look of dejection. “ Yet stay one moment, best beloved of my soul ! Your retreat is secure. If you *will* go, the key lies at the door. But, O Madam, think of next Wednesday — think that on that day you are the wife of Mr. Solmes ! Fly me not so eagerly. I will attend you into the garden, and into the house itself if I am not intercepted. I will face them all.”

The forlorn Clarissa almost gasped with terror, when she heard his resolution of accompanying her into the presence of her friends. On no account would he be prevailed to leave her. He declared that he was desperate; reminded her that the day after tomorrow was the fatal Wednesday; and offering her his sword in the scabbard, told her, that, if she chose it, his heart should be a sheath for theirs. “ What can you mean ?”

mean?" said Clarissa, "Must every one take advantage of the weakness of my temper? Is this your generosity, Mr. Lovelace?" and she burst into a flood of tears. Lovelace, meanwhile, threw himself at her feet, and told her, that whether she commanded him *with her*, or commanded him *from her*, he would still be all obedience. Observing her stoop to take up the key from the ground, in order to let herself into the garden, he started as if he had heard somebody at the inside of the gate, clapped his hand to his sword, and loudly whispered to the alarmed and terrified Clarissa, as if out of breath himself with the fright, "They are at the door, my beloved creature," and seizing the key, pretended to double lock it. In the instant a rumbling was heard at the door, as if to burst it open, while somebody within cried out, "Are you there? Come up this moment—this moment.—Here they are both together.—Your pistol, this moment—your gun!" These exclamations were accompanied with several more attacks upon the door. Lovelace, clapping his naked sword under his arm, snatched the trembling hands of Clarissa, saying, "Fly, fly, my adorable. This moment is all that is left to you. Fly, if you would not be more cruelly used than ever; if you would not see two or three murders committed at your feet."—"Help! help!" exclaimed Clarissa, frightened, yet running as fast as he.

Indeed what not a little heightened the terror of Clarissa, and hastened her flight, was the appearance of a man, as she turned back her head, who must have come from the garden, and who beckoned and called, as if to others who were in
flight,

sight. These she did not doubt were her father and brother, or their servants, so wholly did her fears engross her. She soon, therefore, lost sight of the door. Lovelace hurrying her on still faster till they got to the chariot, into which lifting her, they never stopped till they reached St. Albans.

Thus was the beautiful, the accomplished, the virtuous Clarissa, till lately the delight and pride of her family, and the admiration of all who knew her, forced into the protection of the designing, the profligate Lovelace. Nothing bad indeed did Clarissa know of him but by fame, which, while it branded him as a debauchee and a libertine, honoured him as a man of courage and generosity; virtues, from which her heart whispered her, and she too readily believed, he could not be a villain. The sufferings she had experienced at home, proceeded, in a great measure, from the reports he had secretly caused to be carried into the family; nor was the noise she had heard at the garden gate any other than that of her father's gardener, who had been tutored and corrupted for that purpose by her crafty seducer.

Miss Howe, on being apprised by Clarissa of the particulars of her involuntary elopement, advised her, as all punctilios must cease now she was from under her father's roof, to marry directly, as the most effectual method of saving her honour and her reputation. But alas! this advice it was no longer in her power to follow. In the letter in which she appointed to meet Lovelace, she had laid him under an injunction not to talk of marriage, till he should give her

room.

room to believe his reformation real. This he too punctually obeyed ; and yet, more to heighten the calamities of her situation, she had no prospect but that of actual poverty and want, the little money she happened to have in her pocket amounting to no more than seven guineas.

The first proposal of Lovelace to her was, that she should go to a seat belonging to Lord M. his uncle. This, however, she declined till she should hear from home ; as she had already written to her sister for her clothes, her books, and fifty guineas she had left in her escritoir. In consequence of this refusal, Lovelace took up his residence at an inn the neighbourhood, where she was waited upon by his lordship's housekeeper, who recommended her to her sister, who kept a farm-house a few miles off. Here she would have thought herself tolerably happy, had she been left to herself. But Lovelace, determined at any rate not to leave her, obtained a pretence for continuing near her in the foolish menaces of her brother, who avowed, in the presence of his servants, his determined purpose to carry Clarissa from him by force.

Once, and but once, during their stay at this place, did he urge her with earnestness to honour him with her hand ; but it was done in the full assurance of a refusal, when he perceived her violently indisposed, and to the last degree dejected, on the receipt of a barbarous letter from her sister, intimating that, on hearing of her flight, her father had on his knees implored a curse upon her ; while he expressed his wish, that her disobedience might be accompanied with ruin here and hereafter, and that in the author of her
crime

time she might find her punishment. The forlorn Clarissa, tenderly as she loved her parents, considered this horrid imprecation as the most dreadful of all calamities. Still mindful, however, of the friendly advice of Miss Howe, she rather seemed to wave his suit than to deny it; but her base and designing Lovelace, dextrously interpreted her confusion on this occasion into a resentment at his having presumed to press so material a point, contrary to her express commands. Base and designing, indeed, she had soon cause to believe him; a circumstance which afforded no very pleasing prospect, whatever happy revolution might happen in her affairs. In order to appease her scruples, as to her being so much exposed to his company, he pretended to go to Windsor to look for an apartment where she might be concealed from her brother; but finding none there, as he told her, she proposed going to London, as the most probable place for privacy; insisting, however, that he should never lodge in the same house, and that he should leave her as soon as she was out of danger. This he promised, and, at her desire, wrote to a married gentleman, his friend, to look out for a proper lodging. A description of several lodgings was accordingly sent, and so artful was the account of one of them drawn up, that it was not doubted but Clarissa would fix upon it without suspicion. This was said to be a back house in Dover street, genteel, and handsomely furnished; Mrs. Sinclair, the landlady of which was the widow of an officer in the guards, but in reduced circumstances. Lovelace shewed his friend's letter to Clarissa, but affected to leave her to her own choice.

choice. The apartments in Dover-street of course obtained the preference, and in these she fixed her abode. On their arrival, the widow Sinclair offered Clarissa a kinswoman of her own for her servant; to whom she attributed many good qualities, but pretended that she could neither write nor read writing. This was no objection to Clarissa, though she rather disliked her look, as well as the look of the widow. Her two nieces, Miss Polly Horton and Miss Sally Martin, she thought, however, agreeable and genteel young women.

On pretence that he had but a slight opinion of Mrs. Sinclair, by no arguments would Lovelace, even from the first of their arrival, be prevailed on to lodge elsewhere; intimating to Clarissa, that as he could not yet think of leaving her, so he had prepared the landlady for their staying with her no longer than they could find a house, and, to baffle her brother's plots, given out that they were married, though, for the present, under an indispensable necessity of having separate beds. Incapable of deceit herself, Clarissa could not view it but with abhorrence in another. She insisted, but to no purpose, that he would unsay all he had said to the people of the house; he begged her to connive at what he affected to consider an innocent and necessary stratagem; and, observing her displeasure, took an opportunity to beg that next day she would complete his happiness at the altar. Without giving her time to answer, however, he waved the discourse; yet, such was now the abject situation of Clarissa, that she would with pleasure have accompanied him thither, had he offered to renew his entreaties for it.

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On the morrow, soon after breakfast, Lovelace, in consequence of his promise the night before, that he would leave London, took leave of Clarissa, whom he very respectfully addressed as his wife before the people of the house. He earnestly pressed her acceptance of a bank-note, and though she declined the obligation, yet, after his departure, she found it left upon her table. On the very next day he returned, pleading the violence of his passion, and his apprehension of what her brother might do, as the cause of so short an absence. His study now was to amuse Clarissa with looking for a house; he even told her that he had fixed on one inhabited by a Mrs. Fretchville, a widow lady, who was soon to leave it. Pretexts still abounded for his lodging in the same house with her; a circumstance which, however disagreeable in itself, she could not prevent, and therefore thought it most prudent to overlook, especially as she could not help thinking herself on the eve of her marriage.

Proud of having so estimable a prize in his power, Lovelace determined to introduce four of his most intimate associates to her, Belford, Mowbray, Eelton, and Tourville, men of family and fortune, but of the same libertine disposition as himself; and for this purpose an entertainment was ordered at Mrs. Sinclair's. Clarissa strenuously refused being of the party, especially as, by having laid her under the disagreeable necessity of appearing as his wife, she wished at present to see as few people as possible who were to think her so; but at length, on Mrs. Sinclair's telling her that, as Miss Martin and Miss Horton were engaged, she would get one Miss Partington, to whom

whom her late husband the Colonel had been guardian, she yielded to their united importunities. These gentlemen loaded her with every expression of admiration and praise ; but as, from several circumstances, she could by no means approve of their company, she politely took her leave of them as soon as decency would permit, and retired to her apartment.

No longer did Lovelace take the least notice of the time which, as he had been wont to say, was to crown his hopes ; and every thing around contributed more and more every day to the dissatisfaction of Clarissa. One day, having accidentally dropped one of her dear Miss Howe's letters, her maid Dorcas observing it, told Lovelace that if ever he intended to come at any of her young mistress's secrets, now was the time. Lovelace accordingly entered the room as if in a transport of joy, and clasped his arms about her. " O, my dearest life !" cried he, " I have hit upon an excellent expedient to hasten Mrs. Fretchville from the house. My friends will soon be with you ; and that nothing may be wanting to gratify your utmost punctilio, I will continue here at Mrs. Sinclair's, while you reside at your new house. The rest I leave to your generosity." And clasping her still closer, he gave her a more ardent kiss than ever he had dared before ; at the same time setting his foot on the letter, he scraped it farther from her, as it were behind the chair. Clarissa was in a passion at the liberty he had taken ; and Lovelace, bowing low, begged her pardon, while stooping still lower, in the same motion, he took up the letter and whipt it into his bosom. The letter being unfolded, this
could

could not be accomplished without alarming her ears. "Traitor! Judas! what have you taken up?" exclaimed she, seizing the stolen letter. "O, my beloved," cried Lovelace, begging her pardon, and clasping her hand which had hold of the paper between his, "can you think I have not *some* curiosity?" "Let go my hand," rejoined Clarissa. "How dare you, Sir? At this rate I see—too plainly see—" More she could not utter, but gasped, and was ready to faint. Lovelace having gone thus far, and being loth to lose his prize, once more got hold of the rumpled letter. "Impudent man!" cried Clarissa, stamping with her foot—"For God sake!"—Lovelace, hardened as he was, could resist no longer. He accordingly resigned the contest; and no sooner had Clarissa recovered the letter, whose contents she thus dearly prized, than she hurried to the door, which Lovelace throwing himself in her way forcibly shut, beseeching her to forgive him; but pushing him from her with all her strength, she flew to her own apartment, (alas! she could fly no farther) where she double-locked and double-bolted herself in.

Clarissa, now more than ever convinced, by the above treatment, of her deplorable situation with Lovelace, determined to make application to her parents for forgiveness, on the condition of living a single life, and relinquishing the estate bequeathed to her by her grandfather. For this purpose she wrote to Miss Howe. After the affair of the letter, she carefully avoided every occasion of seeing or speaking to Lovelace. The following Sunday, however, having given orders for a coach to carry her to church, she met him

in the passage ready dressed, and in spite of all opposition, he insisted on accompanying her. Being thus compelled, as it were, to enter into conversation with him, she plainly told him of the application she had made to her parents, and her resolution to avoid the most distant intercourse with him, till she should learn the event. At this intelligence he reddened, and seemed surprised; but said that “ if it had not been for her having kept herself locked from him, she might ere now have been in possession of Mrs. Fretchville’s house, and have had some of the ladies of his family with her; and that though he would continue his passive observance till the issue of her application, yet *then* she must not expect him to rest one moment till she had *fixed the happy day.*”

Such was the situation of Clarissa, when her beloved friend Miss Howe sent her notice that all submission to her hard-hearted relations would be fruitless, and advised her (what it was impossible for her to do) to marry as soon as she could. Lovelace indeed still amused her by pleading his passion, and reproaching her indifference. He even sent her a copy of proposals relative to the marriage settlements, which seemed strongly to evince his generosity; but still, whenever he urged her to name the day, he mentioned several, and, without allowing her time to speak, rambled to other subjects. Once, on intimating his hopes that in his uncle Lord M——, she would soon find a father, Clarissa replied, that “ the word Father had a sweet and venerable sound with it, and that she would be glad to have a father who would own her.” Far from improving
this

this half consent, affectingly as it was uttered, he mentioned his uncle's being laid up with the gout, and again talked of settlements and writings, which he knew would take up time.

Tired out with, and uneasy at, his indelicate delays and objections, she now entertained thoughts of escaping from him, even though her relations would neither receive nor own her. For this purpose she wrote to Miss Howe, who at length sent her word that she had found a secure and convenient retreat for her. At this crisis, the behaviour of Lovelace gave her hopes, which though transient, rather lulled her suspicions. In company with one of Mrs. Sinclair's imaginary nieces, this artful libertine prevailed on Clarissa to suffer him to accompany her to a play. This he did in order that the other women in the house might have an opportunity, in consequence of his directions, to search for, and copy Miss Howe's letters. These were accordingly found, and all the severe reflections which the amiable and virtuous friend of Clarissa had thrown on the base, cruel, and ungenerous conduct of Lovelace, with the schemes she had formed for robbing him of his prey, faithfully transcribed.

At these reflections Lovelace was the more exasperated, as he knew them to be just. They strengthened his aversion to marriage, and determined him to leave no artifice unexerted, in order to bring the hapless Clarissa to live with him on his own terms. No longer did he discover any tenderness, but what was tinged with a savage fierceness, and bursts of passion. Equally alarmed and provoked at this behaviour, of which she

never guessed the cause, she tore almost in two an answer which she had written to his proposals in relation to the marriage, and which strongly expressed her virtue, her prudence, her filial duty, and the nobleness and delicacy of her soul. Every base stratagem and falsehood was invented and practised in order to surprise her credulity. In these he was aided and assisted by persons of the most abandoned principles and character, whom he rendered the tools of his villainy, and tutored in the different parts he allotted for them to act. The house which he pretended to have taken, and which he was prevented from carrying her to by the delays of the imaginary Mrs. Fretchville, had answered his purpose, by inducing Clarissa to stay contented among people she disliked. In order to carry on his vile purposes still farther, he now gave out that this Mrs. Fretchville was seized with the small pox, while, to gain upon the tender heart of Clarissa, a reconciliation with her parents was affected to be set on foot by means of an experienced adept in the arts of villainy, under the name and title of Captain Tomlinson.

The character which this old miscreant had to assume, was that of a gentleman, who having lately purchased an estate in the neighbourhood of her uncle John Harlowe, in order to pass the few remaining years of his life in tranquillity and retirement, had contracted an intimate friendship with him, and been informed, not only of the unhappy story of Clarissa, but of the overtures which had been made for a reconciliation; overtures, which her uncle John had declared to Tomlinson he would endeavour to bring to a bearing,

bearing, provided Mr. Lovelace, and his niece were actually married.

In vain was every artifice employed which might engage Clarissa to say to this pretended Captain, that she was married; she gave Lovelace a positive denial, declaring an abhorrence of her folly and indiscretion in appearing as his wife before his friends and the family, with a resolution that not even the success of her dearest hopes should again induce her to countenance his falsehoods. This obliged him to alter his plan. The supposed Captain was invited to breakfast, and Clarissa, by Lovelace's desire, overheard the conversation; in which the former acted his part so dextrously as to gain a place in her esteem, and after which, on Mr. Lovelace's return from *respectfully* waiting upon him to the outward door, she met him with a smile of complacency beaming on every lovely feature. "You know not, Mr. Lovelace," said she, "how near my heart this wished for reconciliation is. Already you behold me another creature; already am I willing to banish every disagreeable remembrance. Oh! Mr. Lovelace, how happy shall I be, when my heart is lightened from a father's curse! when my dear mama shall once more fold me to her indulgent bosom! when I shall again have uncles and aunts, a brother and a sister, all striving who shall shew most favour and kindness to the poor *outcast*,—then no more an outcast! And you, Mr. Lovelace, to witness all this, to be received into a family so dear to me with welcome! What though a little cold at first, when they come to know you better, and to see you oftener; and you, as I
C 3 hope,

hope, having entered upon a new course, all will be warmer and warmer love on both sides."

Thus spakethe innocent, the angelic Clarissa; and to have heard her unmoved, Lovelace must have had a heart of stone. After a momentary pause, and drying her eyes with her handkerchief, she retired to her apartment with precipitation, as if suddenly recollecting that she had been to blame in giving so free a vent to her joy, and left Lovelace with a heart too full for utterance. But his compunction was of short duration; the pride and arrogance of his heart, his rooted aversion to marriage, and hatred to the family of Clarissa, stifled the dictates of conscience, and diverted him not from his infamous projects.

The pretended reconciliation was carried on with hopes of its being speedily compleated; but the more her doubts and fears were cleared up and banished, the more he strove to gain upon her affections, and, by taking little freedoms, to make way for the accomplishment of the last. When thus he presumed to take liberties with her person which the delicacy of her virtue would not allow, a visit, or a letter from Captain Tomlinson, acquainting her of the measures taken by him and her uncle to bring about the reconciliation, was always contrived to remove her resentment, and to restore him to favour.

That no doubt might be entertained, meanwhile, of the honour of his intentions, the marriage settlements were drawn up and engrossed, and a license was actually applied for. Yet by the vigilance of Clarissa, and the resolution she had formed not to suffer any *encroaching* freedoms, her

her virtue was preserved, and all the attempts of his ensnaring fondness were rendered ineffectual. These disappointments, however, only served to render his attempts more daring, and to impel him, if possible, to make a conquest of her virtue by surprise.

Several agreeable days had they passed together, when Lovelace after supper one evening allowed her to leave him sooner than usual, on her promise that she would not sit up to write or read, but go immediately to bed. About two in the morning an alarm of *fire* was given, and her maid Dorcas running to her door, rapped loudly at it, and cried out, " Fire ! fire !—The house is on fire !—Rise, Madam—this instant rise, if you would not be burnt in your bed !" Clarissa instantly opened her door ; and Lovelace flying thither, beheld her sighing, trembling, and ready to faint, dressed only in her under petticoat, her feet just slipped into her shoes, and leaning on the arm of Dorcas.

At the sight of Lovelace, she panted, struggled to speak, but could only utter, " Oh ! Mr. Lovelace !" With ardour he clasped her in his arms, exclaiming, " My dearest life ! fear nothing—I have been up—the danger is over—the fire is got under !—And you, Dorcas (addressing himself to her maid) how could you thus alarm and frighten my angel !" With these words, lifting her to her bed, as if apprehensive she should catch cold, he sat down by the side of it, and endeavoured with the utmost tenderness to dissipate her terror. But terror was still less predominant, in the bosom of Clarissa, than indignation. She appealed to Heaven against his treachery, while he, by the most solemn vows,

pleaded his own equal fright, and the reality of the danger which had alarmed them both. Now with threats, now with soothing supplications, did she conjure him to quit her chamber and suffer her to hide herself from the light, and from every human eye. Repeatedly, on the other hand, did Lovelace sue for her forgiveness, and vow that the next morning's sun should witness their nuptials; but Clarissa taking all his protestations as an indication that he intended to proceed to the last extremity, instead of listening to his artful speeches, redoubled her struggles to get from him, declaring that she would not survive a treatment so disgraceful, and so villainous; while, looking wildly around her, as if for some instrument of mischief, she espied a pair of sharp-pointed scissars on a chair by the bed side, and endeavoured to catch them up, as if bent on making her words good on the spot.

Lovelace, seeing her desperation, begged that she would be pacified, that she would hear him speak but one word; and snatching the scissars, he threw them into the chimney. Clarissa still insisting vehemently upon his distance, he permitted her to take the chair; and as her eyes ran over, yet seemed to threaten future vengeance, the unfeeling profligate clasped her once more to his bosom. With the utmost difficulty could he hold her, so amazing was her force, considering the delicacy of her frame; nor could he prevent her sliding through his arms, and falling upon her knees at his feet. There in the anguish of her soul, with hands folded, hair dishevelled, did she implore his compassion and honour. Consider me, *dear Lovelace,*" said she—"on my knees I beg you to consider me, as a poor creature,

sure, who has no protector but you; who has no defence but your honour. By that honour! by your humanity! by all you have avowed! I conjure you not to make me abhor myself!—not to make me vile in my own eyes!” On his mentioning the morrow as the happiest day of his life, “Tell me not of to-morrow,” she cried. “If indeed you mean me honourably, *now* this very instant *now*! you must shew it, and begone.” The relentless villain then rudely kissing her neck, her lips, her cheeks, her forehead, and her streaming eyes, as she still remained kneeling at his feet, “Wicked wretch! insolent villain!” exclaimed Clarissa—“Kill me! kill me! if I am odious enough in your eyes to deserve this treatment, and I will thank you! Or, give me but the means, and I will instantly convince you that my *honour* is dearer to me than my *life*. For *your own sake*, if not for *my sake*, and as you would that God Almighty, in your last hour, should have mercy upon *you*, spare me.”

Lovelace, hardened as he was, began to be affected. He would have raised the weeping suppliant from her knees; but this she refused till his softened mind, she said, had yielded to her prayer, and bid her rise to be innocent.

“Rise then, my angel,” returned Lovelace—“rise, and be what you are, and all you wish to be! Only pronounce me pardoned for what has passed, and I will retire to my apartment.” “God Almighty,” said she, “hear *your* prayers in your most arduous moments, as you have heard *mine*! And now leave me, this moment leave me, to my own recollection: in *that* you will leave me to misery enough, and more than you ought to wish to your bitterest enemy.”

Still, however, Lovelace refused to leave her till he had made her say that she had forgiven him, and extorted a promise that she would look upon him the next day as if nothing had passed ; and no sooner had he entered his apartment, than reflecting on the opportunity he had lost, he repented, and hastened back in hope that through the distress of mind in which he had left her, she had not so soon fastened her door, and in the full resolution to execute all his purposes, let the consequence be what it would. But he was disappointed in his wicked views ; the door was already secured, and by no persuasions would she be induced to open it.

Repeatedly, but to no purpose, did he rap the next day at the door of her apartment, and claim the performance of her promise. He could not even obtain an answer ; and looking through the key-hole, he saw her on her knees, deprecating, as he supposed, the malediction of her cruel father. Moved at the sight, he tenderly begged her to admit him to her presence ; but Clarissa declared “ she could not see him ! would to heaven she never had ! if she wrote, it was all she could do.” He then desired she would favour him with a line, and soon after he had withdrawn, Dorcas brought him a letter, highly expressive of the anguish of her soul, and her abhorrence of his vileness, which she concluded by desiring that, for his own sake, he would not wish for a week to come, to see the undeservedly injured and insulted Clarissa Harlowe.

On this occasion several other letters passed between them, in which Clarissa maintained her resolution of not seeing him, and Lovelace, in
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full confidence that by his stratagems he should, even at the last extremity, be enabled to avoid a marriage, urged her in the warmest terms to accept his hand, and again seemed to be strenuous about the licence, and marriage settlements. On going out, Dorcas acquainted Clarissa that Lovelace was gone to Doctor's-Commons, and would not return till late. She then urged her to take some refreshment. Clarissa, whose eyes were swelled with weeping, refused either to eat or drink, and seemed still resolved not to see her cruel oppressor for a week at least. At length, however, she ordered her to bring up three or four French rolls with a little butter, and a decanter of water, telling her she would dispense with her attendance. Dorcas consulted the infamous Mrs. Sinclair about obeying her; who readily consented, "as Mr. Lovelace, she said, knew how to come at her at any time," and gave directions for a bottle of sherry to be added.

Clarissa thought herself so much obliged by this chearful compliance, that she consented to go up and look at the damage done by the fire; the shocking appearance of which seemed to satisfy her it was no trick, as she owned she had at first apprehended it to be. She then dispatched Will, a servant of Lovelace, to the Post-Office with a letter for Miss Howe, with orders to enquire if there were any for herself; but instead of fulfilling his message, he basely delivered it to his master, and pretended on his return there were no letters for her. She afterwards employed him to carry another to Mr. Lovelace; and, taking the opportunity of his absence, she slipped down stairs, and unperceived escaped into the

street with a small bundle in her hand. As she ran hastily along, a coachman plied her, and was accepted. Stumbling precipitately into the coach, she cried, " Drive fast ! very fast !" On being set down at Holborn-Bars, agreeably to her direction, she went to the Hampstead-Stage ; and there being but two passengers ready, she took all the vacant places, and made the coachman drive off directly. The two passengers desiring to be set down at the Upper Flask, she gave directions to be set down there also ; and on her arrival there, being quite spiritless and fatigued, she desired a dish of tea, and a room to herself for half an hour. Thence she directed her course towards Hampstead, where she took a lodging at one Mrs. Moore's, after having previously received an agreeable character of her at a shop in the neighbourhood.

No sooner was Lovelace informed of her escape than, full of rage, he vented the bitterest curses upon the whole family, and commanded off his servant in search of her, with orders never to see his face, till he had discovered where she was. This rage was heightened by a long letter from Miss Howe to her dear Clarissa, which he received and broke open, and which was filled with execrations against Lovelace, as a most abandoned monster, founded on sufficient evidence of the baseness of all his views. She accounted for the manner in which she had come by her intelligence, by informing her that a young lady (one Miss Lardner, whom she had seen at her cousin Biddulph's) had seen her at Saint James's church, but could not get near enough for Clarissa either to see her, or to speak
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with her; that she had ordered the servant to follow her till she was housed; that the next day she had sent the same servant to make private enquiry whether Lovelace lived under the same roof with her or not; and this enquiry brought out from different people, that the house had a very infamous character; that the woman who kept it was not named Sinclair, nor the street it was in Dover-street; and that there were two houses, the back house, in which all decent appearances were preserved, and guests rarely admitted, and the other, the receptacle of those who were absolutely engaged, and broken to the vile yoke of prostitution. At the same time Miss Howe observed, that having enquired into the truth of the reconciliation pretended to be carried on with her uncle by Captain Tomlinson, she had found that it was a base imposition, and that Tomlinson was a specious villain, the tool of Lovelace, employed to carry on his base designs.

While Lovelace, though highly enraged at this letter, was rejoicing that it had not fallen into the hands of Clarissa, and forming schemes of revenge against Miss Howe, he received a letter from his servant, intimating that he had traced every step Clarissa had taken, and that she was now at Hampstead, whence, from the precautions he had adopted, it would be impossible for her to remove without his notice. Lovelace, in an extasy at this intelligence, set out accordingly for the Upper Flask, at Hampstead, richly dressed, in a chariot and four, and attended by a footman whom Clarissa had never seen. The pretended Captain Tomlinson, who also accompanied him, he left at the foot of
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the hill, intending to make use of him, if it should be found necessary, to effect a reconciliation.

The people of the house were previously taught to believe by the crafty Will, that his lady was lately married to one of the finest gentlemen in the world ; but he being gay and lively, she was *mortally jealous*, and in a fit of this sort had eloped from him ; that she had three or four times played his master such tricks ; that this was her only failing ; and that nevertheless she loved him dearly, and he doated upon her.

So far did the fellow ingratiate himself with the people, by stories like this, in which he had been well tutored by his master, that they helped him to a change of cloaths, and privately enquired if she actually remained at Mrs. Moore's, and for how long she had taken the lodgings ; which he found was only for a week certain, but that she believed she should hardly stay so long.

When Lovelace appeared, so admirably did he act the part of the tender husband, that he found every body ready not only to oblige but to pity him. On the pretence that if his *spouse* should see him at a distance, she would make it very difficult for him to get at her, he desired the landlord to lend him a great coat with a cape ; which when he had adjusted, and buttoned the cape over his chin, he asked for a little powder, and lightly shook the puff over his hat, flapping one side of it over his eyes, and then put on a pair of coarse stirrup stockings, in order to give his legs a gouty appearance.

Thus equipped, he left the public-house, and on his arrival at Mrs. Moore's, alighted out of his

his chariot, stooping in the shoulders, leaning on his cane with one hand, and on his servant with the other. He pretended that he wanted lodgings for his old wife, who laboured under a complication of disorders, and performed the character of an old gouty invalid so admirably, as to deceive Mrs. Moore. He hobbled up stairs, and saw all the apartments, except Clarissa's, and at last even into that he got admission, while she retired into a closet. Determined to bring her out, if possible, he pretended to be going.—“ You cannot,” said he, “ agree as to any time, Mrs. Moore, when we can have this third room, can you ?” adding, in a whisper loud enough to be heard in the next room, “ Not that I would incommode the lady ; but I would tell my wife whereabouts—” Clarissa then, for the first time, broke silence. “ Mrs. Moore,” said she, “ you may acquaint the gentleman, that I shall stay here only two or three days at most, till I receive an answer to a letter I have written into the country ; and rather than be your hindrance, I will take up with an apartment a pair of stairs higher.”—“ Not for the world, young lady,” cried the disguised Lovelace. “ My wife, as well as I love her, should lie in a garret rather than put such a considerate lady, as you seem to be, to the least inconveniency.”—As she had not yet opened the door, he added, “ But since you have so much goodness, Madam, if I could but just look into the closet, I could tell my wife whether it is large enough to hold a cabinet she much values, and will have with her wherever she goes.”

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This last stratagem had the desired effect. Clarissa opened the door, and so struck Lovelace with her presence that he could hardly refrain from discovering himself that instant. From his evident hesitation and confusion, and from certain words which dropped from him, rather unsuited to the character he then bore, she started; nor could Lovelace, with all his confidence, and, with all his art, conceal himself any longer. He therefore unbuttoned his cape, pulled off his flouched hat, and threw open his great coat; and no sooner did the panic-struck Clarissa see who it was, than, giving three violent screams, she instantly sunk down at his feet in a fit.

Mrs. Moore, alarmed at the sudden alteration in his person, features, voice, and dress, cried out, "Murder, help! Murder, help!" for half a dozen times running. This alarmed the house, and up ran two servant maids, and Lovelace's servant along with them. Lovelace himself cried out for water and hartshorn, and every one flew a different way, one of the maids as fast down as she came up; while the landlady ran out of one room into another, and by turns up and down the apartment they were in, wringing her hands, and not knowing what she did.—Up then came running a gentleman and his sister, brought in by the maid, who had run down; and who, having, as she said, "let in a crabbed old wretch, hobbling with the gout, and numbling with a hoarse, broken-toothed voice, was metamorphosed all at once into a lively, gay, young gentleman, who could be neither more nor less than the devil."

As for Lovelace, he was so intent on restoring Clarissa, that he regarded no body else. And at last, she slowly recovering motion with bitter sighs and sobs, he called upon her in the tenderest accents, and declared that he forgave her. The gentleman and his sister knew not what to make of all this ; and the less, when the fair one, snatching a look at him, again groaned, and fainted away.

Lovelace then threw up the closet-sash for air, and left her to the care of Miss Rawlins, the young gentlewoman, who had come in with her brother, and of Mrs. Moore, who by this time had recovered herself ; while, retiring to a corner of the adjoining room, he made his servant pull off his gouty stockings, brush his hat, and loop it up into the usual smart cock.—He then stepped back to the closet, and addressing himself to Mr. Rawlins, whom, in the general confusion, he had not much minded before, “ Sir,” said he, “ you have an uncommon scene before you. The lady is my wife, and no gentleman’s presence is necessary here but my own.” “ I beg pardon, Sir,” returned Mr. Rawlins ; “ *if* the lady be your wife, I have no business here : *but*, Sir, by her concern at seeing you”—“ None of your *ifs* and *buts*, I beseech you, Sir,” interrupted Lovelace ; “ you are a very unqualified judge, and I beg of you to oblige me with your absence.”

The gentleman accordingly withdrew, and Lovelace, finding Clarissa begin to recover, left the closet, lest the sight of him too soon should throw her back again. The first words she said, looking round her with great emotion, were,
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“ O hide me, hide me ! Is he gone ! O hide me ! Is he gone ! ” “ Sir,” said Miss Rawlins, advancing to Lovelace, “ this is some surprising case. The lady cannot bear the sight of you. What you have done is best known to yourself. But another such fit will probably be her last. It would be but kind for you to retire.” Lovelace thought it behoved him to have Miss Rawlins of his party ; and the rather as he had disoblighed her brother. “ The dear creature,” said he to her, “ may well be concerned to see me. If *you*, Madam, had a husband who loved you as I love her, you would not, I am confident, fly from him, and expose yourself to hazards, as she does whenever she has not all her way—And with a mind not capable of intentional evil—but mother-spoilt ! This is all her fault ; and the more inexcusable it is, as I am the man of her choice, and have reason to think she loves me.” Then added, taking her a little on one side nearer to Mrs. Moore, “ I have three times already forgiven the dear creature. But this *jealousy* ! there is a spice of that in it, and of phrenzy too.—But our story is too long.” —He begged they would not suffer her to talk, for that, being accustomed to fits, she might continue to rave for a week to come ; and on their promise to keep her quiet, he withdrew into the next room.

On the recovery of her senses, Clarissa was full of the most bitter exclamations. Unhappy creature ! miserable ! ruined ! and undone ! she called herself ; wrung her hands, and begged that Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins would assist her to escape from the terrible evils she
would

would otherwise be made to suffer. They preached patience and quietness to her, and would have had her to lie down: but she refused; sinking, however, into an easy chair; for she trembled so, she could not stand.

By this time Lovelace was in hopes that she was enough recovered to bear a presence, which he thought it behoved him to make her bear. But the moment she beheld him, she threw her apron over her face, redoubled her exclamations, and besought him to leave her. Seizing her struggling hand, however, he told her that he had a letter from Captain Tomlinson; and, while he affected to sooth her with his tenderness, touched upon such topics as he knew would set her in a passion, and confirm the intimation he had given of a phrensical disorder. Nor did this artifice miscarry. She bitterly inveighed against his baseness and villainy; then with a shower of tears begged pardon of the women for her passionate excess. “Indeed, ladies,” said Lovelace, with all the assurance imaginable, “this violence is not natural to my beloved’s temper. Misapprehension”—“Misapprehension, wretch!” interrupted Clarissa—“O thou guileful betrayer, with a face so unblushing, how darest thou appear in my presence?”

Lovelace now, thinking the character of a husband obliged him to be angry, exclaimed in a loud voice, “You may one day, Madam, repent this treatment! You know I have not deserved it of you—You *know* I have not. Never did man of my figure and consideration meet with such treatment.” Clarissa in silent indignation lifted up her hands; while her unworthy per-

persecutor went on accusing her of severity and injustice in behaving to him in this manner before the two gentlewomen present, adding, that since it *must* be so, he would leave her to her fate, and that, if she would let him know whether to send them, her apparel and every thing belonging to her should be restored. "Send it to this place," replied she, "and assure me, that you will never molest me more; never more come near me; and that is all I ask of you."

The women appeared to be more and more at a loss what to make of the matter between them. Lovelace, mean while, pretended to be going from her in a pet; but turning back, when he had got to the door, as if recollecting himself, "One word more, my dearest creature, charming even in your anger!" cried he. And turning half round, he excited the pity of Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins, by pulling out his handkerchief, as if to wipe off the starting tear. "One word only, Madam," repeated he: "I have represented to Captain Tomlinson, in the most favourable light, the cause of our present misunderstanding. The letter I have in my hand will acquaint you with what you have to apprehend from your brother's active malice. The Captain, you know, has reported our *marriage* to two different persons: it is come to your brother's ears; my own relations have also heard of it. Letters were brought me from town this morning, from Lady Betty Laurence and Miss Montague" "Here they are," pulling them out of his pocket, and offering them to her, with that of the *Captain*, she still holding back her hand that she might not receive them. "Re-
flect,

fect, Madam, I beseech you reflect, upon the fatal consequences with which this your high resentment may be attended.”—

“ Ever since I knew you,” said Clarissa, “ I have been in a wilderness of doubt and error. I bless God that I am out of your hands. I will transact for myself what relates to myself. Am I not my own mistress? Have you any title”—The women stared; and Lovelace, thinking it high time to stop her, raised his voice to drown hers. “ You used, my dearest creature,” said he, “ to have a tender and apprehensive heart: You never had so much occasion for one as now.” “ Let me judge for myself,” rejoined Clarissa. “ Do you think I shall ever”—Still more did he dread her going on:—“ I must be heard, Madam,” cried he, raising his voice higher and higher. “ You *must* let me read one paragraph or two of this letter to you, if you will not read it yourself.” Begone from me, man!” said she—“ Begone with thy letters! What pretence hast thou for tormenting me with thy letters?”

Lovelace affected an astonishment at such questions, and continued to overbear her with words. But when he found her silent, he lowered his tone, intreated her to see Captain Tomlinson with temper, and, for her own mind’s sake, not frustrate his friendly negotiation. Clarissa was going to speak, but he prevented her by adding, in a strong and solemn voice, “ If we are to *separate* for ever, this island shall not long be troubled with me. Mean time, only be pleased to give these letters a perusal, and consider what is to be said to your *uncle’s friend*, and what he is to say to your uncle.”—And putting the letters
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into her lap, he retired into the next apartment with a low bow and a very solemn air.

Thither he was soon followed by Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins; to whom, determined to spare no pains to engage them in his interest, he communicated the history of his own and Clarissa's family; her aversion to Mr. Solmes, and putting herself into his protection; averring, however, that they were privately married, though his spouse had made him swear to keep separate beds, and that to this she held him, in order to induce him the sooner to be reconciled to her relations. As Miss Howe had actually detected the bawd, to whose house he had carried Clarissa, and might possibly find some way still to acquaint her friend with her discoveries; he thought it proper to prepossess them in favour of the infamous Sinclair, and her two nieces, and to describe Miss Howe as a virago, who, "for a head to contrive mischief, and a heart to execute it, had hardly her equal in her sex."

These points satisfactorily accomplished, he told them the occasion of their present difference; avowed the reality of the fire; but owned that having an husband's right on his side, he would have made no scruple of breaking the unnatural oath she had bound him in, when she was so accidentally frightened into his arms; and blamed himself excessively that he did not; since she thought fit to carry her resentment so high, and had the injustice to suppose the fire a contrivance of his.—In a word, by owning most of the charges which he did not doubt but Clarissa would alledge against him in their hearing; by giving the worst parts of his story the gentlest turn; by
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reading to them part of Captain Tomlinson's letter, and afterwards putting into their hands the copies of two letters, which he pretended to have received from his cousins Lady Betty Laurence and Miss Montague (in which they blamed him for not acquainting them with his marriage, and expressed their desire to pay the lady a visit) Lovelace not only gained over the widow Moore and Miss Rawlins to his interest, but even prevailed on the former to accept him for a boarder and lodger. Clarissa, however, absolutely refusing to lie in the same house with him, he was contented with lodgings in the neighbourhood; leave being previously obtained for his servant to lie at Mrs. Moore's, in the view of preventing the persecuted fair one from escaping, or receiving a letter from Miss Howe.

The widow and Miss Rawlins pleaded with Clarissa in behalf of Mr. Lovelace; while she, on the other hand, besought them, in the most distressful terms, to favour her escape. The watchful Lovelace, overhearing what passed, and fearful that she would remove the false impressions he had been making on the minds of these virtuous women, interrupted their conversation by his presence. Clarissa, while she bitterly complained that she could have no retirement uninvaded, asked him if he would say before Miss Rawlins and Mrs. Moore that they were really married; adding, "Lay your hand on your heart and answer me, Am I your wedded wife?" — This was a home stroke to Lovelace; who well knew, that, should he positively aver it, she would never more believe any thing he said. He therefore skilfully avoided a direct answer; and
though

though she still urged the question, yet nothing could she obtain from him but prevarication.

In vain did she determine to leave the house immediately ; he detained her by setting his back against the door, then dropping on his knees begged her pardon, and besought her to stay and receive the promised visit of Lady Betty and his cousin Montague, and also of Captain Tomlinson, with the news of her uncle's compliance with both their wishes. The distressed Clarissa was ready to sink, and forced to lean against the wainscot as he kneeled at her feet ; but at length, a stream of tears bursting from her eyes, " Good heaven," she cried, " what is at last to be my destiny ! Deliver me from this dangerous man ; and direct me ! I know not what I do ; what I can do ; nor what I ought to do !"—And turning herself from him, she threw herself into a chair. He arose, approached her with reverence, and began a tender harangue to her. But with a face glowing with conscious dignity, she interrupted him.—" Ungenerous, ungrateful Lovelace !" said she—" You know not the value of the heart you have insulted ! Nor can you conceive how much my soul despises your meanness."

The women believing they were now likely to be upon better terms, retired, though Clarissa opposed their going. He then threw himself at her feet, imploring her forgiveness, and promising the most exact circumspection for the future ; but she declared that it was impossible for her to trust to his promises ; nor could all his arguments induce her to dine with him, or even for the present to taste any refreshment.

Besides

Besides Miss Rawlins and Lovelace, Mrs. Moore had a niece, one Mrs. Bevis, a young widow, very forward, very lively, and a great admirer of Lovelace from the first sight, to dine with her. As this lady was to stay a month with her aunt, Lovelace was not a little bent on engaging her to side with him against Clarissa. For this purpose he represented Miss Howe as the cause of all their misunderstandings; and the villain Tomlinson coming in, a conversation passed between them directly calculated to make every one present believe that he was really married to Clarissa, and that Miss Howe, from rage and jealousy at being slighted by him, took every opportunity to widen the breach between them.

This finished, Lovelace intimated he thought it high time to acquaint his spouse, that Captain Tomlinson was come. Mrs. Moore accordingly went up, and requested in his name that she would give them audience; but Clarissa desired to be excused as she was very ill; and the *Captain*, who affected to have much important business upon his hands, and to be not a little vexed at this disappointment, took his leave till the day following.

Hardly was this fellow gone when Lovelace received from his servant an intercepted letter from Miss Howe to Clarissa, in answer to one she had sent informing her of her escape to Mrs. Moore's; of the low plot of firing the house, in order to force her into the arms of Lovelace, and of her firm persuasion that the people themselves were infamous, since, though she could hear them in the next room, they took not the smallest

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notice

notice of her cries. It was by Lovelace's directions that his servant had obtained this answer of Miss Howe: having stopped the messenger, he made him drunk, then, picking the letter out of his pocket, carried it to his master; who, having found means to read it, without breaking the seal, had it carried back and deposited in the fellow's pocket. In this letter Miss Howe congratulated her dear friend on her escape, and informed her of her uneasiness about a letter of importance which she had sent some time before, and which she would not have fall into Lovelace's hands for the world.

Clarissa immediately engaged a man and horse to go for a letter left for her at one Mr. Wilson's, in Pall-Mall, who returned that evening with a letter, but not with that sent by Miss Howe. The letter which had given this dear and amiable friend of Clarissa so much concern was that already mentioned, in which she had laid open the wicked plots of Lovelace; of which, as he still had it in his possession, he had copied those parts that were in his favour, omitting every thing about Sinclair and Tomlinson, and at the same time imitating Miss Howe's hand so artfully, that the difference was hardly discernable. The next day Clarissa wrote to Miss Howe that she had received her letter, but referring a further account of her affairs. This she gave to Mrs. Moore's maid, who being courted by Lovelace's servant, gave it to him to put into the *Post-Office*, and he to his master, who instantly forged another, more like what she would have written had she in reality received the intelligence sent her by her friend.

While

While Lovelace was thus busied in the vilest arts of deceit and forgery, he behaved to Clarissa with the utmost tenderness; the specious villain Tomlinson was introduced to her; and every argument was enforced which might engage her confidence in Lovelace, and banish all apprehensions of his designs against her. Though his heart and his conscience strongly prompted him, at the same time, to merit her favour, by laying aside his wicked plots; yet profligacy, aided by revenge and pride, made him still resolve to humble her virtue, and before he married to bring her down more to his own level. So far was Clarissa blinded by his insidious arts that she even allowed him her company, and could not help shewing some compassion for his seeming distress.

Still, however, she would come to no determination till she should receive another letter from her dear and only friend Miss Howe. This Lovelace resolved, if possible, to prevent. Accordingly on the arrival of a messenger from that lady with a letter, which he peremptorily refused to deliver into any hands but those of Clarissa, Lovelace (his beloved, as he used to call her, being gone to church with Mrs. Moore) prevailed on Mrs. Bevis to personate her, who lying on a couch with her face muffled up, received the letter and gave it to Lovelace. And indeed no small cause of joy was it to Lovelace that he had prevented its coming to her hands; Miss Howe having confirmed what she had before written of the vile house, her reasons for distrusting the specious Tomlinson, and

for thinking the whole story of Mrs. Fretchville an absolute fiction.

After enumerating these alarming particulars, she proposed a method for her escape; and Lovelace, convinced of the necessity of hastening his designs, scrupled not to employ two women of the town to personate Lady Betty Laurence and Miss Montague, and after instructing them in the parts they were to act, to bring them to Mrs. Moore's. The more these pretended ladies talked to Clarissa, the more they seemed to grow fond of her, loaded her with caresses, censured Lovelace, and congratulated themselves on the happiness they should receive from an alliance with her, could they prevail on her to forgive him.

Though Clarissa had not the vanity to believe all the high encomiums these ladies paid to her, yet as she had no reason to suspect her new visitors, she was not displeased at so favourable a beginning of an acquaintance with ladies of whom she had always heard honourable mention. They fell into family talk, and family happiness on Clarissa's hoped for accession to it; launched out in deserved praises of Miss Howe; spoke of a reconciliation and intimacy with every one of Clarissa's family, her mother particularly, to whom they gave the praises which every body allowed to be her due; and thus induced Clarissa almost to forget her resentments against their pretended nephew.

Lady Betty (who, with *Miss Montague*, had agreed to lie every night at Mrs. Moore's, accommodations for that purpose being at their service) now suddenly recollecting that she *must* go to town, ordered her coach to the door, telling
Clarissa

Clarissa they should go thither, and she would leave her woman to get her apartments in order. In vain did the hapless fair one intreat that she might be left behind; she was led to the coach, and Lady Betty gave orders for supper against their return.

Nothing but the height of affectionate complaisance passed all the way; and Clarissa, though not pleased, was nevertheless still thoughtless of danger. But how dreadfully was she alarmed when she found herself within sight of the abominable house from which she had made her escape, and when the coach actually stopped at the door!—Lovelace begged she would be under no apprehension, and made a pretence of asking if there were any letters for him. “Why this terror my life,” added he, observing her ready to faint. “You shall not stir out of the coach.”—“Your lady will faint,” said the execrable Lady Betty. “My dearest *niece*, we must alight, if you are so ill.—Let us alight—only for a glass of water and hartshorn—Indeed we must alight.”—“No, no, no,” cried Clarissa—“I am well—quite well. Man, drive on! man, drive on!”

Dorcas, mean while, came to the door. “My dearest creature,” said Lovelace, “you shall *not* alight. Any letters for me, Dorcas?”—“Here are two, Sir,” replied the hussy; “and here is a gentleman waiting for your honour.”—“I’ll just speak to him,” returned Lovelace—“open the door. You shan’t step out, my dear.”—“But we *must* step out nephew,” said the false Lady Betty: Your Lady will faint. Maid, a glass of hartshorn and water! My dear, you *must* step out—you will faint, child—we must cut your

laces—Indeed you must step out, my dear.—Lovelace said, he knew she would be well the moment the coach drove from the door. She should not alight by his soul, she should not.—“ Lord, lord, nephew ! Lord, lord, cousin !” cried both the sham ladies in a breath—“ What ado you make about nothing !” You *persuade* your lady to be afraid of alighting. See you not that she is just fainting ?”—“ Indeed, Madam,” said the vile seducer, “ my dearest love must not be moved in this point against her will.”—“ Fiddle faddle, foolish man !” exclaimed the pretended Lady Betty. “ Do you go out, speak to your friend, and take your letters.”

Lovelace obeyed ; and while Clarissa begged that the coach might go on, the imaginary aunt still insisted on their alighting, asking her whom she could be afraid of in her company, and that of her niece ; observing at the same time, that the people must have behaved shockingly to her, and that she was resolved to enquire into it. Immediately came the old creature Sinclair to the door, begging a thousand pardons if she had any way offended her, and intreated them all to alight. The distracted Clarissa was ready to fall into fits. In vain, gasping for breath, did she call to the coachman to drive on ; a glass of hartshorn and water, mixed with some horrid ingredients was brought ; and not only did the pretended Lady Betty prevail upon her to drink it up, but even, notwithstanding all her opposition, to alight, on the promise, however, of being detained but a few minutes.

Tea was called for, and immediately brought. Clarissa, however, drank only two dishes, ob-
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serving that the last particularly had an odd taste. She now found herself more and more disordered in her head; a heavy torpid pain encreasing fast upon her. But this she imputed to her terror; and at the motion of the pretended ladies, she went up stairs, and immediately set about taking out some of her clothes. While she was thus employed, up came Lady Betty in a hurry. "My dear," said she, "you won't be long before you are ready? I'll just whip away and change my dress, and call upon you in an instant."—"O Madam," cried Clarissa, "I *am* ready! I am *now* ready! You must not leave me here."—"This instant," returned the other, "This instant I will return before you can have packed up your things."—And away she flew with her pretended niece, before Clarissa could say another word.

The terrified Clarissa sunk into a chair. But as still she had no suspicion that these women were not the ladies they personated, she blamed herself for her fears; and recovering her stupified senses, as well as they could be recovered, she pursued her employment, not without rubbing her eyes, however, wondering to Dorcas, who was present, what ailed her, and taking pinch after pinch of snuff. When every thing was packed up that she had designed, and when she found them tarry so long, she had like to have gone distracted. Shutting herself up in the chamber she had formerly occupied, she knelt and prayed; then ran out again, crying, "It is almost dark night: Where, where, is Mr. Lovelace?"

The villainous seducer came to her, raved at the whole sex for being always dilatory and unpunctual, and sent his servant to let *Lady Betty* and his cousin know how uneasy *Clarissa* and he were at their delay, and to desire, if they did not come instantly, they would send their coach, and they would go without them. *Clarissa*, almost wild with distraction, complained of thirst. Instead of water, which she had desired, and which they knew to be her common drink, they brought her table beer; which having swallowed, she instantly found herself worse and worse. At length came one of the pretended *Lady Betty*'s servants with a letter to *Lovelace* to put off her going to *Hampstead* that night, on the pretence of violent fits which *Miss Montague* was seized with. This letter he sent up to *Clarissa*, who, then concluded herself a lost creature. In a fit of phrensy she pulled off her head dress and ruffles, and ran to find out her vile betrayer; at whose feet sinking down, while with her arms she clasped about his knees, "Dear *Lovelace*," said she, "if ever—if ever—if ever"—And unable to speak another word, down she sunk on the floor prostrate, and speechless.

Though utterly astonished, and at a loss either what to say or what to do, yet, having proceeded thus far, he determined not to recede. He lifted her into a chair, told her that all her fears were needless, and besought her reliance on his faith and honour. "I see, I see, Mr. *Lovelace*," said she at length, with an heart-breaking sob—"I see, I see, that I am--ruined--ruined, if your pity—Let me implore your pity!"—And down on her bosom sunk her head, with a sigh that went
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to the heart even of Lovelace. When a little recovered, she asked why he did not send for the coach, and desired to go directly to Lady Betty if she was really Lady Betty; and then assuming a more resolute spirit, declared she would go! she would enquire her way! she would go by herself! And would have rushed by him. Pleading the bad way Miss Montague was in, he folded his arms about, to detain her. But she would believe nothing he said, unless he would order a coach, and let her go in it to Hampstead; she feared not robbers (for with such he endeavoured to terrify her) he was all her fear, and that house her terror; adding, "If you mean me honourably, let me go out of this hated house."—As she uttered these words, in came the vilest of vile women, Mrs. Sinclair, in a ferment.—"And what pray, Madam, has *this house* done to you?" bawled she, setting her huge arms a-kembo. "Let me tell you, Madam, I am amazed at the freedoms you take with my character."

Clarissa, who had never seen any thing but obsequiousness in this woman, was frightened at her masculine air and fierce look.—"God help me!" cried she, "What will become of me now! Whom have I for a protector? What will become of me now!" "I will be your protector, my dearest love!" cried the execrable Lovelace. "But, indeed, you are uncharitably severe upon poor Mrs. Sinclair. She is a gentlewoman born, and, would scorn to be guilty of a wilful baseness." "I hope so," said Clarissa—"it may be so—I may be mistaken—But—but there is no crime, I presume, to say I don't like her house." The old dragon stalked up with her

arms again a-kembo, and accosted the frightened fair one; who, terrified, caught hold of Lovelace's sleeve. Apprehensive that she would fall into fits, he severely reprimanded the enraged beldam; and the pacifying of her, and endeavouring to reconcile the lady to her, took up till near one o'clock.

Acts of violence, heightened by every circumstance of baseness and inhumanity then ensued. In vain did the wretched Clarissa, starting from the dreadful lethargy into which she gradually sunk, plead for mercy from Lovelace, and cry, "I *will* be your's—*Indeed* I will be your's, to obtain your mercy!"—No mercy could she find! Her strength, her intellects failed her. Fits followed upon fits procured no compassion to her. And even death, which she would have welcomed as the greatest mercy, was withheld from her.

Thus, as a sacrifice to the accursed revenge, profligacy, and pride, of an unprincipled villain, was the amiable and virtuous Clarissa, the ornament of her sex, despoiled of her honour, when, by the most diabolical artifices, she was denied the power of exerting herself in its defence. Nor was it long before the monster Lovelace had a specimen of what the resentment of the injured fair one would be on the recovery of her senses. In the midst of his blandishing endeavours, the second day after, to pacify her disordered mind, she held up to heaven, in a speechless agony, the licence he had procured for their pretended marriage, and put into her possession, as if to call down vengeance upon him. But, ere she

she could give vent to her intended imprecation, sleep locked up all her senses.

The next day, from a state of torpid insensibility, she passed, a few lucid intervals excepted, to that of a frantic vivacity. Lovelace, mean while, shocked on recollecting the baseness of his attempt, and the madness that followed it, never gave himself leave to think without feeling a temporary remorse. But listening to the vile solicitations of the abandoned Sinclair, he resumed his project of bringing her to live with him as his mistress. And hearing that she was coming to speak to him, he rejoiced at the advantage which the confidence of *his* sex would give him over the modesty of her's. But the dignity of her manner at her first appearance, the sedateness of her countenance, and the superiority of her soul, expressed by the awful language of offended innocence, shook his whole frame, and gave him the faltering hesitation of a guilty miscreant. On her boldly asking him, in the course of this conversation, what she was farther to suffer from his barbarity, and whether she was still to be kept a prisoner, he was so confounded, that, he could only stammer out broken and incoherent sentences, and an offer of making her amends by marriage. "Thinkest thou," replied Clarissa, "that marriage will satisfy for a guilt like thine. Bereft as I am by *thy* means both of friends and fortune, I too much despite the wretch who could rob himself of his wife's virtue, to endure the thoughts of thee, in the light thou seemest to hope I will accept thee in!"

Several other affecting conversations she had with him; in all of which she still claimed a right to be left to her own liberty. She even

made repeated attempts to escape. But Lovelace, however awed by her virtues, while in her presence, would by no means suffer her to leave the house of that vile procuress, Mrs. Sinclair. In this distressful situation, while the hapless Clarissa, though repeatedly solicited for pardon, and urged to marry, was in hourly dread of some fresh act of violence, she thought she observed some marks of compassion in Dorcas; and this wench having, by Lovelace's directions, artfully worked into her favour, actually received from her a note promising her a ring, and a settlement of twenty pounds a year for life, provided she would procure her escape.

Thus were matters situated, when news arrived that Lord M. was at the point of death, and that he desired to see his nephew before he died. Lovelace, finding himself obliged to leave Clarissa, and unable to engage her not to attempt her escape during his absence, at length consented to carry her to Hampstead the next morning, though he was himself to set out at four o'clock for his uncle's seat.

This night, however, Lovelace, partly from the instigations of the wicked women about him, resolved to terrify the forlorn and helpless Clarissa into a compliance with his wishes. For this purpose he pretended to have found the promissory note she had given to Dorcas; and, setting the whole house in an uproar, he called to his servant in a rage for Dorcas. On the appearance of Dorcas, he drew his sword, with many bitter imprecations; and she ran up screaming to her lady's door, as if for safety and protection, followed by two or three of the sisterhood crying out, "What's the matter! what's the matter!"

Clarissa,

Clarissa, instead of opening her door, in consequence of this alarm, rendered it more fast by drawing another bolt. "The abominable Dorcas!" exclaimed Lovelace—Call her aunt up! Let her see what a traitor she has placed about me!"—Up came the *aunt*, puffing and blowing, crying, "As she hoped for mercy she was not privy to the transaction between Clarissa and her *niece*;" adding, "Well might servants be at the pass they were, when such ladies as Mrs. Lovelace made no conscience of corrupting them."—Up they all went into the dining room; raving, "Bring the creature before us all this instant." Dorcas was accordingly brought up whimpering and whining, "I cannot look so good and generous a gentleman in the face."—"Tell me, ungrateful devil," cried Lovelace, "tell me who made the first advances."—"Ay, disgrace to my family and blood," added Sinclair, "tell his honour the truth; tell who made the first advances." "I have betrayed one trust already," said Dorcas; "O let me not betray another! My lady is a *good lady*; O let not her suffer!"—"Suppose, Sir," said Sally Martin, "you have the lady and the wench *face to face*?" And turning to Dorcas, "Say was it your lady who made the first advances, or was it you, *creature*." "I hope, Sir," added the old hag, "you will do *them both* justice; I hope you will find a way to hear this cause in *her presence*. I value not *my* doors on such an occasion as this. Justice I ever loved. I *desire* you will come at the bottom of it."

Presently Clarissa's door was heard to unlock and unbolt. That she might not escape, Will
was

was commodiously placed below ; and, that no noise or screaming might be heard, every window-shutter was fastened. Yet, confiding in her own innocence, she entered among the infernal plotters, with a majesty in her person and manner which was *natural* to her, but which then shone out in all its glory. Every tongue was silent, every heart quaked ; such was the glorious power of innocence exerted at that awful moment. Indignation for some time choaked her utterance ; but at length recovering her voice, “ O thou contemptible and abandoned Lovelace,” she cried, “ thinkest thou I see not through this poor villainous plot of thine, and of these thy wicked accomplices ? Thou, woman,” looking at the old bawd, “ once my horror ! always my dislike ! but now my detestation ! shouldst once more have provided for me intoxicating potions, to rob me of my senses.” Then turning to Lovelace again, “ Thou, wretch, mightest more securely have depended upon such a low contrivance as this !—And ye, vile women (who have perhaps been the ruin, body and soul, of hundreds of innocents) know that, ruined as I am by your assistance, I bless God I am not married to this miscreant ; and that I have friends who will demand my honour at your hands. Look to it then, what farther insults you offer me, or incite him to offer. I never will be his ; and to your utter ruin will I pursue you. As for thee, thou vile Dorcas,” she added, “ thou double deceiver !—Begone, wretch ! Thy guilt is thy security in such a house as this ! Steal away into darkness ! No enquiry after this will be made,

made, whose were the first advances, thine or mine."

At this speech, struck by their consciences, every one of the women trembled; and Dorcas, oppressed with confusion and terror, slunk away. Lovelace, though both vexed and ashamed, advanced toward Clarissa with a fierce aspect. "Stop where thou art, O vilest and most abandoned of men!" cried she, turning to him; "if thou wouldst not that I should be a corpse at thy feet!"—To his astonishment she then held forth a penknife, with the point to her bosom. "I offer no mischief to any body," added she. "You, Sir, and ye, women, are safe from every violence of mine! The *law* shall be all my resource! the *law* only shall be my refuge!"

This menace struck a panic into them; and the infamous beldam whispered Lovelace to let the lady go. Sally Martin and Polly Horton pretended not to know but she was his wife; and the latter even said, "If she was *not* so, she had been very much injured."—"That is not now a matter to be disputed," cried Lovelace, still persisting. "You and I know, Madam"—"We do know," interrupted Clarissa; and I thank God I am *not* thine; *once more*, I thank God for it! I have no doubt of the farther baseness that thou hast intended me by this vile trick; but I have *my senses*, Lovelace; and from my heart I despise thee, thou very poor Lovelace."—"Madam, Madam, Madam—these are insults not to be borne," cried he. And again he made an effort to approach her. But Clarissa with-drew to the door, and set her back against it, holding the pointed knife to her heaving bosom;

form; while the women held Lovelace, beseeching him, for the sake of their *house*, not to provoke the violent lady.

At this distance the truly heroic Clarissa braved him. "Approach me, Lovelace, if thou wilt," said she, "I dare die. It is in defence of my honour. God will be merciful to my poor soul! I expect no mercy from thee! Two steps nearer me, and thou shalt see what I will do!" Lovelace now desired the women to leave him to himself, and to his *angel*; and on their retiring to a distance, "O my beloved creature, how you terrify me!" cried he, holding out his arms, and kneeling on one knee—"I am a villain! the blackest of villains! Say you will sheath your knife in the heart of the injurer, not the injured, and I will indeed approach you, but not else."—Happening unawares to move a little forward, "And dost thou still insidiously move toward me?" said she, with one of her hands extended. "My heart from principle abhors the act which thou makest necessary! God in thy mercy!" (and she lifted up her eyes and hands) "God in thy mercy!"

More she uttered not, but in silence ejaculated the rest. Lovelace, mean while, threw himself to the farther end of the room; his voice was utterly broken, nor knew he what he said, or whether to the purpose or not. On throwing her eye toward him, Clarissa saw him at the utmost distance the room would allow; when her charming cheeks, which were all in a glow before, turned pale, as if she had been terrified at her own purpose.—"Thank God! thank God!" cried she; "delivered for the present; for the present delivered from

from myself. “ Keep that distance, Sir !” (looking down toward Lovelace, who was prostrate on the floor, his heart pierced, as if with a thousand daggers) “ that distance has saved a life ; to what reserved, the Almighty only knows !”—“ To be happy, Madam, and to *make* happy,” returned Lovelace. “ And O let me but hope for your favour for to-morrow ;—I will put off my journey till then.—And may God—” “ Swear not, Sir !” interrupted Clarissa, with an awful and a piercing aspect—“ You have too often sworn ! God’s eye is upon us ! his more immediate eye,” added she, with a wild look.—“ If not to-morrow, Madam,” cried he, “ say but next Thursday, your uncle’s birth-day ; say but next Thursday !”—“ This I say,” replied Clarissa, “ and of this you may rest assured, I never, never, will be yours. And let me hope that I may be entitled to the performance of your promise to be permitted to leave this house as soon as the day breaks.”—“ Did my perdition depend upon it, that you cannot, Madam, but upon terms,” returned Lovelace. And I hope you will not terrify me,” he added, still dreading the fatal knife.—“ Nothing less than an attempt upon my honour shall make me desperate,” said she ; “ I have no view but to defend my honour ; with such a view only I entered into a treaty with your infamous agent below. The resolution you have seen, I trust, God will give me again upon the same occasion. But for a *less*, I wish not for it. Only take notice, women, that I am no wife of this man : basely as he has used me, I am not his wife. He has no authority over me. If he go away by and by, and you act by his authority to detain me, look to it.”

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With these words, taking one of the lights, she turned from them, and went away unmolested; not a soul having the resolution to oppose her. Trembling, and in a hurry, she was seen to pull a key out of her pocket, with which having unlocked her chamber-door, she let herself in, and secured herself from farther outrage, at least for that night. By her taking out her key, when she came from her chamber to them, she doubtless suspected the design of Lovelace; which was, to have carried her thither in his arms, if, after being intimidated, she had made such force necessary, and to have been her companion for that night.

Thus poorly did her diabolical seducer succeed in a contrivance from which he had expected so much, and from which he was now, if possible, ten times farther from his purpose than ever. Early in the morning he set out for M. Hall, from whence he sent several letters to her (directed to her as his wife) apologising for the despicable figure he had made during their last interview, and beseeching her to render him happy the following Thursday. As four of these letters were sent by special messengers, who constantly returned without an answer, he now wrote to Belford, his most intimate companion and correspondent, and to the pretended Captain Tomlinson, to pay her a visit, and to exert every effort to restore him to her favour.

The whole attention of Clarissa, mean while, was employed on the means of accomplishing her escape. For this purpose, having given Mabel, a servant in the infamous house, a brown lute-string gown, she took the opportunity, while the
mantua-

mantua-maker was trying it on in another room, to slip over her own that the girl had pulled off; and putting on the wench's hood, cloak, and ordinary apron, down she went, and passed out of the house without being observed. No sooner was she missed, than the whole abandoned crew burst out into mutual accusations. While nothing but uproar and confusion were to be seen in the house of the vile Sinclair, and while Lovelace at M. Hall was raving, cursing, and sending orders to search for Clarissa in all the villages about London, the cruelly injured and unhappy lady had taken lodgings at Mr. Smith's, a glover in King's Street, Covent Garden; where, with uplifted hands, she ceased not to praise God for her happy deliverance.

The first use Clarissa made of her liberty was, to write to her dear Miss Howe, to inform her of her escape, and of the loss of her honour. She also applied by letter to the Lady Betty Lawrence, and Miss Montague, desiring to know if (as she had been taught to believe) they had written to Mr. Lovelace, blaming him for not informing them of his marriage, and if they had gone to Hampstead, and brought her in a coach and four to town. In answer, these respectable ladies informed her that they had written no letters on the subject she mentioned, and that they had not been in town these six months, or in Hampstead for several years; but expressed their earnest desire to see her happily married to Lovelace; an event, on which they founded all their hopes of his reformation. But Clarissa informed them in her reply, of the villainies, forgeries and perjuries, of which he had been guilty, with the
fatal

fatal consequences that followed them, and concluded with observing, that nothing should ever induce her to marry a man so vile, so treacherous, and so profligate.

Unfortunately the letter which Clarissa had sent to Miss Howe, fell into the hands of her beloved friend's mother, who returned an answer to her full of severity, at a time too when her mind was sinking under the distressing thoughts of the cruelty of her relations, whom she had never ceased to love, and the reflection of a father's curse. A few days after, her distress was still heightened, by receiving a letter from Miss Howe herself, reflecting upon her, for having voluntarily returned to the wicked Sinclair's, after she had informed her, in two letters, of the infamous character of her house, and that Captain Tomlinson was an impostor, and intimating her having received the last in a disordered manner, lying on a couch, with a face bloated and flush-coloured.

Equally mortified, grieved, and astonished, at the contents of this letter, Clarissa now concluded that she had lost her only friend. In her reply, she vindicated her own conduct from the charge of imprudence, sending back the long letter which had been forged by Lovelace, and which was only an abstract, suited to his own purpose, of that sent by her friend. Miss Howe was not a little surprized, at seeing so exact an imitation of her hand; and instantly acquitting her lovely and beloved friend, she wrote to inform her of this base forgery; inclosing at the same time, the rough draught of the long letter she ought to have received, as well as the substance

stance of that intercepted at Hampstead by Mrs. Bevis, through the personating stratagem of Lovelace. Against him alone the resentment of Miss Howe was now levelled; and though both she and her mother joined in persuading her to prosecute the abandoned villain, yet all their arguments on this head were lost on Clarissa.

While fresh instances of Lovelace's baseness were thus daily coming to light, the Lady Betty Laurence and Miss Montague paid a visit to Lord M. and in the presence of his Lordship read to Lovelace the letters they had received from Clarissa, reproaching him for his villainy. Their accusations he heard with temper; for his baseness he reproached himself; and in such high terms did he talk of the virtues and perfections of the lady; so earnest did he seem to make her all the satisfaction in his power, that they at last resolved to use all their influence to engage her to forgive him. For this purpose Miss Montague, and her sister Lady Sadlair, actually went in Lord M's coach to Miss Howe, in hopes that she might prevail with the unhappy Clarissa, to put herself into the protection of Lady Betty Laurence, who promised not to part with her, till she saw all the justice done to her which she could now receive.

Miss Howe, induced to it by their arguments, accordingly wrote to Clarissa by the post, strongly urging her to marry Lovelace, and shewing that this was the only method by which she could now be happy. To this letter she desired an immediate answer; but no answer came. Rather piqued that Clarissa should keep her thus in suspense, she wrote a second letter to her, and sent

it by a special messenger, who travelled all night, and carried it to her new lodgings at Mr. Smith's. There it now come out that she had been missing several days ; that after going out one morning, about six o'clock, to prayers at Covent-Garden church, very poorly in health, she had not been heard of since, though she left word she should be back in an hour. This dreadful intelligence being received, the messenger returned post-haste to communicate it to Miss Howe ; who, in the phrenzy of her soul at this unlooked-for event, immediately wrote to Miss Montague a most affecting letter, to demand tidings of her friend.

The sudden disappearance of the hapless Clarissa comes now to be accounted for. Thus then with horrid inhumanity was it brought about by the abandoned, yet over-officious, tools of the wretched Lovelace ; though without either his knowledge, or approbation.—Dorcas having seen her go out of Mr. Smith's, and walk to Covent-Garden church, in order to hear morning prayers, Lovelace's man was set to watch her ; and at the suit of the abominable Sinclair, she was arrested for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, which it was pretended was due for board and lodging ; and this notwithstanding her clothes and effects were still in the house of that vile brothel-keeper. On being stopped by the officers, who whispered her that they had a writ against her, and that she must go with them, the terrified Clarissa trembled, and turned pale. Ignorant of what they meant, she for some time expostulated with the officers ; but at length, observing Lovelace's servant, she called out for help. A crowd instantly gathered about her ;
and

and while some were struck with compassion at seeing a fine young creature in such distress, others threw out vile and shocking reflections.

“ Well, if I must go, I must !” cried Clarissa ready to sink into the earth—“ I cannot resist—but I will not be carried to the woman’s !—I will rather die at your feet than be carried to the woman’s !”—On being told she should not be carried thither, she looked about her, observed the crowd, started, and shrieked out, “ Any where, any where, but to the woman’s !” And stepping into a chair which was in readiness to receive her, she threw herself on the seat in the utmost distress and confusion, crying, “ Carry me, carry me out of sight—cover me—cover me up—for ever !”—When taken out of the chair, on reaching the officer’s house, which was in a mean court in Holborn, she fainted. There she was received by Sally, one of the pretended niecès of Mrs. Sinclair ; who, as a favour, offered to have her carried back to her former lodgings ; but this Clarissa refused with the abhorrence it deserved.

No sooner was this infernal transaction accomplished, than the vile bawd dispatched a man and horse to Lovelace with the *joyful news*. Three or four days had elapsed, however, before it reached his ears, as he happened to be taking a short tour for three or four days with Lord M. and his two nieces. His mind had now begun to take a different turn ; and finding that though he could not be happy without her, yet it was impossible to bring her to be his mistress, he at length sincerely resolved to make her all the atonement in his power, by making her his wife.

Thus

Thus was he disposed, when the news came that his angel Clarissa was put under an arrest by the monster Sinclair. Equally ashamed and enraged at the low villainy of the proceeding, he instantly wrote to his friend Mr. Belford, and sending a messenger as for life and death, desired him to hasten to Clarissa; to clear him of having had any share in the low contrivance; to set her free without conditions; to assure her that wherever she went, he would not molest her, would not even come near her without her leave; and, as a proof of his sincerity, to let her have all her clothes and effects.

This gentleman, who had been for some time an advocate with Lovelace in behalf of Clarissa, and who had repeatedly urged his friend to do justice to her injured merit, went with all dispatch to the odious Sinclair's; from whence, disappointed of seeing the lady there, he posted to the officer's. But for the present, he was denied the sight of Clarissa, as it was Sunday, and she had resolved to have the remainder of the day to herself.—How was he shocked the next morning, when introduced to the dreadful place in which she was immured!—He found her kneeling in a corner of the room, near a dismal broken window secured with iron bars; her arms crossed upon a table; the fore finger of her right hand in a bible; and her face, yet lovely, in spite of all her griefs and sufferings, reclined upon her arm.

Soon as the charming sufferer beheld him, she raised her lovely face, overspread with the most significant woe, and waved her hand toward the door, as if commanding him to withdraw. Mr.
Belford

Belford begged for the favour of her ear for a moment, but this she absolutely refused ; nor did he dare to approach her, but on his knees besought her to permit him to release her from that wretched house, and out of the power of the vile woman, who was the occasion of her being there. Once more she lifted up her sweet face, and said, “ Are not you Mr. Belford, Sir ? I think your name is Belford ? ” — “ It is Madam,” he replied, “ and I ever was a worshipper of your virtues, and an advocate for you ! I come to release you from the hands you are in.” — “ And into whose place me ? ” cried she. “ O leave me, leave me ! Let me never rise from this spot ! Let me never, never more believe in man ! ” — “ This moment, dearest lady,” continued Belford, “ this very moment, if you please, you may depart whithersoever you think fit ; you are absolutely free, and your own mistress.” — “ I had now as lieve die in this place as any where. I will owe no obligation to any friend of *him* in whose company you have seen me. So pray, Sir, withdraw.”

She then turned to the officer, telling him, that she was better reconciled to his house than at first, and that if he could but engage no body should come near her but his wife, she would die with him, and they should be well satisfied for the trouble they had with her. And then, addressing herself to Mr. Belford, she again conjured him to withdraw, repeating that she would owe no obligation to the friend of her *destroyer* ; while, offering to rise, she sunk down through weakness and grief in a fainting fit.

Mr. Belford and the officer then withdrew, even the latter crying like a child, and saying, he never in his life was so moved, and left her to the care of the woman of the house. Being told, on her recovery, that she was so weak and low she could hardly speak, Belford took this opportunity to go to her lodgings, in order to fetch Mrs. Smith. She was not, however, at home; but finding that two letters had been left for Clarissa, he hastened back with them to her. On his return to the officer's, he found that an apothecary who had been sent for, was just gone up, and the officer's wife being above with him, he made the less scruple to go up too. Clarissa, at seeing Mr. Belford, seemed offended, and said it was not the least of her misfortunes, that she could not be left to her own sex. He besought her excuse; and winking to the apothecary to withdraw, (a shabby looking fellow, whose presence was also offensive to Clarissa) he told her, presuming she would go thither, that he had been at her new lodgings, to order every thing to be got ready for her reception; that Mr. Smith and his wife had been full of apprehensions for her safety; and that he had brought two letters which had been left there for her during her absence.

Those letters, Clarissa said, were from the only friend she had in the world, and twice pressing them to her lips, and looking at the seals, she put them in her bosom. Again did Belford beseech her to think of quitting that wretched hole, and gave her the most solemn assurances, that she should not be invaded in her new lodgings by any body; he particularly engaged his honour

honour, that the person who had most offended, should not come near her without her own consent.—“*Your honour, Sir,*” said she; “Are you not that man’s friend?” “I am not a friend, Madam,” replied he, “to his vile actions to the most excellent of women.”—“Oh, Sir,” said she, “your friend, your *barbarous* friend, what has he not to answer for?”

There she stopped, her heart too full to proceed; and putting her hand over her eyes and forehead, the tears trickled through her fingers. Belford then gave her every assurance in his power of Lovelace’s innocence of the last outrage, and of his resolution not to molest her; beseeching her to give him directions about sending her apparel, and whatever belonged to her, to her new lodgings. Clarissa then gave him her keys, asking if Mrs. Smith might not attend her, and would give *her* farther directions. To this he cheerfully assented, and she then agreed to accept his offer for a chair; to which (after every demand and gratuity was generously paid by Mr. Belford, who had retired for that purpose) she was at length conducted, leaning on his arm.

On her arrival at Mrs. Smith’s, Clarissa threw off those clothes she wore ever since she left her lodgings, and went to bed; and presently, by the direction of Mr. Belford, all her clothes and other effects were packed up, and sent to her from the vile Sinclair’s. Her first employment now was to acquaint her beloved friend Miss Howe with the shock she had suffered in being arrested in the open street, and carried to prison.

The people of the house, finding it necessary the day following, from her bad state of health, provided an excellent nurse for Clarissa. She had likewise the benefit of the voluntary attendance of one Mrs. Lovick, a gentlewoman in decayed circumstances, but of exemplary piety, who lodged over her apartments, and of whom she became exceedingly fond. An apothecary of reputation was also called in; and a few days after she consented to receive the visits of Doctor D——, a physician recommended by Mr. Belford, and not less eminent for his humanity and affectionate behaviour, than for his skill in his profession.

Mr. Belford, on the first visit he was permitted to pay Clarissa, still asserted in the most earnest manner, the innocence of his friend Lovelace, as to the villanous arrest; but she would listen to no argument, by which he would have induced her to think of marrying, or even of seeing him. Yet, from the unexceptionable tenor of his whole conduct, she would not refuse his visits; and her conversation had such an effect upon his mind, as to make him detest himself for his former vicious practices, and resolve to regulate his desires, by the unerring standard of religion and virtue.

As the sufferings of the unhappy Clarissa had been more than her tender years could support, so she now gradually declined, and her illness daily encreased. Thus dreadfully situated, and abandoned by all her friends, she found no consolation, but in the tenderness of the worthy Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, and in the affectionate visits of her benevolent doctor and apothecary,

thecary. Prepared for death, which already hastened its approaches, she banished every resentment from her breast, and even offered up petitions for him who least deserved them, the unworthy author of all her sorrows. As even in the midst of these, she had uniformly preserved the most tender affection for her relations, whom she would never suffer to be charged with cruelty for their treatment to her; she now wrote a very moving letter to her sister Arabella, that she might intercede with her father, to revoke that heavy part of the malediction he had laid upon her which related to *hereafter*. To this she received an answer, full of the most bitter reproaches; her sister telling her, that her father withdrew the curse he had laid upon her, so far as it was in his power to do it; but that he would never own or forgive her, and that he grieved he had such a daughter.

The unjust and cruel reflections in every line of this letter, Clarissa received without repining. Finding herself draw near the period of her days, she even wrote again to her sister, to inform them of this circumstance, and to beg that one or both of her parents, would send her their last blessing; but to this request, the hapless Clarissa received an absolute denial, couched in the most barbarous and afflicting terms. Thus treated by an unfeeling and relentless sister, she wrote on her knees, a most tender and affecting letter on the same purpose to her dear mama; and after that to each of her uncles. But all her applications were in vain: Her affectionate mother, who would have rejoiced to take her to her bosom, was all meekness; her wishes were

therefore over-ruled, and the kind, the endearing blessing, was still denied.

Desirous, mean while, to know whether she was really so ill as she pretended, and in what manner she lived ; the relations of Clarissa commissioned one Brand, an officious pragmatical young fellow, who had lately taken orders, to make the necessary enquiries. The result of these was, that though Clarissa was exceedingly ill, yet she was visited by one of Mr. Lovelace's most intimate friends ; and that though she often went out in a chair, as it was said to prayers, yet (as this officious wiseacre with *great propriety* added) nothing was said to be more common in London, than to make the hearing of morning prayers a cover for private assignations. Having collected this conjectural scandal from two women, a milliner and a mantua-maker, who lived opposite to Clarissa's lodgings, the busy coxcomb hastened to communicate it to her relations ; when, such was the spirit by which they were actuated, they ran away with the worst it insinuated, and Arabella was actually authorised to write to her sister, with a proposal that she should take a voyage to one of the colonies, as the only way to avoid Mr. Belford and Mr. Lovelace.

At this crisis, arrived from abroad Colonel Morden, a cousin of Clarissa, and the trustee for the estate left her by her grandfather. Informed of the deplorable situation of Clarissa, whom he had not seen since she was twelve years of age, and for whom he had ever entertained the most sincere affection ; he determined to take his own measures to put her in possession of her estate,

estate; and to oblige Lovelace to marry her. For this purpose he paid a visit to M. Hall; where, after a very warm and passionate altercation with his lordship, and Mr. Lovelace, they became more composed; and the latter doing justice to the virtue and merits of Clarissa, and freely censuring his own conduct (concealing, however, the blackest instance of his villainy) and at the same time, professing his earnest desire to make her all the recompence in his power by marrying her, as soon as she would permit him that honour, they came to a mutual understanding; on which Lovelace shewed Colonel Morden several of the letters which had passed between them, and told him of the noble offers made by his uncle Lord M. and the different ladies of his family, even after the amiable Clarissa had utterly rejected him.

The Colonel took his leave, delighted with this instance of generosity, and perfectly satisfied with Lovelace. He accordingly wrote a most affectionate letter to his cousin, in order to prevail with her to accept of him for a husband, to comfort her under her illness, and to inform her, that as he would be her constant friend, so he was then making use of all his endeavours to effect a happy reconciliation between her relations and her; which he should no sooner have accomplished, than he would himself wait on her with the joyful tidings.

Fully convinced of Clarissa's innocence, he at the same time sent a person of discretion, to enquire into the manner in which she was supported; and to his utter amazement he found, that she was reduced to the necessity of selling

her clothes; that she was in an exceeding bad state of health; and that from her piety and resignation, she was the admiration of all who were admitted to converse with her. He then paid a visit to Miss Howe, who shewed him several of her dear friend's letters, by which it appeared, that she was extremely ill; and one in particular, in which, in a very moving manner, she described her weakness, and her being obliged to leave off several times, lest she should faint.

Colonel Morden accordingly procured a general meeting with all the family the next day; renewed his solicitations in behalf of Clarissa; set before them her penitence, her virtue, her bad state of health; and read a letter full of contrition to her from Lovelace, with her magnanimous answer to it, as well as several passages he had transcribed from her letters to Miss Howe. In one of these particularly, she asked, What could be done for her now, were her friends to be ever so favourable; and wished for *their* sakes, more than for her own, that they would still relent.

At these words, Mrs. Harlowe wept and clasped her hands, crying out, "O my child! my child!"—Every one else seemed affected except the brother of Clarissa, who, addressing himself to his mother, cried, "Dear Madam, be so good as to think you have more children than this ungrateful one."—The colonel was at length permitted to go on with his extracts, and he again moved every one to pity the hapless Clarissa. But the unrelenting James Harlowe went round to each, and again reminded his
 mother,

mother, that she had other children, and asked, what there was in every thing the colonel had read, but the result of his sister's talent at moving the passions.—Mrs. Harlowe proposed going to town to see and comfort her poor daughter; but this was also over-ruled by the brother, who rendered all endeavours to restore the wretched Clarissa to favour ineffectual.

High words arose between Mr. Morden and him; and to such a height were their resentments carried, every one taking the part of young Harlowe, that the Colonel with uplifted hands and eyes, cried out, “What hearts of flint am I related to! O cousin Harlowe, are you resolved to have but one daughter? Are you Madam, to be taught by a son, who has no bowels, to forget that you are a mother? I will never open my lips to any of you more upon this subject. I will instantly make my will, and in me shall the dear creature have the father, uncle, brother, she has lost.”

With these words he hurried out of the room, and rode away, notwithstanding all their endeavours to detain him. Clarissa, while her cousin was thus ineffectually exerting himself to reconcile her relations to her, not only familiarized herself to the view of death, but longed for its approach, and took a pleasure in preparing for it. She even went in a chair to an undertaker's, of whom she bespoke a coffin, while, with the greatest composure, she gave directions about some emblematical devices which she had drawn with her own hand, and chose to have placed on the lid,

Not many days after she had taken this step, Mr. Belford, on paying a visit to her, started on hearing a rumbling noise upon the stairs. Clarissa also started, and a blush overspread her sweet face. She desired him, with a look of concern, not to be surprised, and said, “ the blunderers were “ bringing her *something* two hours before the “ time ; she had desired not to have it home till “ after dark.” Instantly came in Mrs. Smith, crying, “ O Madam ! what have you done ? ” — Mrs. Lovick entered with the same exclamation, and the two women, to Mr. Belford’s utter astonishment and dismay, told him it was a coffin.

With an intrepidity of a piece with the preparation, she directed the bearers to carry it into her bed-chamber, and returned, saying, “ Pray excuse me, Mr. Belford ; and do not you, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Lovick, be concerned. There is nothing more in it than the unusualness of the thing. Why may we not be as reasonably shocked at going to the church, where are the monuments of our ancestors, as to be moved at such a sight as this ? ” — They all remaining silent, the women with their aprons at their eyes : “ Why this concern ? ” said she, “ if I am to be blamed for any thing, it is for shewing too much solicitude, as it may be thought, for this earthly part. I love to do every thing for myself that I can ; and the more, as I have no relation near me. And what is the difference of a few days to you, when I am gratified, rather than discomposed by it ? ” They were all still silent, the women in grief, and Mr. Belford in a manner stunned ; who taking his leave, Clarissa desired the women to walk in and look upon the coffin, which they did, and found
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it covered with fine black cloth lined with white fatten, and accompanied with every different article of the burial dress. Mrs. Lovick could not help blaming her, and wishing the removal of such an object. But to this Clarissa replied, that to persons in health, this sight might be shocking, and the preparation, and her unconcernedness in it, might appear affected; but for her, who had so much reason not to love the world, she must say she dwelt on, and enjoyed the thoughts of death.

She continued serene and calm, but was now contented with her closet duties, and the visits of the parish minister, without any longer attempting to go out. Though her weakness daily increased, yet all her noble intellects were still lively and strong. She gave Mr. Belford, whom she had appointed her executor, a particular account of every thing she would have done immediately after her decease, with a composure and cheerfulness which equally surprised and affected Mr. Belford, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Lovick. Then looking instantly upon them, “God bless you all (said she) how kindly are you concerned for me! Who says I am friendless? who says I am abandoned, and among strangers?”—Mr. Belford now wrote to Colonel Morden, that if he expected to see his beloved cousin alive, he must lose no time; and the same morning Doctor H—— wrote to her father, intimating, that whatever was done for Clarissa, whose conduct, he observed, was that in which a dying saint might glory, must be speedily done, as he did not think she could live above a week.

Lovelace, mean while, to whom Mr. Belford communicated every thing, was now stung by the reproaches of his own conscience. Sick of himself, and of the remembrance of his vile plots, he gave a loose to the unavailing dictates of anguish and despair to Belford ; but desired, that if she really left this world, he would not bluntly tell him so, only, “ that he would do well to take a tour to Paris.”—On the receipt of the above letter from Mr. Belford, Colonel Morden, laying aside all thoughts of procuring a reconciliation, rode post to London. On his arrival at Clarissa’s lodgings, Mrs. Smith told him that she was alive ; but she feared, drawing on apace. He then desired to speak with Mr. Belford, who was with her ; and on being informed by him that she was sitting in a sound sleep, his impatience would not let him stay till she was awaked, and he begged that he might see her now. The colonel was accordingly introduced by Mr. Belford, and he found her dressed in white, with her left hand round Mrs. Lovick’s neck, who was sitting beside her.

In this heart-moving attitude did Clarissa appear before her cousin, who gazed upon her with his arms folded ; till at last, on her starting, he retired to a screen which was drawn before her coffin. Retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and seemed unable to speak ; but in casting his eye downward, he was struck with the shape of the coffin, and lifting up a purplish coloured cloth, which was spread over it, he started back, crying, “ Good God, what is here ? ” He was beginning to blame Mrs. Smith for suffering her to indulge her sad reflections with such
an

an object, when Clarissa fetching a deep sigh, started, and awaked. That he might not surprise her, he softly retired; and after sending in his name, and being immediately admitted, he folded her in his arms, dropping down on one knee. The lady attempted to rise, but could not, begged her dear cousin to excuse, and declared that she did not expect this favour now, but that she was glad of an opportunity to thank him for all his goodness to her. “My best beloved and dearest cousin,” said he, with eyes running over, “I never shall forgive myself, that I did not attend you sooner. Little did I think you were so ill; nor do any of your friends believe it.”—“If they did, said Clarissa (interrupting him) I should have more compassion from them. I am sure I should.” She then besought him not to revenge her on Lovelace; and complaining that she was very low, while at the same time she testified her sorrow, that she could not better deserve the honour of that visit, she sunk back upon her chair, and was silent.

The colonel, after paying her another visit, wrote to her uncle, Mr. John Harlowe, that the family might spare themselves the trouble of debating about a reconciliation, for that the dear lady would probably be no more before they could resolve. A day or two after this, Mr. Belford was sent for. At his entrance, he found the colonel kneeling on the side of the bed; on the other side sat the widow Lovick, with Mrs. Smith beside her kneeling, all giving a loose to the most disconsolate sorrow and anguish. The lady had been silent a few minutes, and was thought speechless; but when Mrs. Lovick, on Belford’s approach, pronounced

pronounced his name, "Mr. Belford (said she) with a faint inward voice,) now I bless God, all will soon be over." Then stopping for two or three minutes, with her looks earnestly fixed on the colonel, "My dearest cousin, (resumed she) be comforted? What is dying but the common lot? I bless God I have had time for preparation. I am all blessed hope—hope itself."—Here she looked what she spoke, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.—"Once more, (continued she, after a short pause) commend me to my father and mother, to my sister, to my brother, to my uncles—and tell them that I bless them with my parting breath—even for their displeasure I bless them."

Presently, after turning her head toward Mr. Belford, "Do you, Sir, tell your friend that I forgive him! And I pray God forgive him. Let him know how happily; and such as my own I wish to be his last hour." She paused again, her breath growing shorter, and after a few minutes, "My dearest cousin, (said she) give me your hand." And pressing it to her dying lips, "God protect you, dear, dear Sir, (added she)—and once more receive my best and most grateful thanks." After another short silence, "And you, Mr. Belford, (resumed she) pressing his hand, may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors—you see in me how all ends—may *you* be"—and down sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away. Imagining she was then gone, they all gave way to a torrent of tears. She soon, however, shewed signs of returning life; and when a little recovered, Mr. Belford besought her to complete in his favour her half-

half-pronounced blessing). She accordingly waved her hands to him and her cousin; and bowing her head to every one present, “Bless—(said she, in a faltering and inward accent)—bless—bless—you all—and now—and now (holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time) come—O come—blessed Lord—Jesus.”

With these words, the last but half pronounced, she expired; such a smile, such a charming serenity, over-spreading her face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun. While warm, though pulseless, the colonel and Mr. Belford, each pressed her hand with their lips, and then retired to the next room. Colonel Morden sighed as if his heart would burst. “Forgive me, Sir! O—excuse me, Mr. Belford,” said he, and hastily passing by him, went down stairs, and left the house, Mr. Belford remaining speechless, and without motion. At length recovering himself, he wrote to Lovelace, intimating the melancholy catastrophe which had happened, by advising him to take a tour to Paris, or wherever else his destiny might lead him.

The day after Clarissa’s departure, very tender letters were brought to her from her sister and her brother, to comfort her, and assure her of her father and mother’s blessing, which she had so earnestly longed for. Mr. Belford found she had written letters to be sent after her decease, to every one of her family, to Miss Howe, to Lovelace, and to himself. He accordingly sent one of his servants to carry those addressed to her relations, and to Miss Howe; as also a letter from Colonel Morden, to acquaint Mr. James Harlowe,

lowe with his sister's death, and her desire to be interred near her grand-father. No sooner were they apprised of the fatal news than the whole house was in confusion, the servants running different ways, lamenting and wringing their hands, and Mrs. Harlowe being seized with fits. Miss Howe was equally shocked when she heard of the death of her beloved friend; for never was there a stronger union dissolved by death than that between these amiable young ladies.

The colonel arrived at Harlowe-Place some hours before the hearse. Mr. Harlowe, as soon as he saw him, said, "O cousin, cousin, of all our family, you are the only one who have nothing to reproach yourself with."—The poor mother, bowing her head to him in speechless grief, sat with her handkerchief held to her eyes.—"Let us not," said the colonel, approaching the inconsolable mother, "give way to a grief, which, however just, can avail us nothing. The dear creature for whom we mourn is happy! comfort yourself with that assurance."—"O cousin, cousin!" cried the unhappy Mrs. Harlowe, pressing the colonel's hand, "you know not what a child I have lost!—and how lost!—That it is which makes the loss insupportable."—The eyes of all, in turn, were set upon James Harlowe, as the person who had kept up the general resentment against so sweet a creature; while he was hardly able to bear his own remorse, nor Miss Harlowe her's.

At length the hearse came to the outward-gate; and as Clarissa had been universally beloved, from her being the common patroness of all the honest poor in the neighbourhood, about
fifty

fifty of these, men, women, and children, when the coffin was taken out of the hearse crowded about, in tears, and hindered for a few moments its being carried in. At last, six maidens were permitted to carry it by the six handles into a parlour adjoining to the hall, which Clarissa used to call her parlour. When the father and mother, the two uncles, her aunt Hervey, and her sister came in joining her brother and Mr. Morden, the scene was still more affecting. Their sorrow was, no doubt, heightened by the remembrance of their cruelty; now especially, when they saw before them the receptacle, which contained the glory of their family, who so lately was driven thence by their indiscreet violence. The wretched mother but just cast her eye on the coffin, and then snatched it away.—“ O my child! my child!” cried she—“ thou pride of my hope! Why was I not permitted to speak pardon and peace to thee! O forgive thy cruel mother!”—As for the father, his grief was too deep for utterance, till he saw his son coming in; and then, fetching a deep groan, “ Never,” said he, “ was sorrow like my sorrow! O son! O son!” exclaimed he.

The next morning Miss Howe came for the last time to see her beloved friend. The moment she saw the coffin she withdrew her hand from Colonel Morden’s (who had conducted her into the parlour) and with impatience pushed aside the lid, and in a wild air clasped her uplifted hands together, now looking upon the corpse, now up to heaven. At length breaking silence, “ O Sir!” said she, “ see you not here the glory of her sex, thus by the most villainous of—
yours

yours laid low!—O my blessed friend! My sweet companion! My lovely mistress!"—kissing her lips at every tender invocation—"And is this all! Is it all of my Clarissa's story!—O for a tear to ease my full swollen heart, that is just bursting!—But one more kiss, my angel, my friend, my ever to be regretted, lost companion!—Adieu, my dearest Clarissa!—Thou art *happy*!—And that thou art so is my comfort."—Then again kissing her, she quitted the room with precipitation, rushed into her chariot, and giving way to a fresh burst of tears, was driven away."

The afflicted parents made one other effort to see the remains of their beloved Clarissa; but Mrs. Harlowe being ready to swoon away at the very sight of the coffin, they were conducted out of the room, and the lid was again screwed down.

The solemnisation of the last office was performed with great decency; numbers of people of all conditions attended the corpse; and a most pathetic funeral discourse was pronounced by the minister, who in repeating her praises, repeatedly wiped his eyes, while every one present still more often wiped theirs.

Clarissa had a set of poor people, chosen for their remarkable honesty, and their ineffectual industry.—As these voluntarily paid their last attendance on their common benefactress, mingling in the church as they could croud near the isle where the corpse was, so it was the less to be wondered that the encomiums of the preacher met with such general and grateful testimonies of approbation.

Such

Such was the fate of the virtuous, the pious, the amiable, and the deservedly adored Clarissa Harlowe; and such were the heart-felt lamentations poured forth, as a tributary sacrifice to her memory. The vile and abandoned Sinclair, mean while, who had instigated that infatuated villain, Lovelace, to heap crime upon crime, who had hardened his heart against remorse, and who had even assisted him by horrid potions in the violation of her honour, was reduced to a condition of the most deplorable misery and wretchedness.

This most detestable of women, having broken her leg in a fit of intoxication, a vice to which she was particularly addicted, a mortification ensued. All the horrors of despair surrounded her at the approach of death, and the consequent remembrance of her past guilty life; and after lingering for some days in all the poignant agonies of bodily pain, and in all the distracting anguish of mental impatience, raving, and giving a vent to the most dreadful execrations, she breathed her last.

Let us now return to Lovelace, the abandoned, the profligate Lovelace, who, by his detestable machinations, had been the author of such complicated distresses both to himself and others. On receiving the fatal note from Mr. Belford (advising him to take a tour to Paris, and thereby intimating, as had been agreed upon, the death of his beloved Clarissa) this unhappy man behaved with all the marks of horror, distraction, and remorse. By the agitation of his mind he was actually deprived of his senses, and under a necessity of being confined to his room. No ideas
had

had he now but of dark and confused misery ; all within was conscience and horror : thoughts of hanging, drowning, shooting ; then rage, violence, mischief, and despair, by turns took place in his distempered soul. Nor was he more happy in his lucid intervals. These gave him to reflect what he had been the hour before, what he was likely to be the next, and perhaps for life ; the sport of enemies, the laughter of fools.

At length, however, recovering the use of his reason, he fought, but vainly fought, to blunt the stings of conscience, by an affected gaiety, and by scenes of mirth, and of riot. That he might recover his health, he was strongly persuaded to go abroad ; and Mr. Belford, who still loved him, and had his happiness particularly at heart, hastened his departure, from an apprehension that Colonel Morden, notwithstanding the dying injunctions of his cousin to the contrary, might call him to account for the injuries his family had sustained from him. Much about the same time, the colonel set out for Italy ; in consequence of which, Joseph Leman, who had all along been a tool to the artful villainies of Lovelace, wrote a letter to him, intimating that Mr. Morden was determined to have his life. On this information, Lovelace dispatched a letter to Florence, where the worthy cousin of Clarissa then was, acquainting him of what he had heard, and where he was to be found.—Colonel Morden, who had before no intention of pursuing him, without hesitation obeyed the summons, thinking his honour now concerned. Accordingly they met, they fought ; and Lovelace, who, relying upon his superior skill as a swordsman, imagined him-
self

Self sure of victory, received two wounds from the Colonel, of which he expired the next day, an expiatory sacrifice to the manes of Clarissa.

It now remains to speak a few words of the other characters. After the much lamented death of their excellent daughter, Mrs. Harlowe lived but about two years and a half, and Mr. Harlowe about three years. In their last hours, the chief consolation they experienced was, that they should now be restored to their blessed daughter, as, from the time that they were acquainted with her happy departure, they had constantly called her. They both, however, survived the nuptials of their son James, and of their daughter Arabella; though not to receive joy from the marriage of either.

The former, who married against the advice of his father, mother, and uncles, leads a deplorable life of misery, and of remorse. All his misfortunes, when he unbosoms himself to the few friends he has remaining, he imputes to the vile and cruel manner in which he treated his angelic sister. His punishment he acknowledges to be just, yet to that punishment he has neither the virtue, the temper, nor the resolution patiently to submit. His bitterest enemy is Arabella, his once loving and beloved sister; who being herself united in wedlock to a worthless libertine, passes her days amidst all the pangs of corroding jealousy, and of unavailing discontent.

Miss Howe at length became the wife of Mr. Hickman, a man of strict virtue, and of the most amiable manners, who has no past errors to brood upon, and to damp his felicity, and
whose

THE FORTUNATE

COUNTRY MAID.

IT is so far from being dangerous, that it is in some sort necessary, for young persons to be acquainted with the passion of love, that they may be able to shut their ears against it when it is criminal, and know how to conduct themselves in it when innocent and honourable.—On this principle the following truly diverting and useful history was originally written; and on this principle it is now presented to the public.

It is with the greatest reluctance imaginable I own my extraction; perhaps by reason of that superior rank I now enjoy.

Famed and envied as I now am in the polite world, as being the wife of the Marquis of L—— V——, I can hardly persuade myself that originally I am neither better nor worse than Jane, the daughter of John B——, a wood-cutter in the parish of Fontainebleau, and formerly gardener to the Countess of N——, whose waiting-maid he married.

B

I was

I was the first fruit of their love, and had the honour of the Marquis of L—— V——, and the Countess of N——, for my god-father and god-mother; in the neighbourhood of the castle belonging to which latter, stands the hamlet in which I first drew breath. One day, when turned of thirteen, having been sent to the castle with cream for her Ladyship, she presented me as her god-daughter to a fine gentleman, dressed most superbly; who, struck with the modesty of my deportment, and informed of my dutiful behaviour to my parents, heaped upon me encomiums, which, sensible of my own unworthiness, I, from that moment, redoubled my assiduities to deserve. Returning, a short time after, from the forest, whither I had carried some refreshment to my father, I observed a company of horsemen ride past me, among whom I understood was the King.

Eager to see a personage whom fancy pictured to me as more than mortal, I ran up hastily, crying aloud to one of his attendants, “Do, Sir, shew me the King—I never saw him in my life!”

Transported with the unaffected simplicity of the question, the stranger seized my hand, and pointed him out to me.

“Where do you live, my pretty dear?” cried he.

“In yonder village, your honour.”

“Will you give me leave to see you?”

And before I could speak, another of the gentlemen galloped back to us.

“The

“The King calls for you, Marquis,” said he, “and must know what this sweet girl has been enquiring about.”

With these words he prepared to alight, which so frightened me that I took to my heels, not once looking back till I had got within the threshold of our cottage.

I was too full of the civilities I had received, for my mother not to perceive that something extraordinary had happened. She would be acquainted with it, and I very readily told the whole of the adventure.

When I had done, “I am willing,” said she, “to excuse your curiosity for the sake of him who occasioned it; another time, be more upon your guard. Not that you were to blame in addressing yourself to the nobleman you speak of, as it was perhaps the only means you had of finding out the King; but for the future, look that you never suffer yourself to be dazzled with an empty show, and the discourse of men. As to this nobleman in particular, you never name him but with an unusual emotion. Ah! Jane, Jane, all is not right! You have given your eyes too much liberty; whereas in regard of men you ought not to give any. Their praises are justly to be suspected, as they always tend to promote their designs.”

Great caution should be used in the education of youth, lest, in giving instructions, they be taught those things to which they cannot be too great strangers, as it happened in this very case. I had entirely forgot that the compliments passed upon me by the courtiers, had created the least satisfaction in my breast; but my mother’s ad-

monitions renewed those bewitching ideas, and a new pleasure arose on calling them to mind. All this was entirely owing to what my mother had said; and from that moment, I resolved to be more upon the reserve with her.

I fell into a great perplexity of mind; my usual amusements became insipid, and nothing ran in my head, but the gay appearance of the court. Our clownish neighbours, when placed in opposition, created a perfect loathing, though hitherto they had been agreeable enough; particularly a wood-monger's son, one Colin, who was remarkably neater, and far more polite, than usual with those of his rank, and who had already made some advances towards gaining my affections. No sooner, however, had I seen the Marquis, than farewell Colin. I observed this alteration in myself; but my thoughts were then in too great a hurry to perceive the real motive, which nevertheless did not remain long undiscovered.

Three days were now passed since the adventure which had raised this commotion in my breast. The Marquis's expressions were never out of my mind. Young as I was, and far from knowing the danger of such reflections, I cherished them with a secret satisfaction; I even repeated to myself his very words; upon the least noise, I concluded he was coming; and then a childish blush and fluttering of the heart were sure to follow to that degree, that oftentimes I was scarce myself.

In fine, four days were elapsed since I had met the Marquis, when, being at church, I heard some horses stop at the door. Looking
back

back on a sudden, whom should I see but the Marquis himself, entering in such a graceful manner as quite charmed me, and attracted the attention of every one present to him. Our eyes soon met, for he presently discovered me, though in the midst of the crowd, and in one look, as I fancied, repeated all the fine things he had said to me in the forest.

Service being over, he whispered to one of his attendants; who, as we returned home chattering together, insinuated himself into the company of the girls who were with me, and slipped a letter into my hand. I trembled with confusion, as I guessed it was from the Marquis; but was cruelly disappointed, on breaking it open; for though my mother had taught me to read print, yet to written characters I was as yet an utter stranger. There was but one expedient I could devise, the very thought of which set me a laughing; it was nothing less than to employ my simple admirer Colin to read the contents of it to me. In this scheme I succeeded, telling him a plausible story to prevent his suspicions. He even cheerfully undertook to write an answer for me, which I dictated, intimating to the Marquis, among other things, the impropriety of his entertaining a passion for a girl of my station, and my fears that he meant to deceive me.

Hardly was the letter finished when it was time to return to church; whither I was followed by the Marquis's gentleman, to whom I secretly conveyed it. Though my vanity was not a little gratified in being taken notice of by a person of rank so distinguished, and of quali-

ties so amiable, as the Marquis, yet was I no free from apprehension ; and the melancholy fate of Charlotte, a young woman in the neighbourhood, who had been in a similar situation, and whose story had just come to light, determined me to consider all the fine offers I had received, as so many baits to destroy me.

In vain did my inclinations, prejudiced as they were, side with the Marquis, and set him off in the most favourable light. My virtue interposed ; I determined never to swerve from its dictates, and as often as my heart should give occasion, to call it to my assistance. From that moment I have constantly adhered to this maxim, and have just reason to look upon it as the foundation of all my good fortune. Under the direction of so good a guide, there is no danger of going astray.

With reflections of this nature was I engrossed the day following, when the Marquis, together with the Countess to whom he was upon a visit, and several other persons of quality, entered our cottage. He had already acquainted them with my behaviour when I met the King upon the road, and that he was charged by his Majesty to present me with a purse of louis'd'ors ; but, that this instance of royal favour was owing to his regard for me, which had induced him to intercede for it, he kept a profound secret.

It was the father of this young nobleman who had stood with the Countess at my christening ; a circumstance of which he afterwards made a very convenient handle, while he heaped upon me the most exalted proofs of his tender affection.

The

The company loaded me with praises ; after which the Marquis addressed me with as much respect as if I had been a Dutcheſs, and put a purſe of thirty louisd'ors into my hand ; aſſuring me that I owed it entirely to the fame of my virtues, and to the ſingular ſatiſfaction I had expreſſed at the ſight of his Maſteſty's perſon, an account of which had been given him ; and that he was exceedingly happy in being employed on that commiſſion, ſince he underſtood that I was a god-child of his father.

I made him a curteſy, and acknowledged the favour ; but in a voice ſo low that it was almoſt impoſſible to know what I ſaid, nor indeed did I well know it myſelf.

“ Come, Jenny,” cried the Counteſs, “ are you willing to leave your father and mother, and to go home with me ? If you are, you may come to the caſtle this very evening : I will undertake the charge of you, and endeavour to make you deſerve the notice his Maſteſty has been pleaſed to honour you with.”

My father and mother were tranſported at her Ladyſhip's goodneſs ; and having with tears in my eyes taken my leave of them, and of my brother and ſiſter (the whole of our family) I followed the company ; not, however, without giving the purſe dutifully to my mother, and receiving from her ſtrong injunctions to be always good, and never to forget that no true happineſs could be expected without it.

The Counteſs was no ſooner in her apartment than ſhe ſent for Mademoiſelle de Parc, and committed me to her care.

My governess was an antiquated piece of avarice and formality, who had formerly been her waiting-maid, but whose only employment at present was, to govern her ladyship and the rest of the family. Mademoiselle d'Elbieux, my patroness's daughter, was rather older than myself, almost destitute of every personal advantage, in appearance good-natured, but in reality envious and sullen, and my enemy from the moment of my arrival at the castle. The Chevalier, her brother, on the other hand, took a particular fancy to me. He was outwardly obliging like his sister, and like her inwardly passionate and haughty. The Marquis staid some time with us ; but never till the very day of his departure could he obtain an opportunity to speak with me, attended as I constantly was by my governess, or busied in the Countess's bed-chamber, in learning to embroider.

We were together when Mademoiselle de Parc surprised us ; and the Marquis having desired her to pay particular attention to me, and assured her that she should find her account in it, she behaved to me ever after with the greatest tenderness. After the Marquis left us, the Chevalier applied himself very closely to me. The Countess perceived that he did, and reprimanded him accordingly ; but this, though it rendered him more circumspect, seemed to give new life to his base designs. As for his sister, by doing every thing in my power that might make me acceptable to her, she condescended to bear with me, but with an air insupportably haughty.

My

My situation was so distressing, that I fell away, and lost both my complexion and strength. My rest heretofore was undisturbed, but now I seldom enjoyed so great a blessing. I considered my present situation in all its circumstances; the source of these I was willing to hide from myself; and instead of blaming the impetuosity of my affections, I attributed what I suffered to my absence from my mother. Soon, however, was I convinced of my error.

The Countess judged as ill in the affair as myself; and imagining the sight of my parents would be of service to me in the condition to which she saw me reduced she sent for them. Though thereby I received some relief, yet I received much more from the arrival of Dubois, the Marquis's valet. He gave me an account of his master, and how much he was concerned at my absence. There was no occasion for explaining my sentiments to him; my countenance discovered more than my words could express.

From the time the Marquis left the castle I had applied myself to learn to write; a valet belonging to the Chevalier, who wrote a fine hand, discovering a particular fondness in teaching me. I had just begun to join the letters; and, in order to give the Marquis a proof of the attention I paid to the earnest intreaties he had made that I would learn to write, I took a childish pleasure in scrawling over a whole page. This with great charge I gave to Dubois; who made very strict enquiries whether the Chevalier made love to me, or not. I suppose it was part of his instructions. The answer I made
was,

was, that at first he did ; but his mother, being apprized of it, had taken such steps, that now he dared not so much as open his mouth to me on that subject.

The day after Dubois's return to the Marquis happened to be Sunday. I had formed a friendship with my governess's niece Catherine ; a young woman, who, besides an excellent temper, was blessed with an admirable understanding, and that improved by a genteel education ; to whom also I am under great obligations, as she was the first who began to polish the coarse breeding I had contracted at home. In the afternoon, after church, we took a walk together ; and the conversation happening to turn on my noble benefactress, and the Count her husband, she informed me that they had been for some years on such bad terms as rarely to see each other ; that this, notwithstanding her strict honour, owed its source to the Countess's unbounded passion for coquetry, as did her present sprightliness and good humour to the tender assiduities of the Marquis of L—— V——, of which he had for some time, been particularly lavish.

The last word was hardly pronounced when I sunk down in a swoon ; and Catherine, unsuspecting of the real cause of this accident, as my health had, of late, been so indifferent, having at length brought me to myself, led me back to the castle, and put me to bed.

Then was I relieved by a flood of tears ; then did I exclaim, “ Ah ! wretch that I am !— Ah ! barbarous man ! why should you thus deceive me ?—why, taking advantage of my credulity,

dulity, profess to me a passion to which your heart is a stranger?"

The whole adventure of Charlotte presented itself to my disturbed imagination, till, wearied out with tears and vexation, I fell into a profound sleep, from which I awaked in the morning tolerably composed.

Little thinking to find the Marquis there, I went into the Countess's apartment, though not till I had been made to undergo an odious interview with the Chevalier in my way thither. At sight of the latter, I gave a start of horror; but shame prevented me from betraying myself any farther. He spoke to me with great tenderness, and would have taken hold of my hand if indignation had not made me withdraw it. I could no longer conceal my agitation; and the Countess having felt my pulse, concluded that I was in a fever, and gave orders to send for a physician. The Marquis's eyes were fixed upon me, vainly endeavouring to trace the cause of my disorder, which increased to such a pitch, after I had retired to my chamber, and been put to bed, that the next morning I was seized with a delirium.

Alarmed at this intelligence, the Marquis flew to my apartment, revealed his love for me to my governess and her niece, and won their hearts by his generosity. Mademoiselle de Parc prevailed with him to disguise his grief, and, for fear of a discovery, to leave the castle the next day.

Thanks to a good constitution, and to the accounts which my attendants gave me of what the Marquis had said, and done during my state
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of insensibility, I found myself out of danger within a fortnight. No longer could I conceal from them the cause of my illness; and they both, while at the same time they condemned me for it, convinced me that my jealousy of the Countess was ungrounded; that the Marquis's supposed passion for her was merely a pretext to see me; and that he only waited for a favourable opportunity to prove to me that his intentions were strictly honourable.

Every thing conspired to restore me to health and happiness. My lover was our constant theme, and not a day elapsed that I did not hear from him. If I had aught to distress me, it was occasioned by the assiduity of the Chevalier d'Elbieux; of whom I detested the very sight, from the dread that he would at one time or other offer violence to me; though, still protected as I was by his mother, I was afraid to affront him. Nor was it long before my terrors were confirmed.

When I had in a good measure regained my strength, my governess and her niece proposed a walk to me, telling me that the air would be of service to me; though their real motive for it, as I learned from Catherine, was, that I might have an interview with the Marquis, who had made an appointment to meet us.

I was pleased with the thought, being fearless of danger in the company of a confident so experienced as Mademoiselle de Parc. After a saunter of half an hour, we seated ourselves in a meadow hard by a wood. There had we not been many minutes, when we heard a whistle, presently after another; and turning about, I

screamed out at the sight of four men disguised in masks, who instantly rushed upon us, stopped our mouths with handkerchiefs, and carrying Mademoiselle de Parc and her niece to a by-place, surrounded with a thick coppice, they left the poor creatures tied to two trees.

As for myself, I was carried farther off; where three of the men retired, leaving me alone with the fourth; who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the Chevalier d'Elbieux.

Imagine my surprise. "Since none but violent methods," said he, "will prevail with you, it is fitting you should be treated according to your taste." He had no sooner done speaking than he began to use force, and would have sacrificed me to his brutality, if Heaven, in mercy to my innocence, had not sent me relief.

At the sound of a horse galloping toward us, the villain started from me, and flew to his pistols. As they had neglected to tie me, and in my struggle the handkerchief had fallen off my face, I made my escape with all the speed of which I was capable; and in the instant, as it were, the report of pistols echoed to me from every part of the forest.

Overcome with fear, and enfeebled by fatigue, I swooned away at the foot of a tree, and recovered not till the night was far advanced. I wandered I knew not whither; and at length the ground under me giving way, I found myself at the bottom of a pit, unhurt, as it happened, and in a sitting posture.

Soft sleep soon weighed down my watery eye-lids, and wrapped me in its balmy sweets

till the dawn of day, when I started up at the sight of a wolf by my side, which was not a little magnified by my fear. I concluded my last hour was come, and prayed with the greatest fervency. As the creature walked backward and forward, at every turn I imagined he was going to devour me. After seeming to listen to some noise, he changed his place, and crept hastily under my gown. I was so terrified, that I was only able to lift my eyes toward Heaven; and what should I see but two men just going to fire a gun into the pit. This new apparition made me find my tongue again; and screaming out for help, I at length obtained my liberty. But how great was my astonishment, when, eyeing my deliverers, I found one of them to be Colin, my old admirer, and faithful lover?

“Is that you, Colin?”—“Is that you Jenny?” exclaimed we both in a breath.

In answer to his enquiries, I told him in a vague, distant manner, that in flying from some ruffians, I had lost myself in the wood, and that in endeavouring to find my way back to the castle, the trap having given way under me, I had fallen into the pit.

“But, dear Colin,” cried I, with great eagerness, “have you heard any reports about me?”

“Reports! aye, that I have,” replied he. “People are in search of you on all sides: the Chevalier is said to have carried you off, which is thought the more probable as he has not been seen since yesterday, that he engaged and wounded the Marquis.—Ah! naughty girl, you would

would have done well if you had remembered the fate of Charlotte; for let me tell you, all the neighbourhood blame you, and your god-mother has declared that she will have nothing more to do with you."

This intelligence distracted me; and as I valued my reputation, I determined to get rid, if possible, of Colin, and to shelter myself in Paris as a servant, rather than return home under the suspicion of guilt, or be any longer exposed to the base attempts of the Chevalier.

In the interim, a man on horse-back galloped up to us, whom, to my great joy, I found to be Dubois, the Marquis's valet. Already had he laid hold of Colin, and over-powered him, when his companion, regardless of me, flew to his assistance, and left me at liberty to effect my escape; which I did, as fast as my strength would carry me, through the trackless windings of the forest.

On my arrival at Valvins, I took a place in the Paris waggon; in which I was no sooner seated than, giving a loose to reflection, I repented of the step I had taken, and was on the point of desiring the waggoner to set me down, when I perceived the Chevalier and another young gentleman ride up to us at full speed.

I trembled every joint, and hid myself; for I shrewdly guessed, by their gestures, that they knew where I was, and that the waggoner was in the secret. But Heaven, which never forsakes the innocent, inspired me with a contrivance to baffle their wicked purpose. Happily there hung over the road a number of large boughs. One of these I laid hold of, and the

waggon driving from under me, I climbed, unperceived, into a tall thick tree, fully resolved to conceal myself till I was sure of not falling into their ruinous clutches a second time.

Night drew on apace; the sun was already set; and I suffered very much from continuing so long in such an uneasy posture. My strength as well as patience was quite exhausted, when there passed by a chaise, with a lady and a girl in it, escorted by two horsemen. The moment I saw them, I resolved to quit the tree, and take that opportunity of escaping the danger which hung over me; but in putting my design into execution, I had the ill fortune to hook the upper part of my gown in the tree, and losing my footing at the same time, was left dangling in the air.

The fear of falling made me cry out, which brought the two horsemen attending the chaise to my assistance; who presently disengaged and took me down. Without waiting to make any reply to their questions of surprise and astonishment at finding me exposed to such danger, I ran with all my force to the chaise, which my outcries had stopped.

“Save me, Madam, for God’s sake,” I cried; “a villain offers me violence!”

The lady looked at me very earnestly, while I was speaking, and had the good-nature to take me in. When I was seated, she enquired who I was, and the occasion of my fears. After repeating all the particulars with great sincerity, my inclination to the Marquis excepted, “This,” cried she, “is wickedness with a vengeance, and plainly shews how dangerous is
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the company of men destitute of honour, where they take a fancy. Mothers ought never to leave their daughters to themselves ; nor should young girls, who value their character, ever take the least step without their mother's advice. However, child, you have nothing to fear from the Chevalier : the Countess I am well acquainted with, and when I write to her on this subject, will reprimand her son very severely."

She had scarce done speaking, when I perceived the Chevalier riding by the chaise-side, and looking in very earnestly.

" Ah ! Madam," said I, in a low voice, " there he is, there he is !"—" Be not frightened," replied she—" I'll warrant his stay will be but short."

And as she spoke, so it happened. No sooner did the Chevalier perceive who it was that had taken me under her protection, than, giving the reins and spurs to his horse, he rode away.

I blessed God very heartily for this happy meeting. My protectress appeared to be about forty, and was still handsome ; but the sweetness of her temper can never be sufficiently admired. I strove, by all the little services I could think of on the road, to endear myself to her : nor was my labour thrown away. By the time we reached Paris, I had gained not a little on her affections, and she gave me the welcome assurance of a sanctuary with her till she should hear from the Countess.

Monsieur de G——, her husband, was a Receiver in the Exchequer, on the wrong side of fifty ; wealthy, greatly addicted to women, though at the bottom a man of honour, and so

cautious in his intrigues, from the particular regard he bore to his lady, that few or none of them ever came to light.

On our arrival, my protectress wrote to the Countess and her daughter; but the answers she received were so very unfavourable to me, that I should have been sent back with disgrace to my parents, if the offences which were laid to my charge had not appeared evidently to spring from the malice of *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*.

Mean while, I made it my business to ingratiate myself more and more to *Madame de G——*. Her daughter, who was about ten years old, was taught writing and music; and as my voice was naturally very agreeable, my benevolent patroness was pleased to order that I should make use of that opportunity for the improvement of it. As for writing, I soon attained so much proficiency as to hold a correspondence, which gave me no small satisfaction; for no sooner had I got rid of my fears for the Chevalier, than all my resolutions to forget the Marquis gradually vanished.

I had not been long in the family, when the Receiver, charmed with my youthful innocence, and sure of me as he thought, from the honest simplicity with which I answered his protestations of friendship, and other sly advances, inveigled me, by means of one of his lady's women, to apartments which he had furnished sumptuously for me, and in which I should infallibly have fallen a victim to his guilty passion, if I had not found means secretly to convey a note to *Madame de G——*, who presently came to my relief.

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This circumstance yet more endeared me to my amiable patroness; who, instead of rendering her husband desperate by outrageous abuse, as is too often the absurd custom upon such occasions, generously soothed him into a sense of his error; and from that day he ceased not to treat me with the tenderness of a parent.

Almost a year elapsed, and I had not once received the smallest tidings of the Marquis; a circumstance, which, aided by reflection, had considerably abated the imprudent extravagance with which I loved him.

Several gentlemen, visitors of the family, paid their addresses to me. Of these the most importunate was Mr. Gripart, farmer-general of the taxes, a man of immense opulence, but meanly penurious, and frightfully deformed.

Monsieur de G—— and his Lady, I found, were altogether bent upon my marrying him. My distress was intolerable. I called to mind the beginning of my passion for the Marquis, and the many tender things he had said and vowed to me.

“Heavens!” cried I to myself, “is it possible that he should forget it all; and in so long a time never once let me hear from him? And yet how much did I confide in it! Fatal credulity! False, deceitful man!”

A torrent of tears succeeded; and certainly none were ever shed with greater sincerity.

One morning, while I was in tears, and overwhelmed with reflections of this nature, Christina, a waiting-maid of Madamede G——, and my bosom friend, came into my chamber with

with joy in her countenance, and told me that my mother and sister were in the house.

To see a mother and sister after so long an absence, what an endearing comfort !—I wiped my eyes, and flew to fold them in my arms. When the first ardor of our transports was abated, I learned, that my father would be in Paris soon, and that Colin had married my sister out of spite ; at which, for her own sake I was not a little pleased, as the young fellow had very good dispositions, as well as wherewithal to make her very easy in her circumstances ; and finally, that by means of Madame de G——, I had been restored to the favour of the Countess of N——, at whose desire it was they had come hither to see me married to a man who would heap wealth and honour upon my family.

Hardly were these words uttered, when my mother withdrew, in consequence of a message from Madame de G——. Neither she nor my sister could give me any farther intelligence about this husband who was to do such fine things ; but my fears told me that it could be no other than Monsieur Gripart. I turned pale with anxiety and terror ; but, unwilling to confide in my sister, I entered into a variety of enquiries about the family at the castle ; and she told me, that the Countess would be soon in town with her daughter, who had been courted for some time by Monsieur de F—— ; that no one knew what had become of the Chevalier ; that the Marquis sent constantly twice a week to know if I had been found, but to no purpose, as the Countess had charged every person to be silent about me ; and that notwithstanding

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ing every different report which had been propagated to my disadvantage, I was still beloved by every one but Mademoiselle d'Elbieux, who secretly loved the Marquis.

A deep sigh forced its way; and that was succeeded by a torrent of tears.

Touched with my distress, my sister, notwithstanding the strict injunctions she had received to the contrary, could no longer withhold from me a letter from the Marquis, which Mademoiselle de Parc, who had received it from Dubois for that purpose, had put into her hands the night before she came from home.

I blushed and trembled while I read his vows of eternal love and fidelity; his description of the torture he endured from the cruel uncertainty of my situation; his entreaties, that, if his letter should come safe to hand, I would let him hear from me, and thereby save a life which, "had long since been devoted to me alone."

Scarce had I time to read the letter, when my sister, who stood on the watch, came running to tell me she heard somebody on the stairs. I put it up hastily; and being sent for by the Lady, I went with a heavy heart, foreboding the ill news I should hear.

"I am overjoyed, Jenny," said Madame de G——, as soon as she saw me, "that I have it in my power to make you amends for what, through a principle of virtue, you heretofore declined. From that time Monsieur de G—— and I were determined to make your fortune. A match is agreed on for you, and I sent for your parents to rejoice with you on this occasion.

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Monsieur Gripart is the person designed for you : he is much in love with you, and has already made a settlement upon you of twenty thousand crowns.

I blushed, and could make no answer.

“ That blush, Jenny, becomes you, and is a mark of your modesty,” resumed she.—

“ True,” replied my mother ; “ but that ought not to hinder her from throwing herself at your feet, Madam, and thanking you for all your favours.”

This I immediately did, kissing the hand of my benefactress, who raised me up, and took me in her arms. My mother, charmed with such marks of affection; was at a loss how to express her gratitude; and the lady being at that instant informed that company was coming in, we retired to my chamber.

The day following my father came ; and so great were his surprise and joy at seeing the alteration in his daughter, that he actually shed tears.

There were now but three days till that appointed for the solemnisation of a wedding, against which I dared not to alledge a reason, and which I was therefore unable to put off.

On the evening previous to the intended ceremony, as we took the air on a high terrace belonging to the castle of C——, the place appointed for our nuptials, I beheld riding gently through a by-path a gentleman, seemingly absorbed in grief.

As he drew nearer, I thought I knew him.— Alas ! it was the Marquis himself. I shrieked ; and he, almost in the same instant, exclaimed,

“ Good

“Good God ! ’tis she.” Saying this, he clapped spurs to his horse, and was presently out of sight.

Mr. Gripart, who guessed not the cause of my disorder, and my father, led me into a room, and laid me on a couch ; where I soon recovered, and felt myself unusually composed. As I expected, it was not long before Madame de G—— was informed that a gentleman desired to speak with her ; and a few minutes after, I was sent for. The Marquis was upon his knees before the Lady ; but leaving her, he addressed himself to me in the same posture.

“Ah ! Jenny,” said he, “do I deserve to be rendered the most forlorn of men ?—Twenty letters have I sent to you, and what answers have I received ?—No longer ago than yesterday, you wrote to me that I must never trouble you more ; that you never loved me ; and that I should never know your abode till you was secure in the arms of a husband—”

“Alas ! Sir,” I cried, “you have had no letter from me.”

“No letter ! cruel creature ! am I not to be believed without a proof of what I say ? This paper then” (continued he, pulling one out of his pocket) “will justify me.—Is not that your letter ?—“Indeed it is not.” cried I, examining it, for as yet he knew not my writing ;—“it is Mademoiselle d’Elbieux’s hand, Sir.”

“It is Mademoiselle d’Elbieux’s hand,” echoed Madame de G——, who had eyed it over my shoulder—“it is indeed, Sir.”

This intelligence rendered the Marquis rather more composed ; though his situation seemed

ed still so very distressing, that Madame de G—— was at length induced from pity to consent that the wedding should be deferred for a week.

How great was my surprise, when, that same night, my patroness calling me aside, told me, that she had just observed in the park, fronting the terrace, five or six strangers on horseback, and among them the livery of the Chevalier d'Elbieux!

We were both at a loss what step to take. At length I proposed to make my escape: but whither to retire for safety I knew not. Madame de G—— approved of the scheme, recollecting the Abbess of a monastery about two leagues off, to whom she had been a particular friend; and embracing me, we were on the point of leaving the room, when the Marquis entered with distraction in his looks.

“I have heard all that has passed,” said he. “There is a design to rob me of my Jenny; but sooner will I lose my life than part with her.”

He was not to be pacified, till, assuming a determined tone, to which my tears had almost given the lie, I solemnly declared, that, “if he would not agree to my retreat as already proposed, and quit the castle instantly, I would marry Mr. Gripart, and never see him more.”

The Marquis rose quite astonished, seized my hand, and bathed it with his tears.

How dangerous is a man beloved when he appears in such an attitude!—A virtuous young woman should never look on such a spectacle; and it was happy for me that so respected a per-

son as Madame de G—— was present, otherwise my heart would have soon recalled what my virtue had advanced.

On such occasions, flight is our compleatest victory; I therefore forced my way, and shut myself up in a closet. The Lady at last appeased the Marquis, by promising to send him an account of me; and behaved so well to him, that after expressing his love for me in the most affectionate terms, he retired.

My lover was no sooner gone than all my resolution vanished. I ran over every syllable he had uttered; and the weakness I now experienced was at least a balance to the lofty airs I had, but a few minutes before, assumed.

As soon as Madame de G—— had got rid of the Marquis she went to her husband; who, startled at the account she gave him, was also of opinion that it was highly necessary to remove me; and that very evening a trusty servant conducted me, unperceived by any one, to the monastery of St. N——, where I was received with the utmost courtesy.

After a night of cruel agitation, I fell asleep, and awaked not till the sun, already above the horizon, shone into my cell. My chamber-door opened, and an ancient nun entered to acquaint me that Madame de G—— waited for me in the Abbess's parlour.

I no sooner beheld my patroness than I gathered from her looks that something fatal had happened; and the moment we were alone she began the following narrative, charging me, however, to keep it a profound secret, as ruin to her family, as well as to myself, would be the

consequence if it was known that I was the cause of what had happened the preceding night.

“ You had scarce left the castle,” said she, “ when Mr. Gripart, having listened to two of the footmen I mentioned to you, who had been talking together in the park, and overheard something about a gallant you had, came to me in a violent hurry, and accused me of an intended imposition upon him. In spite of every thing I could say to him, he left me dissatisfied, and set off from the castle. The Marquis, too, notwithstanding the precaution I had given him, was so unguarded in his retreat, that the servants of the Chevalier knew him, and told their master; who, imagining that the report of your marriage to Gripart was only a pretext to render his rival happy, determined to follow him. By the wrong direction of a shepherd, however, instead of pursuing the road your lover took, he struck into the road Mr. Gripart had taken; with whom having presently come up, he fired at his valet, who immediately fell from his horse.

“ Imagining they were attacked by thieves, Gripart immediately got out of his vehicle, and through fear fell on his knees in the middle of the road. The Chevalier, in his fury, rode over him, thinking to find the Marquis in the chaise, into which he discharged a pistol, and shattered the postilion’s shoulder. Astonished to find it empty, he once more rode over the unfortunate financier.

“ The Marquis, mean while, roused from his melancholy by the noise of pistols, as he returned

turned gently home, oppressed with all the chagrin of a disappointed lover, turned precipitately towards the spot from whence it seemed to issue ; and knowing that you was on the road, his fears told him that a second rape had been attempted.

“ This conjecture was soon confirmed by the presence of d’Elbieux, who, eager to be revenged, forgot that his pistol was discharged, and faced his rival with it. The Marquis fired ; and after lodging the whole charge in his body, and presenting the other pistol at his head, declared him a dead man if he did not tell him where his Jenny was, and what he had done with her. The Chevalier, having declared that he had not seen you, and that he was truly sorry for the offences he had committed, his speech failed him ; and the Marquis, after giving orders to his servants to carry him to the castle, returned to me to inform me of what had passed.

“ Conceive my distress, when he related to me the bloody news. My fears were solely for him ; his were centered in his charming Jenny, lest the friends of the Chevalier should make interest to imprison her for life.

“ I assured him, however, that your retreat was wholly unknown to the world, and that you passed in the convent for my niece. At these words he seemed to revive ; and, alarmed for his danger, I prevailed with him to retire that moment. Presently after, the Chevalier was brought in. His wound is dangerous, but the surgeon thinks he may get the better of it. Mr. Gripart is so full of bruises, that he will

not be able to stir these six months ; the valet is dead ; the postilion lies dangerously ill ; and, in short, my house is become a downright hospital.

“ Such, Jenny,” added she, “ such are the effects of your cruel charms : I wish to God you had been less beautiful, you had then inspired less love. Had I followed the advice of Mademoiselle d’Elbieux, in sending you to your parents when I first brought you to town, I would have avoided much sorrow.”

This last stroke of Madame de G—— was a thousand daggers in my heart ; and I should have sunk lifeless upon the ground, if Saint Agnes, an amiable young nun for whom I had already conceived a very great affection, had not come in, and supported me.

Madame de G—— took her leave, recommending me to her care, and desiring her to assure me, when I came to myself again, that she would always consider me as her daughter, and that I should soon hear from her.

An unreserved confidence commenced between Saint Agnes and me ; a circumstance which rendered my new situation infinitely more agreeable than it would have been otherwise. One morning, as I went into the refectory, whom should I see there but Mademoiselle d’Elbieux, my mortal enemy. I trembled, turned pale, and fell back upon a chair ; every one, Mademoiselle herself not excepted, running to my assistance.

The moment she looked in my face, she exclaimed, “ Good God ! ’tis Jenny — who would have thought it ? ”

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And she sprung from me as if she was distracted, crying aloud that I was a wicked creature, and that I had caused her brother to be assassinated.

She related my history to the whole community in the strongest and most hideous colours that malice could invent; and the Abbess, piqued that Madame de G—— had passed me as one of her own relations, assured her that she would dismiss me soon.

Mademoiselle d'Elbieux presently left us; for I found that she had only stopped at the monastery for some refreshment, her mother having formerly been a boarder in it, on her way to Monsieur de G——'s castle to see her brother.

The two days subsequent to her departure, I spent upon the rack of anxiety. On the third day Madame de G—— wrote to my Superior to put me into the hands of the bearer of her letter; whom, to my great comfort, I found to be Christina, her woman.

I had no sooner got into the chaise which waited for me, than, in answer to my eager enquiries, she told me, to my great surprise, that my enlargement from the monastery was owing to the Chevalier; who, touched with a sense of the misfortunes he had brought upon me, and in hourly expectation of his dissolution, desired, with tears in his eyes, to see me before he died; and that, knowing the antipathy which his sister entertained to me, he had made her promise that she would receive me with kindness.

“That very night,” continued Christina, “after Madame de G—— came back from the monastery, there were sent to the castle, as we had apprehended, warrants to arrest you, the Marquis, the Chevalier, and all who had any concern in the fatal adventure of the preceding evening. Through the interest of Monsieur de G——, however, all those warrants have been withdrawn, except that against yourself. Yet be not alarmed: the search is over, and you run no risque while you are with my Lady.”

She said a great deal more to encourage me; but in vain. A thousand times did I think with regret of the days I had passed in the peaceful cottage of my parents, when my pleasures were simple, and to sorrows I was a stranger.

Madame de G—— received me with her wonted tenderness; not, however, without expressing her perplexity to know what to do with me. The old Marquis of L—— V——, it seems, had complained bitterly that, by protecting me, she had been the cause of the duel his son had fought, and insisted that I should be delivered into his hands, promising to treat me with kindness; a measure to which Monsieur de G—— strongly inclined. On my knees, I conjured her not to abandon me; and she assured me that she would not, if she could by any means avoid it.

In the mean time, she conducted me to the Chevalier's apartment, where I found Mademoiselle d'Elbieux, who received me with an affability that gave the lie to her heart.

As for her brother, he had done nothing for the last twenty-four hours, but call for me. At my approach he stretched out his hand, and told me, in a faint accent, that now he would die contented. He expressed the utmost remorse for having plotted against my innocence; he assured me, that he now entertained a most sincere and tender friendship for me; and, as a proof of it, he presented me with a bond which had been left him by an uncle for twenty thousand livres.

This scene forced tears from all about him; and on his recovery, which was not till after a long and dangerous struggle between life and death, shocked at the thoughts of his past disorderly conduct, and fearful of relapsing into it, he retired from the world, unknown to every body, and became a capuchin.

Two days after this event, which was communicated to us by letter, and deeply affected us all, Mademoiselle d'Elbieux took her leave of us, and bestowed upon me so many tender marks of esteem, that I simply believed them sincere.

It was not long however, before I learnt by experience, that when a woman has once taken an aversion to a person, she rarely changes her mind.

That same week, I received by Dubois a letter from my faithful lover, who had retired into Lorraine in consequence of the late melancholy rencounter, where he informed me, he had received orders from his father to take a tour into Germany till the storm should have effectually subsided. It was full of the tenderest expressions;

sions ; and in my answer to it, I avowed to him, for the first time, the sentiments of my heart without reserve.

In the mean time, as I grew up, my reason augmented with my years : this furnished me with a steadiness which supported me against the dreadful apprehensions of what was to come.

Madame de G——, who possessed a deal of wit, and knowledge of the world, gave a polite turn to my education : the sincere attachment she perceived I had to her, so prepossessed her in my favour, that she would pass whole days in my company. These frequent conversations had cleared up my understanding : without living in the world, I had learnt all its ways from the various histories she had placed before my eyes, and the daily transactions that passed.

When I was alone, I examined with care all that had been said, and had penetration enough to draw this conclusion in general, that each season of our lives draws after it its necessary dependencies. From hence I was persuaded, that in a succession of things, life passes away, and that present evils are to be supported by the consideration, that they either give way to, or are relieved by, fresh events which make us forget the past.

While thus I lived, caressed by Madame de G——, beloved by the Marquis, and not without hopes that in time I might call him mine, one morning, at dawn, I was awakened with a knocking at my door. I hurried on my things, opened it, and beheld Madame de G——, accompanied

accompanied by a gentleman, whom I presently understood to be a nephew of the old Marquis, and commissioned by him to put me into a monastery, in virtue of an order he had obtained for that purpose.

The stranger advanced to me in a polite manner, and, with a sigh, assured me, that I had nothing to fear, as he had undertaken the business merely from a desire of obliging the young Marquis his cousin, to whose passion for me, notwithstanding his reserve, he was no stranger; and that otherwise a worse catastrophe might have been the consequence. I presently found that this blow came from the base Mademoiselle d'Elbieux; who, to compass her ends, had been the first to desire Madame de G—— to continue me at her house. Making a virtue of necessity, I told the Count de St. Fal, so the stranger was called, that I was ready to obey him; and embracing Madame de G——, I wept in her arms, and received her tears upon my bosom, while, unknown to the Count, she slipped her purse into my hand with twenty-five louis-d'ors in it, and her picture inclosed in a little box.

During the first day of our journey, the Count, from the unfavourable light in which I had been represented to him, and my supposed want of education, was frequently inclined to be very free with me; both by flattery and by threats, he sought to make me comply with his passion. But he found my inclinations so steadily virtuous, that the next day he behaved to me with as much respect and complaisance, as if I had been a person of the first quality.

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His conversation was easy ; and not destitute of wit, of which, taking me for a mere country girl, he was surprised to find I possessed some share myself.

Part of the third day passed without a word from the Count. He viewed me frequently with a kind of satisfaction, which generally ended in a sigh ; a behaviour which terrified me, lest he should prove another Chevalier d'Elbieux.

I turned pale at the very thought, alone as I was, no friend near, and abandoned by the whole world.

Sometimes I had thoughts of endeavouring to make my escape. But whither should I go ? What part of the country was I in ? A powerful family, in whose hands I was, violently incensed against me.

Besides, with shame I own it, I no longer had the courage I was formerly possessed of : I was grown weak and tender, by being bred a fine Lady, and had lost that roughness which boldly faces any danger. A thousand apprehensions concurred to alarm me, and made such an impression, that the Count plainly perceived it, and did every thing that could possibly make me easy, or atone for the affronts he had offered to me.

He applauded his cousin's passion for me, and at the same time owned himself his rival. But he assured me, that he would neither attempt to diminish my inclination to the Marquis, nor urge me to make the smallest return to the sentiments with which I had inspired him ; and that, whatever treatment he might receive from
me,

me, he would not regret that he had undertaken the old Marquis's commission, since it furnished him with an opportunity of doing me a service.

With these words he called to the postilion, and told him to take the first road that led to Versailles.

This counter-order surprised me, but gave me no uneasiness; the place he mentioned being the King's residence, which naturally recalled the dear remembrance of my meeting his Majesty at Fontainebleau; the accident that afforded me the first knowledge of my lover. It was also to be the abode of the Marquis, when he obtained leave to return from Lorraine, which I flattered myself would be very soon.

These endearing reflections quickly dispelled the lowering clouds, which my present situation had gathered.

The Count perceived my countenance brighten; but he imputed it entirely to joy that I was not to be confined in a monastery, and renewed his protestations, that though he should not be so happy as to gain my esteem, he would at least merit it by his services and complaisance.

We alighted at a village; where, having dined in the company of a young Lady, who happened to be in the inn, and was of his acquaintance, he left us, on pretence of trying the benefit of the air for a headach, while the stranger related to me the incidents of her life, and the misery into which she was plunged.

My amiable companion had retired to bed; the clock had struck twelve; yet had I not heard
any

any tidings of Monsieur de St. Fal, nor could I conceive the cause of his absence.

At length came a letter to me by an express. It was from the Count : and he told me, among a number of other things, that, having gone to S—— G——, in order to prepare a lodging for me till I was more happily settled, he found there the young Marquis, whither he had fled from Lorraine notwithstanding the injunctions he had received from his father, and his disgrace at Court ; that he appeared to have some suspicion of his father's intentions towards me, and, though he pretended quite another story, to be in actual search of me.

He advised me, in the present situation of my affairs, by all means to avoid my lover, and to come to him on the morrow at Versailles, as he durst not return to me for fear of his cousin ; and he added, that there I would be secure from danger, as the old Marquis was at his seat in the country, and had no doubt but that I was already immured in the monastery.

What pleased me most in this letter was, the fresh proof it gave me of the Marquis's love. I could not help being sensibly touched with the kind regard he shewed me ; and my heart was but too well pleased to see the pains he took to see me.

This natural consequence I drew from it, that since I was so sincerely beloved by him, I needed to give myself no disquiet for what might happen ; or at least, in case of any accident, I had a protector to depend on, who would support me against the attacks of adverse fortune.

Notwithstanding the pleasure I took in these reflections, I could not but approve of the conduct of Monsieur de St. Fal. Though I made no doubt but love and jealousy had the greatest share in it, yet the polite and engaging manner in which this new admirer behaved, made me quite easy.

Be this as it may, I was on the point of giving full scope to an ample train of reflections, when, calling to mind that the case required a positive answer, I restrained my thoughts to the point in view, what was to be done.

This gave me no small uneasiness. Once I thought of taking advantage of the Count's absence, and throwing myself into the arms of my relations. But a vanity inherent to my sex, which disdained the meanness of my birth; the notion of what people would say; love, if the reader pleases; the hopes of a charming and much-desired fortune; all these things too strongly offered themselves to my imagination, and entirely banished that design. Fearing even this virtuous disposition might influence me, I wrote instantly to Monsieur de St. Fal, and informed him that I relied so much upon his honour as to be entirely guided by him, and that I would be at Versailles (as in his letter he had desired me) where I hoped to experience a continuance of his goodness.

The express was scarce out of sight when I repented of what I had done; and the more I thought of it, the more I found it repugnant to my virtue. I recollected the snare I had so narrowly escaped when Monsieur de G—— hired an apartment for me; and I could not

persuade myself that the apparent disinterestedness of St. Fal was not a cloke to conceal some base design.

Lindamine, my companion in the inn, whose mournful story had not a little endeared her to me, was to set off next day for a convent. As my only remedy, I determined to throw myself once more on Madame de G—— for protection, in hopes that, moved with the new hazards to which my virtue had been exposed, she would again receive me into her arms; or at least, if, for the same reasons as before, she durst not keep me, she would use her credit to have me admitted into the monastery from whence I came.

“There,” said I, “I shall find my sincere friend St. Agnes again; and Lindamine will not a little add to my comfort; we will join all three of us our distresses, and there will I quietly wait the end of my misfortunes, or my life.”

When the hour for the departure of Lindamine drew near, I went to her chamber, and told her my resolution; which gave her so much joy, that she embraced me with transport, and offered to divide with me her little fortune.

I was getting into the chaise to execute our project, which to prevent discovery I did alone, and was to meet Lindamine at a little distance from the village; when St. Fal’s valet, concluding that I intended to effect my escape, told me, respectfully enough, “he could not consent that I should use his master’s chaise without positive orders.”

I blush.

I blushed, and returned to my apartment, unknowing what resolution to take. Lindamine was astonished to see me again; and on my informing her of what had happened, she advised me to retire to my chamber, to pretend indisposition, and to have no intercourse with her till midnight, when, with the assistance of her steward, we should be able to get off unobserved. I contrived to send the valet to Versailles on an errand to his master, and every thing seemed to promise success to our plan, when, about eight in the evening, hearing some horses stop at the inn, I looked hastily out of the window, hardly displeased to think that, as he was in the neighbourhood, it might perhaps be the Marquis.

By the light of the torches, I discerned getting out of the coach a tall man, somewhat advanced in years, of a venerable aspect, and seemingly, by his numerous retinue, of great quality. Having observed him cast his eyes upon me, and as I thought, look rather fondly, I drew in; and soon after, oppressed with the agitations of my mind, I fell asleep in an armed chair, leaving the door half open for Lindamine to enter when it was time to set out.

How great was my surprise, when, on opening my eyes, I saw standing beside me the gentleman who had alighted from the coach, with a man whom I took to be his valet! The former addressed me with great politeness, and apologised for his appearance in my apartment, by informing me that he had mistaken it for his own, and that he was on the point of retiring when I awaked.

There was something, I could not tell what, in the venerable stranger which pleased me; and, without knowing the reason for it, I could not help wishing to make myself agreeable to him. We had a long conversation, in the course of which he repeatedly extolled my modesty, my beauty, and my good sense—repeatedly wished, that, instead of running after a “sorry creature from a dung-hill,” his *son* had been enamoured of a person any wise comparable to *me*.

The old gentleman then began to take in pieces the poor country girl; a circumstance which struck me to the heart, as it convinced me, that my visiter was no other than the old Marquis, my lover’s father, and the young woman whose character he thus cruelly mangled, that very *Lady* whom he had a minute before been exalting to the skies.

Nothing but the fear of losing my dear liberty could have supported me at such a crisis; and as not a soul in the house, not even the postilion who drove us, knew me, I did not despair of getting off without a discovery. A blush, however, and a confused look betrayed themselves, and did not escape the notice of the shrewd Marquis; who declared, that he would not stir from the house till he knew from whence they sprung. At these words I was so cruelly terrified, that I fell down in a swoon; in which I pretended to continue till he and all his attendants were obliged to proceed in their journey.

I then feigned an inclination to sleep, in order to be left alone, and went to Lindamine’s
apart-

apartment, where she waited for me with impatience. At the dead hour of night, agreeably to appointment, the steward conducted us to the chaise, unseen and unheard but by the postillion.

We had not advanced above four miles, when, as the driver was resting his horses, after getting up a pretty steep hill, we heard through the stillness of the night, the trampling of horses. The noise encreased, and notwithstanding that of the chaise, now in motion, we could hear them gain upon us every minute. We were both in the utmost consternation.

“Heavens!” exclaimed I, “perhaps their design is upon me!”

Sometimes I concluded that it was the old Marquis, and sometimes that it was Monsieur de St. Fal, who was in pursuit of me. Nor was it long before, by the light of torches, I distinguished the latter, pale and almost breathless with joy that he had found me, with his attendants surrounding the chaise.

Hearing that our expedition terminated in a monastery, he extolled our discretion, as he called it, returned thanks to Lindamine for her civilities to me, and assured her that, so soon as I was conveniently settled, he would wait on her with an account of me.

By this time came up the Count's chaise, which, on a supposition that he should overtake us, he had ordered to follow; and with a tender embrace, and a promise that she should often hear from me, I took my leave of Lindamine.

I soon found that it was owing to the unexpected appearance of his valet at Versailles, that St. Fal, had been induced to suspect my elopement. And indeed his behaviour was still so uniformly worthy of my esteem, that, from my heart, I regreted that I had given him the smallest cause for uneasiness.

As the best apology I could urge for my flight, I informed him of my adventure with the old Marquis, and my dread of falling into his hands. He appeared to be greatly concerned at the accident, though not a little pleased that my elopement proceeded from no aversion to him. The delicacy of his sentiments, the sincerity with which he incessantly declared, that my friendship alone he wished to merit, moved me exceedingly. Yet though he told me that, such had been his precautions, I should be much more safe at Versailles, where no one troubled himself but with his own concerns, than in any other place, I still was unhappy. I was to pass there for the Countess des Roches, a widow, though I had nothing to support the dignity of that title, but what I might owe to the bounty of a man whose motives might be misconstrued by the world. This reflection was equally alarming to my virtue and to my pride; nor could all the wit and ingenuity of St. Fal remove my scruples.

The extremity to which I was reduced, and the approach of want, could hardly justify so dangerous a step; in reality, I ought to have submitted to the orders he was to put in execution rather than thus expose my innocence. A young woman can never be too much upon
her

her guard against herself; a word, a trifle, oftentimes effects her overthrow. Real virtue is always attended with diffidence and humility; its constant lesson is, to fear ourselves; it is this happy diffidence which crowns the work, and enables us to triumph over the fiercest assaults of vice.

These reflections brought me to Versailles; where having placed me in apartments sumptuously furnished, with proper servants to wait upon me, St. Fal desired I would employ the good sense he knew me mistress of, to amuse myself in his absence; giving me to understand that he was obliged to pass the rest of the day with the old Marquis, for whom he must invent some story concerning me, and, in order to excuse himself, to pretend I had made my escape from him.

The next day, as I was sitting down to dinner, he sent his name in. His behaviour now was still more respectful than ever, as if to avoid reminding me how much I was beholden to him; and while my waiting-woman was present, we talked only of general things. As soon as we were alone he told me, that the old Marquis would hardly believe I had escaped from him; that he broke out into a violent passion, but became at length more composed, seemed to ruminate much upon his adventure at the inn, and was to set out for Paris in a day or two.

I endeavoured to make proper acknowledgements, for the many favours he had conferred upon me, and expressed my fears about his motives for them. These he interrupted by seizing my

my hand, and protesting, that, though he loved me to adoration, yet he had not a wish but to promote my happiness, even at the expence of his own. He proceeded in a strain so tenderly disinterested, that I was greatly affected, and could not help declaring to him, that if my affections were disengaged, I knew not a man but himself who could hope to secure them.

At these words he dropped upon his knees, in a transport of joy, kissed my hand, and bathed it with his tears.

“Heavens!” exclaimed in the instant a voice from the door, which was half open—
“I am betrayed!—Perfidious woman, never will I see thee more!”

The sound of the voice; the cruel exclamation; the sudden disappearance of the person who spoke; the posture the Count was in when I was surprised, all together made me start up, and fly to the door.

“Alas! I am undone,” cried I, discovering the young Marquis, as he precipitately withdrew.

This unexpected apparition struck such a terror into me, that I must have sunk upon the floor, if happily a sofa had not received me.

St. Fal, equally surprised, ran to my assistance.

“O Heavens!” cried I, “I am quite spent, I am in despair—Leave me, Sir—follow your cousin—he believes me guilty, detests me, and you—you are the cause of it. Alas! I am quite spent, I am in despair!”

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He presently overtook the Marquis, as I understood by their high words. These I feared would produce a quarrel; but my agony was so great that I found myself unable to get on my feet to prevent it.

Till the evening did I remain in this dreadful suspense, during which time I formed twenty different projects. Sometimes I was for retiring to a monastery, and sometimes for going to Madame de G——, to beg that she would receive me as a servant. In a word, a multitude of different schemes presented themselves, yet I had not courage to fix upon any one of them.

My last resolution, after a long struggle, was to go to Paris, and shut myself up in a room where I might learn to work, till I had recovered myself sufficiently to conclude what was to be done. This plan settled, I dried up my tears, and wrote a letter to the Marquis, in which I justified myself in a handsome manner, and assured him, that since he had thought fit to suspect my conduct, he should never see me more.

In the same packet I inclosed another directed to Monsieur de St. Fal, where I returned him thanks for all his civilities, and assured him, that, whatever should befall me, they would be always fresh in my memory; adding, that I did him the justice to flatter myself, that notwithstanding what the world might think fit to say of me, he would scorn to condemn me on bare appearances, as his kinsman had done.

I was just going to seal them, my design being to leave them behind me on my toilet,
when

when the Marquis and St. Fal suddenly entered the room. The former instantly threw himself at my feet, seized one of my hands, and would have spoke, but could not. His sensibility was too great for utterance.

St. Fal was still silent, leaning on the back of my chair; from whence, while the tears gushed from my eyes, and my heart throbbed, I had not power to rise.

At length, after promising to return the next day, he took his leave of us, after informing me, that he had presently convinced my lover how deserving I was of his affections; that the Marquis had twenty times blushed to think he could suspect my conduct; and that they would have been with me four hours sooner had they not met the old Marquis, to whom they were afraid to give reason for suspecting them — “Recover yourself then, Madam,” added he; “dry up your tears, and enjoy without disturbance the pleasure of seeing a lover again, who deserves you as well from his honourable intentions, as by the greatness of his passion.”

My heart was so full, and so much affected with the presence of a lover too dear to me, that I was scarce able to return a bow to this generous friend.

At any other time, I would not have been left alone with the Marquis; but *then*, I was in a different way of thinking. I felt a secret joy to find myself acquitted in his mind, and wished to hear it confirmed. My tears were no longer the effect of despair; the trouble I was in seemed a pleasing kind of melancholy, and afforded a satisfaction.—How delightful must that

that pleasure be, which comes in the room of misfortunes that were expected! — Never do I reflect on this period of my life, but with the utmost content.

What did my heart feel while my beloved Marquis made his apology! How gracefully did he acquit himself! — A heart of marble must have been moved at every word he spoke.

Happy is a young woman, when inbred modesty and virtue are her guard, or when severe education supplies the want of such happy dispositions — Without one of these restraints, I know not (with confusion I speak it) how far I might have indulged myself.

As the night was now far advanced, decency required that the Marquis should retire. This I hinted to him; and, ever complaisant and tractable, he obeyed, kissing my hand. I plainly perceived, by his countenance and address, that he wished for something more. I thought I might allow him a kiss, and turned my cheek to him; but with so much confusion, that he easily perceived it was the first kiss I had ever bestowed on any man, and that it was to the sincerity of my passion he was entirely beholden to it.

The next day he renewed his visit, when we entertained each other with a detail of every thing that had happened to us since our separation. This done, I could not forbear hinting the uneasiness I felt at being a burthen to St. Fal; my unwillingness to live any longer at his expence or that of any person; and my resolution, notwithstanding my dislike to it, to take shelter in a convent.

After

After some discourse on this subject he retired, assuring me that he would immediately think of some method to make me easy, till he had the happiness of shewing that he esteemed nothing in this world equal to me.

These last marks of my lover's tenderness afforded me much comfort. My hopes began to tower; and, notwithstanding the many obstacles that might discourage me from expecting a husband of the Marquis's quality, I still flattered myself with the bewitching chimera. Every thing appears possible, when eagerly desired. After several reflections on this head, I bethought myself of the letters I had written to the Marquis and St. Fal. Prompted by curiosity, I would have read them again, but they were not to be found. At first I was uneasy, and looked earnestly for them, though in vain. Nobody had been in the room but the persons to whom they were directed; I concluded therefore that they had committed the robbery; and, every thing considered, was no wise displeased at it.

These letters, especially that to the Marquis, displayed my aversion to my present situation, and a disrelish to all assistance from others. I imagined this might induce the Marquis to provide for me without my seeming to ask it; and, at any rate, his having promised to marry me I judged sufficient for my justification.

The next day I received a letter from the Marquis, acquainting me, that he could not see me for two days, being obliged to wait on his father at Paris, requesting as a favour, that I would not be impatient; hoping that his re-

turn

turn would effect an agreeable change in my affairs ; and assuring me I should have no room to repent the confidence I had placed in him.

During this interval, though I had determined to shut myself up till the return of my dear lover, Madame de Geneval, my landlady, made a proposal to me of going to see the King at mass, which I embraced the more readily, as I never doubted but the old Marquis was in Paris, and that I was in no danger of being discovered.

But how great was my astonishment, when, mass being over, I perceived the father of my lover, whose journey to town, as I afterwards understood, was merely a pretence to impose upon his son, and who, recollecting my features, advanced, and paid his respects to me !— A person somewhat in years, and seemingly of distinction, came luckily to speak to the Marquis, which gave me time to recover.

He had no sooner left me than my blood ran cold at the thoughts of my narrow escape. I begged Madame de Geneval to shew me the way out, and was going to throw myself into the first sedan which presented itself, without farther thought than the dread of being followed, when I heard a voice call out “ Run, and beg her to stay a moment.”

My fright redoubled ; and in an instant the old Marquis joined me. He presented his hand to me, requesting that I would accept of his chair home, and that I would permit him to pay his respects to me after dinner. I answered his compliment, by expressing my

sense of his civilities, and of the honour I should receive from his visit.

On my return to my apartments, I gave myself up to sorrow and to tears ; and fearing that my lover, perhaps still in Versailles, might come upon us while his father was with me, I wrote to him every thing that had happened to me, and besought him to take me away, and not expose me to the danger of losing him for ever.

As soon as my letter was finished, I fell into a new perplexity how to get it properly delivered ; and not only that I might be more secure, but that I might avoid the Marquis's visit, I at length determined to order a chair, and be the bearer of it myself. I committed myself to the guidance of my chairmen, convinced, that, as my lover was universally known, they could not mistake his lodgings. When I came to the door, I kept close in my chair, and was going to deliver my letter to the porter, when Dubois, his old and faithful valet, appeared, and told me, to my utter perplexity, that the chairmen had made a mistake ; that the young Marquis was in Paris ; that his father was in the house ; and that every thing would be discovered if he saw me.

These words were hardly pronounced, when the old Marquis came out ; and, knowing me again, he blamed himself for not having hastened his visit, politely handed me out of my chair, and made me follow him.

As soon as I was seated, the noblemen who were at table with him, to the number of seven or eight, said the politest things imaginable to me,

me, particularly the Duke of —, who had repeatedly distinguished me by his looks since my arrival at Versailles, and who now made a very earnest tender to me of his services at court. I told the company my business at Versailles, agreeably to the lesson given me by St. Fal, and acquitted myself with tolerable address.

I had got up to take my leave, when the old Marquis, whose eyes were never off me, having desired me to stay a moment longer, proposed to me to see the tragedy of Iphigenia performed that evening. Fearful lest a longer interview might create a discovery, I represented that it would be improper for me to appear at the theatre, either alone, or accompanied by a man, and rose a second time to go. But the father of my lover, after replacing me with great respect upon my chair, told me that he had already sent for the Lady with whom I lived, and that he was sure she would be overjoyed to have the honour of waiting upon me. No longer able to resist such pressing and polite solicitations, I recommended myself to God, and his divine protection.

The point now was, who should escort Madame de Geneval and me to the play. The Marquis excused himself as being too old, and his turn to be in waiting. All that were present offered themselves; but the Duke of — happened to be the privileged man, on account of his quality no doubt.

The attention, mean while, with which the old Marquis continued to examine me, kept alive my fears, and made me conclude, not

only that he knew me, or at least suspected who I was, but that he had secret motives for his behaviour to me. The play was over (during which the Duke had bestowed upon me a number of little tender assiduities) and the entertainment was ready to begin, when the old Marquis appeared in an adjoining box, bowed to me, and expressed his hopes that I had been agreeably entertained.

Though I answered with propriety enough to this question, yet part of the company turned about to me, either on account of my pronunciation, or person. I stood it, however, as well as all the polite things the young Duke persisted to say to me. As I will not disguise the truth, so I sincerely own, that though this discourse caused no emotions in my heart, I listened to it, however, with pleasure. The wisest of us all are not insensible to flattery, when accompanied with taste and delicacy.

I then happened to throw my eyes involuntarily upon the Duke as he addressed me; when, turning myself round, I beheld the young Marquis leaning towards us, as if to hear what passed. Soon as my eyes met those of my lover, he raised himself, and looked another way; and I, struck at his unexpected appearance, struck with the scorn which he evidently expressed, changed colour, and, on pretence of a fit of giddiness, begged leave to retire.

Affectionate and tender as I was, let any one imagine my trouble and confusion. What innocence on my side, yet what cause for suspicion to the Marquis!

He finds me at the play; I appear to be engaged with a very handsome young gentleman, and attentive to his discourse; no sooner do I discover him than I am out of countenance; I do more, I go out, and so seem to avoid him. All these things, united to the uneasiness arising from what Dubois had undoubtedly told him, could not suffer him to be very easy, particularly after the proofs he had given of his jealousy.

I intended, when at home, to shut myself up and write; but how much was my anxiety encreased, when the young Duke of — met me coming out of my chair!— He had followed me in his, and offered his hand with an air of concern for my indisposition, which very happily was visible in my face, and which I made use of as a pretext to get rid of him, by saying I found myself oppressed, and was going to bed.

He approved of my resolution, and offered to send an eminent physician to my relief. I thanked him for the obliging offer, but declined it; and when I was come to my apartment, he retired, assuring me he would have the honour to wait on me the next day, and in the mean time he would inform himself punctually of my health.

I thought I was going to be at quiet, but I had Madame de Geneval's officiousness to endure still. The honour and distinction I had procured her of being thus nobly accompanied to the play, rendered her polite (which was far from being her real disposition) shrewdly imagining that if we remained good friends, she

should afterwards enjoy the same prerogatives. Civility obliged me to wait till she might be pleased to quit me, which she did as soon as I was in bed.

There, having previously ordered myself to be denied to every soul that might come, I gave a loose to my tears, which gave me some relief.

In effect, could there be a more cruel case than mine? Had I one happy moment, from the time I first knew myself?—One accident had followed another; I had not had one moment's rest. What could I hope from what was to come?—What incidents seemed ready to create new troubles!—The uneasiness of the old Marquis about me; his son's love and jealousy; the Duke of ——'s sentiments, who had no sooner conceived than declared them; would not all this draw on consequences? Could I expect any thing else?

I then arose, and, to avoid all surprise, having drawn the bolts, wrote a letter to my lover, in which I ingenuously related every thing that had passed. I foresaw the uneasiness he would suffer on account of my conversation with the Duke at the play; I mentioned my apprehensions in relation to his father; and I begged him, in order to obviate what might happen, to change my abode, and even the town, if it could be done.

After thus relieving myself of the burthen which weighed me down, I found myself a good deal easier. It was after midnight before my letter was sealed, and there was no likelihood of getting it delivered till morning.

Oh

Oh Heaven ! I tremble at this hour, when I think of the cruel answer I received. If any of my readers have shared in the preceding perplexities I have undergone, let them continue their pity for me ; they will soon see whether I had deserved them, and whether the peace and prosperity I now enjoy, have not been purchased by all that is most sensible to a woman, whose heart has ever been so tender and so faithful as mine.

It was almost three in the afternoon, and still no tidings from my lover. Let any one imagine what I suffered. A thousand things came into my head upon this delay ; and to crown my misery, Madame de Geneval entered my chamber, telling me that the old Marquis, who indeed followed her, was come.

How hard is it to affect tranquillity, when inwardly racked with cares !

The father of my lover perceived the constraint I was under, and asked me if he was not come at an improper time. I could not help blushing at his penetration ; however, I was successful enough in my answer, attributing the trouble I could not hide to the continuance of my indisposition. To recover myself, and to avoid a conversation of which I dreaded the consequences, I asked his Lordship's permission to continue my work.

This gave me an opportunity of looking down, for I was frightened to meet his eyes. Though in years he had a piercing look, which seemed to read one's very thoughts ; and, whether it was prejudice or fear, every time he looked me in the face, I imagined his eyes said,

“ Ah !

“ Ah ! Jenny, Jenny, ’tis to no purpose to hide yourself from me ;—I trace the very motions of your heart.”

It may be supposed I was not very easy under such an apprehension. The old Marquis, too quick-sighted not to see the disorder I was in, and desirous perhaps to augment it, or find out the meaning of it, drew near, and, though in the most refined manner in the world, began to be very sweet upon me.

The name of father to the man I adored, gave the old Marquis so much influence over me, both through fear, and my regard for his son, that had not courage to contradict several expressions I should certainly have interrupted but for these motives.

Yet my condescension was not such as to give him room to exceed the bounds of a certain decency ; and by my conduct I experienced how true it is, that a virtuous woman may always keep the men at a distance if she pleases, and that whenever they attempt undue encroachments, she can only blame herself for her want of reserve.

At length the old Marquis, highly pleased with his visit, took his leave of me : night came, and with it, a letter from my lover.—But what a letter !—It was so intimate to me, that he was surprised I should take the trouble of giving him, who had no right to expect it, an account of my behaviour ; that if the Duke of ——— entertained the same designs for me as he had done, he enjoyed at least the satisfaction of having put the first hand to the making of
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my fortune ; and that he would be careful never more to disturb my new engagement by his presence.

I burst into tears, bewailing my unhappiness in having been the innocent cause of this fatal quarrel, and wishing for death to put a period to my woes, when St. Fal entered my apartment.

With his usual generosity, instead of taking this advantage to plead his own passion, he exerted himself in behalf of his kinsman ; and to mitigate my grief he assured me, that this misunderstanding was solely owing to the excess of his love for me. The Marquis appeared no more ; and at the end of two days, St. Fal owned to me that he was gone to join his regiment in Germany, where hostilities were begun.

How cruelly was I alarmed at this news !— I would see nobody. St. Fal, the complaisant St. Fal, exhausted to no purpose his whole stock of good-nature ; I could scarce bear with him. The old Marquis was the only one I did not dare to refuse ; and though I was so melancholy, that if he had not guessed the reason, he must necessarily have discerned an alteration in me, yet he was complaisant enough to suit himself to my humour.

As for the Duke, he was quite at a non-plus ; for I gave him so cold a reception, and explained myself with so much resolution on the subject of his visits, that he seldom dared to appear, notwithstanding his easy behaviour.

This is a strong proof of a woman's power when beloved ; then her tyranny knows no bounds,

bounds, and it is submitted to the more servilely, as a dread of displeasing is the very foundation of her empire.

Eight days passed on without coming to any resolution. Sometimes I was for shutting myself up in a monastery; at other times I thought of going home, and throwing myself at my father and mother's feet, to punish what I then called an error, by returning to my primitive mean condition. From this nothing but my vanity prevented me.

On the ninth day I wrote to St. Fal, desiring he would come to me immediately. My resolution was fixed. Alas! how many tears were shed! But virtue remained triumphant! I was determined to throw myself into a cloister, and employ the repeated promises St. Fal had made of serving me, to be received a nun.

How little do women, at the age I then was, know themselves! how cautious ought they to be, when driven precipitately into any state of life! Oftentimes their weakness hurries them into extremes; a love-quarrel, the inconstancy of an admirer, misleads their mind, or rather their judgment! Thus intoxicated, a young woman takes a resolution, and either marries a rival for whom she has no relish, or becomes (if bred, like me, in a catholic country) a nun without a vocation.—And what is the consequence?—The cloud vanishes, she comes to herself, and looks back with horror on the step she has taken, the state in which she is engaged. Grief and tears are the only remedy left; death is called on, but to youth its approaches

proaches are slow, and is a thousand times undergone before it comes.

St. Fal was too assiduous not to fly at my summons.

“Come, my Lord,” said I, the moment he appeared, “crown the work you have begun; you are the only person I rely upon.—May I flatter myself I am not deceived?”

“Can you question my sincerity?” cried he, with an air that fully evinced it. “Speak, charming Jenny; nothing appears impossible to the zeal I have for your service. Would you have me overtake the Marquis, reproach him for his injustice, force him to ——?”

“No,” interrupted I, with more tranquillity than I could expect; “your kinsman’s eyes are opened, love had blinded him; he now sees the great distance between us, he blushes at his own weakness, and will atone for it by abandoning me. He is too dear for me to blame his behaviour, which needed not have been so harsh; but I respect even his severities.—Let us say no more on this subject, dear Count (continued I, unable to restrain my tears) those happy moments, in which I indulged so flattering an illusion, must be forgotten. My design is to throw myself into a convent, and there, in the lowest station, humble that vanity I have too much encouraged. Heaven, in pity of my youth, I may say innocence, will give me strength to break through my bonds; my constant prayer will be, to free my heart from the image too deeply engraved there; my tears, continually poured out before its altars, will prevail perhaps, and obtain for me that peace from

from which at present, alas ! I am so much estranged."

St. Fal feelingly sympathised with me, but strongly remonstrated against my proposal of burying myself in a convent. Animated perhaps with the hopes that chance might one day favour his passion, he mentioned the project of a middle state, a temporary retirement from the world, without renouncing it entirely.

In this crisis we were suddenly interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the Duke of —, who, I guessed by his looks, had something bad to tell me. Nor did they deceive me. Another Countess des Roches, with the Count her husband, had been with him, and he came to me for proofs that I was the identical person specified in a memorial, which he had presented in my behalf.

St. Fal, who knew not that the Duke had interested himself in my affairs, bit his nails, as if at a loss how to act, took his leave, and contrived to carry the Duke along with him. He returned soon after, and found me quite stupefied, to such a degree was I overwhelmed with the endless crosses that beset me. My tears began to find a passage ; and, as the last mark of his friendship, I entreated of him not to forsake me till I was settled in a monastery.

He did not seem much averse to my resolution ; but remonstrated that I must retire some where till a proper convent was pitched upon. Our consultation lasted an hour ; when it was resolved that I should set off next morning for Paris, without giving the least hint of my retreat to Madame de Geneval, whom we had
every

every reason to distrust, but to tell her that, being too much straitened for room, I had taken a house that was empty, and should furnish it myself.

We took this precaution, lest in her frequent conferences with the old Marquis, she should give him some light which would put him on his guard, in case he dissembled with me. I could not forbear suspecting as much. In his eyes I could read, every time he looked at me, a secret design, which never failed of making me uneasy.

To be a woman and subtle, is much the same. Simplicity is seldom found after twenty; nay, thirteen has produced as artful women as ever thirty did.

Be this as it may, every thing concerted was put in execution. The furniture was taken down early the next morning; but instead of sending it to the place intimated to La General, one of the Count's servants conveyed it to Paris, on carriages hired for that purpose.

Secret undertakings are generally attended with disagreeable accidents. I was got into a post-chaise provided by St. Fal, in order to join him, and was thanking Heaven that I had made my escape without any obstacle; when, turning round, I observed the old Marquis, who passed close by me in his coach from Paris.

I turned pale at the sight of him, being convinced he knew me by his earnest look, and a smile. What he discovered in my countenance I knew not. I presently lost sight of him. My chaise went at a great rate, and I

flattered myself that my fears were the worst of my adventure.

As short as my journey was, it afforded time for reflection. I began, through custom, to bear much better the continual crosses which beset me than the Marquis's inconstancy. That was still uppermost in my thoughts ; and I even wished to have it in my power to reward the assiduity of the generous Count.

From my sighs, however, St. Fal perceived that I still loved the Marquis with the same tenderness as ever ; and after supper, which, though it was not strictly proper, I permitted him to stay with me in a ready-furnished hotel he had taken, till handsome apartments could be fitted up for me, he told me that his duty called him also to Germany to join the army, where he should see the Marquis, and that I might soon hope to receive favourable news from him.

The idea charmed me ; and at length St. Fal took his leave of me, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the strongest assurances of his zeal to promote my happiness. On the eighth day from his departure I received two letters, one from the army, and one from Versailles. Notwithstanding my impatience to hear some tidings of the inconstant Marquis, curiosity induced me to open my Versailles epistle first.

How great was my astonishment when I found that it was from the old Marquis ; that he knew who I was, and every thing that concerned me ; that I ought to be under no apprehension from him ; as he was resolved to be
the

the first in fixing my happiness ; and that he should be at Paris the next day to wait upon me, when, if it was not my own fault, I should receive convincing proofs of the value he put upon my virtue !

The reading of this letter threw me into a fit of trembling, dubious as I was what to do, and pierced to my very soul.

“Heavens,” cried I, “have pity on me, and assist me !—What means this sudden alteration !—What can be the old Marquis’s designs !—How can he contribute to make me happy !—Alas ! I am certainly betrayed by his son, who, to get rid of me at once, has sacrificed me to his father. It is certainly so : the parent, satisfied with this, has laid aside his antipathy ; and, either from generosity, or from policy, proposes to settle me in such a manner as to prevent any accident in case his son should relent. But how cruel is such conduct !—Could I ever have expected so much barbarity from a lover !—How could he foresee that his father’s threats and aversion would give place to generosity ?

Engrossed by these reflections, I forgot St. Fal’s letter, long as it had been expected, and earnestly as it had been desired. At last I opened it, and found a fresh subject for sorrow, and for astonishment.

The Marquis, he told me, was gone, before his arrival at the camp, in consequence of his own particular request, and to divert his melancholy, upon an expedition which, on account of the danger that would attend it, gave great uneasiness to his friends ; though nevertheless he

hoped to have it in his power soon to transmit favourable accounts of him to me.

Our attachment to a beloved object never exerts itself with greater force than when we think ourselves on the point of losing it. My notion of war^c was certainly very imperfect; yet no sooner did I know that the Marquis's life was in danger, than my imagination represented it with all its horrors.

“ O Heaven,” exclaimed I all in tears, “ why am I thus overwhelmed on all sides at once?—How am I to survive it?—What can so many afflictions one upon another portend?—Do they not presage the greatest of misfortunes?—But I am prepared to undergo every thing, provided my lover be safe, and escape from the dangers to which his courage may expose him.—How unfortunate was I not to justify myself before his departure!—Perhaps my innocence might have restored him to me, and made him-careful of a life he ought to preserve for my sake.”

I shall not relate all the expostulations which sorrow dictated to me on this occasion. Suffice it to observe, that though I had time to prepare for the old Marquis's visit, I found myself nevertheless dreadfully perplexed when he appeared.

His presence made me sensible of the great distance between us, knowing he was now acquainted with my origin. Can pride receive a greater check! However, I took upon me so far as to conquer my blushing and confusion.

“Is it possible, my Lord,” said I, receiving him with great respect, and presenting a chair, “that you should condescend to see me after the discovery you have made?—What comparison is there between a country girl, one who has been so unhappy as to fall under your displeasure, and a nobleman of your rank?—Whence comes such a distinction which I have no wise deserved?”

“Let us have no more of that, lovely Jenny,” said the Marquis, making me sit down;—“I have no longer the reason of complaint I had formerly against you; and that virtue, of which I have received convincing proofs, has created a due regard for one who is worthy of it. Well, say nothing of your birth; not but I was mightily taken with your candid acknowledgment; a stroke that did not want its force, nor escape my observation.—A mean birth is the capricious effect of chance, never to be called in mind but when vice deforms it; whereas prudence, and noble actions, strip it of all that is contemptible, and cast a lustre upon it, not inferior to that of kings, when no false step is made in the thorny paths of virtue. I shall say no more on this head; you have, my dear girl, the less need of instruction, as your education has been very extraordinary. What I have to mention is of a different nature; but before I explain myself farther, I desire you will tell me, with that candour so becoming virtue and honour, upon what terms you are with my son. I have reasons for asking this question; if your answer proves satisfactory, it will lay an obligation on me, and

G 3

you

you shall never repent having explained yourself on a subject I have more at heart than you imagine.—Truth carries a greater weight in my judgment than any other qualification whatever.”

When the old Marquis wrote his intention of making me a visit, I expected to suffer very much from the conversation; but I little thought it would turn on such an important subject. I was the more terrified, being attacked in the most sensible part: all evasions appeared useless: I had one of the subtlest of men to deal with, whose penetration was surprising. While he spoke, his eyes were fixed upon me, and he seemed to search the secret recesses of my heart.—How could I withstand so terrible an assault?—If I proposed to succeed with one of his turn, there was nothing left but to act with sincerity; and that method I adopted.

With a frankness that charmed him, I accordingly enumerated every particular of my connection with his son, as well as of the pecuniary obligations I lay under to his worthy nephew Monsieur de St. Fal. This done, he lavished upon me the warmest assurances of his future friendship and protection, and left me in a labyrinth of perplexity, and of astonishment.

In effect, what could I divine?—Was it natural to think that the very man who had expressed so much aversion to me could be thus suddenly changed?—Was I not still the same Jenny, that little country girl, who had occasioned so much vexation to him about his son,
and

and who had since that imposed upon him under a borrowed name ?

During eight days that he constantly visited me, he gave me not the smallest ground to suspect the probity of his intentions ; for though he scrupled not to make love to me, yet his behaviour was as full of respect, as if I had been a woman of the first quality. He then took his leave of me with regret for a fortnight, during which interval, the time hung very heavy upon my hands, as I received no further tidings of St. Fal, and of consequence none of my lover ; who I no longer held in a guilty light from the time I knew his life was exposed, and for whose safety I wearied Heaven every moment with my prayers.

As I sat down to my toilette, one morning, I found in a little drawer, to my no small surprise, a purse full of gold, with a letter from the old Marquis, acquainting me that it contained a gratuity from the king of two thousand livres, and that his majesty had settled upon me one thousand yearly. This piece of generosity, with the manner of doing it, confounded me, and was a very seasonable help to me ; my ready money being almost exhausted, from the assistance I had given, though unknown, to my parents.

As I stood very pensive at my window, a few days after this event, a coach stopped at the door, which I knew belonged to the old Marquis. I started without knowing why. When he entered the room, he appeared very sorrowful, though he strove to conceal it.

Ah !”

“ Ah ! Jenny, Jenny,” exclaimed he, throwing himself into a great chair, “ how cruelly do you make me feel my tenderness for my son !”

Scarce had the old nobleman uttered these words, when, concluding that my lover was no more, a trembling seized me, and I shrieked out. I learned, however, that he was alive, but dangerously wounded in the head, after giving signal proofs of his courage, and that St. Fal had been taken prisoner in a battle fought two days after the preceding action.

This melancholy news threw me into a fit of sickness. The physicians, sent for by the Marquis, on the fourth day gave me over, unless nature, by a prodigious effort, could shake off from about my heart the bile which was on the point of suffocating me. Nothing that I took stayed ; from whence they concluded that there were no hopes left.

The old Marquis’s prudence and resolution doubtless preserved my life : seeing me given over, he never left my bedside. Among his other contrivances, by which he evinced the most affectionate solicitude for my recovery, he caused a courier, who had his instructions, to come in boots, pretending he had just arrived from the army, and give an account aloud that the young Marquis was on the road home, and that as to his being dangerously wounded, it was a mistake, he having only received a slight contusion, which in four days was entirely cured.

Notwithstanding my lowness of spirits, and a continued fever, which took away my speech,
I could

I could hear what was said, though oppressed as I was, I did not reflect much upon it. But when the courier delivered his message, a secret joy diffused itself over my heart, and freed it from the load with which it had been so long oppressed.

In about two days, I was judged to be out of all danger, and my mind regained its usual tranquillity. After returning thanks to Heaven for preserving my life, I made my acknowledgments to the Marquis for the great tenderness he had shewn to me.

He appeared overjoyed to find me in a situation of mind that seemed to secure against a relapse; assured me that he was entirely attached to me; still persisted in feeding the false hopes he had given me concerning his son; and, that I might be perfectly easy as to that point, was even so complaisant as to forge letters from him, and read them to me.

Three days more convinced me I was wholly out of danger. He accordingly returned to Versailles, leaving a servant at Paris, to bring him an account of my health every day till his return.

I was upon my feet again, and gathering strength, when at last I received a letter from St. Fal. I opened it with joy, expecting a confirmation of the agreeable news which the old Marquis had invented to please me. But alas! it only confirmed the accounts I had originally received of St. Fal's imprisonment, the young Marquis's wounds, with fresh proofs of the friendly regard of the former, and the still unabated tenderness of the latter.

What

What tears did not this packet cost me !
What anxiety did I not undergo !

“ Surely,” thought I, “ no one was ever thus often overwhelmed. Why will not decency permit me to take a post-chaise, fly to the army, and convince my dear, my still bleeding Marquis, that he alone is worthy of my love, and capable of making me happy ?”

A thousand projects presented themselves for proving to the dear man my tenderness and constancy, without hitting upon one expedient to my liking.

At length I determined to request of M. Melicourt (the lover of my dear friend St. Agnes, whom I left behind me in the convent, as I knew him to be devoted to my service) that he would carry for me a letter to the Marquis ; but above all that he would, without disguise, send me an account of the condition he should find him in, and of his behaviour on the receipt of my letter.

It is very justly said, that the manner of conferring a benefit enhances the value of it. Melicourt accepted of my commission with a pleasure, an eagerness, that charmed me. Every thing being concluded on during supper, such as it was, he sent his servant for post-horses, and set out that very night ; nor had more than seven days elapsed, when I received a letter from him, with one inclosed from my dear, my beloved Marquis.

With what impatience did I open it ! He told me that he was assured of the compleat cure of his wound in eight days ; that words could not express his gratitude for my tender uneasiness

ness about him, unmerited on his part after the cruel injustice he had committed towards me ; and that he waited for his recovery, and the end of the campaign, with impatience, in order to make me his, and to declare to his father that he could no longer live without me.

One moment's joy buries in oblivion all past sufferings. Mine was compleat, arising from the assurances my dear Marquis gave me of his affections. At that instant I vowed an unalterable passion, and an inviolable fidelity. It seemed as if the letter was sent expressly to support me against the violent attacks that were coming on. I stood on the brink of the greatest trial which I could possibly undergo, and which would require the utmost stretch of my resolution.

I was musing very agreeably on the happiness I had greater reason than ever to expect from these last assurances, when the old Marquis was ushered in, and when he very politely desired to dine with me.

He appeared to be buried in thought ; and after a long and puzzling preamble about my virtue, my charms, his contempt of a noble extraction, when it was unaccompanied with innocence, and his veneration of a mean one, when it was adorned with probity and honour, he told me, that he had resolved I should soon be the Marchioness of L—— V——.

As yet I knew not what he really meant ; and, transported with gratitude and astonishment, I threw myself at his feet without power to thank him for a consent I had so long desired,

fired, and had so little reason to expect. But it was not long before I discovered my mistake—discovered, to my utter confusion and despair, that it was himself I was to consider as my future husband. I was so thunder-struck with this intelligence, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could command my countenance.

Every possible objection I urged, but in vain. My troubled mind represented to me the behaviour of the son on this fatal occasion. Would not he be made accountable for my refusal? And might it not be expected that if I persisted in that refusal, my lover also might incur the displeasure of the old Marquis, and we might be so separated as never to see each other more?

These considerations determined me to affect a compliance with his wishes: I came readily into every thing he proposed on the subject of our future wedding; and nothing was talked of but rejoicings and grandeur. He thought to please me by this pompous parade; but alas! how different were my thoughts! I devoured my sighs, and only waited for an opportunity to give them full scope.

The chaise in which the Marquis was to return to Versailles being at the door, he took his leave of me with a deep sigh. I returned the best answer I was able to his endearments; and as nothing is easier than to impose on a man in love, he seemed to go away fully contented, in order to stay for eight days.

The moment I was alone, I shut myself up in my closet, in order to come to a resolution without loss of time, as I found that my old

lover was too deeply smitten to wait long, and that there was a probability he might return the next minute, and carry me to one of his seats, in order to tie the fatal knot.

Sometime before, I had discovered, by a visit which my father and mother made to her, that Barbara, my cook-maid, to whom on that account, I behaved with the utmost tenderness and indulgence, was no other than my own aunt, being a sister of the former. I had been so long absent from them, and was so greatly altered, that neither of them had known me; and I thought it hardly possible that the strangers of the village would be more quick-sighted than they had been.

With them therefore I determined to fix my retreat; concluding that my native residence would be the most improbable spot in the world for the old Marquis to search for me.

From him, of all men, it was necessary to conceal the new place of my abode. I foresaw that, after my flight was known, I must expect the utmost effects of his rage, justly as he would be exasperated to meet with such a return for all his favours, and convincing proofs of affection. From love to hatred I well knew to be a common change, especially when attended with despair.

This project gave me great content; and no sooner had I formed it than I thought of the means of putting it in execution. I concluded that my first step ought to be to write to the young Marquis an account of his father's design, my behaviour on the occasion, and the retirement I had chosen.

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I told him that in expectation of Heaven's appointing me some settlement, I was going to preserve a heart which should ever be wholly his. I comforted him on occasion of our disappointments, and begged him to imitate my resolution in the vexations we might still meet with. In a word, I poured out my heart in this letter, which I extended to such a length, that it took up best part of the night.—In writing to a person beloved, one never has said enough, and the time employed slips away insensibly.

I was so fatigued when I finished my epistle that I was obliged to go to bed. I started several times out of my sleep, fancying that the old Marquis was come with a design to carry me into the country, and conclude the cruel marriage. My imagination was so disturbed that it ran on nothing else.

The first thing I did in the morning, after recommending myself and my affairs to Heaven, was to write to St. Fal; my obligations to him rendered this an indispensable duty. The contents of my letter were much the same with what I had written to the Marquis; less I could not do for so sincere and tender a friend.

Barbara (my faithful aunt Barbara, whom I proposed to be the companion of my flight, but who little knew who it was she served) had hardly returned from the post, when a messenger came from the old Marquis with a letter and a basket. The letter was filled with the strongest assurances of his tenderness, and the basket contained a rich toilette with all its appurtenances of gilt plate; in one of the squares of which I found five hundred louis-d'ors.

In

In two days the preparations for my journey were completed ; previous to which, I wrote a letter to my old lover, intimating the necessity I thought myself under of acquainting him of my resolution to retire, the sense I entertained of my unworthiness to enjoy the honour of being his wife ; and concluding with my warmest acknowledgments for the magnificent toilette he had been pleased to bestow upon me, which I dared not return for fear of disobliging him, and could with no propriety take with me, considering the step I had taken ; that therefore the person in whose care I had left my affairs would carry it to his Lordship, whenever he should be pleased to give orders for that purpose, with the money it contained. I gave him, at the same time, the most fervent protestations of respect and gratitude, with every assurance that I should continually offer up my vows for his precious life.

At four in the morning, I set off with Barbara, who was transported with joy at the thoughts of her native village, and arrived in safety at my father's next day ; where, with the little furniture I had ordered to follow me, I found myself commodiously situated, and better perhaps than I deserved.

As I alighted, my agitation was so great, and my mind so troubled, that though I found my parents had no suspicion who I was, yet I was not able to give any answer to the many obliging things they said to welcome me to their cottage.

How little, after all, did the village now appear to me !—That village, which Barbara had made so great a boast of to me, and which I

had represented to myself so full of charms, now appeared wretched and miserable. The tears came; and, deaf to reason, I regretted the delightful abode I had quitted. Childish prejudices were vanished. I was familiarised with grandeur. To advance is more agreeable than to go back.—How shall I express myself?—I was fool enough to be humbled at the meanness which surrounded me. And why?—Because I was enamoured of ostentation!—Because I was vain!—Because my little knowledge of the world had infected me!

On my first going into the house, my mother made a motion which frightened me, from an apprehension that I was discovered.—I now learnt that my face made such an impression upon her (because being in an undress, I was less unlike what I had formerly been) that she was on the point of taking me about the neck. But it went no farther than a fright, and I was immediately conducted to my little apartments, consisting of one room, and one bed-chamber.

Though pretty safe, as I thought myself, with regard to my father and mother, and much more so as to my sister; yet Colin, the young fellow who had been so fond of me, could he behold me without being moved? The impressions of nature are deep, it is true; but daily experience shows that time will wear them out. It is not so with the ideas engraved in the heart by love; as the passion is stronger, the trace is deeper, and consequently out-lasts the other.

Be this at it may, I banished all such fears; for I was now so much grown, as well as my features altered, that I imagined nobody would
know

know me ; at least I was willing to flatter myself so.

One difficulty still remained ; the Marquis might return, and be desirous of discoursing with me. He had been seen there before, and his presence and visits might recall those ideas which were but too carefully laid up ; all which put together, Jenny might be found to be one who was desirous to pass for somebody else.

This I imagined might happen ; and certainly had in a short time, but that the Marquis apprehended the same thing.

I had been near a month at my father's without hearing a word from my lover ; this had thrown me into an uneasiness which was frequently attended with tears ; when my mother told me one morning that a man just alighted from horseback desired to speak with me, saying he had letters to deliver.

I shook at hearing this, concluding he came from the young Marquis ; and my heart told me I was not mistaken. I desired he might be brought to me, and retired to another apartment, that I might be at liberty to talk with the messenger, in case he should have any thing particular to say.

Seeing it was not Dubois, as I expected, I received his packet, without observing any thing particular but a large plaister upon his forehead ; and, giving him a crown, I dismissed him to the public-house to wait for my answer.

How great was my surprise, on opening it, to find that it contained only these words in the Marquis's hand, " The bearer will tell you the rest ! "

I was just running out of the room to call him back, when I found him before me upon his knees. I started, seeing that it was my dear Marquis, threw myself speechless about his neck, and almost swooned away with excess of joy.

When our first transports were somewhat abated, he told me, that I needed be under no apprehension for appearances, as he had given himself out for my brother, which might the more readily pass, as the villagers, from the patch upon his forehead, which he still wore in consequence of his late wound, could not possibly recollect his features.

Upwards of eight days did we pass thus in happiness as brother and sister, when, for fear of a discovery, the Marquis found himself under a necessity of leaving me.

My lover was no sooner gone, than I gave a loose to tears, and to complaints.

"When," cried I, "shall I again behold this dear man? What will be the event of so tender, and so unfortunate a passion? Are we only enamoured of each other to be continually parting?"

The old Marquis next came into my thoughts. I imagined him acquainted with my place of retreat, and accosting me with fury in his eyes.

"Take your choice," he seemed to say, "either me or a cloister: it is in vain for you to place your confidence in my son; he cannot assist you, nor shall ever be yours. You ought to tremble at the thoughts of provoking me, as you must both pay very dear for the advantage he has gained."

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These imaginations were so strong and lively that I shook with fear.—Alas ! it was in vain to have recourse to Heaven ; it was deaf to my entreaties. Can a heart so strongly attached to this world, expect relief from above ?—No, it is not worthy ; to deserve it, one ought to be ashamed of such weaknesses. But my strength failed me. Love had so cruelly overwhelmed me, that nothing but what occasioned my distress could possibly relieve me ; in a word, I found no comfort, but in sighs and in tears.

Three days were spent in continual grief and apprehension. The whole family, astonished at my profound melancholy, strove to divert me, but in vain ; the pensiveness which had seized was proof against every thing.

On the fourth day in the morning, my mother came into my chamber, saying, that a chaise had stopped at the door, and that a stranger asked to speak with me. I desired he might be sent in.

How was I overjoyed and surprised when I found it was Dubois, who brought a letter to me from his young master, and who, the better to conceal his features, which were so well known in the village, had come disguised with a false nose !

I trembled while I opened the Marquis's letter. But what horror did I feel when I read that his father lay at the point of death, brought to that extremity by himself and me ; and that he called for me, declaring he would die in peace, if he died with the name of my husband. He added, that he could not be so bar-

barous as to let a father perish, if it was in his power to save him ; and concluded by conjuring me, if ever I was dear to him, to hasten to his father's, as the delay of one minute might render him the most guilty of men.

“ What is it to me ? ” cried I, redoubling my tears, when I had finished this cruel letter. “ Let the cruel parent die : am I to be answerable for the fury of his passion, and the fatal condition to which it has reduced him ?—And you, my fond Marquis, what have I done to deserve this treatment ?—Just Heaven ! was it for this you reserved me ?—And you, destructive charms, to what have you brought me ? ”

On uttering these words, I found myself so overwhelmed, that, unless Dubois had supported me, I must have swooned away.

The Marquis had doubtless foreseen the condition to which his letter would reduce me. His valet de chambre pulled out a phial, whose precious elixir cruelly restored me to myself.

“ Alas ! ” cried I to Dubois, “ why would you not suffer me to die ? Why do you give me this barbarous relief ? Like a criminal dragged to the torture, you strengthen me only that the severity of the strokes may be the more sensible.”

Dubois, as much as he was prepared for such a scene, was so dejected that he was scarce able to comfort me.

“ In the name of all that is dear to you, Mademoiselle,” said he, “ bear up against this storm ; think what a condition I left my master in : if you knew—”

“ Alas ! ” interrupted I, “ it is that which distracts me. If I suffered alone, the near
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prospect of death would alleviate my grief; but the consideration of my dear lover protracts my despair, and with-holds my fleeting life. What would become of him? Alas! if he dreads the approach of a death, whose idea makes him tremble, and obliges him to sacrifice all that is dearest to him in the world, what would become of this faithful lover, to what extremities would he not be hurried, if he had my death to lament, of which he might justly think himself the cause?"

After saying this I remained exceedingly pensive; but coming to myself, "Let us go," cried I; "this lover, whom I adore, shall know how extensive a power he has over me.—I had nothing but myself to give him, and of that he has long been master; let him dispose of me as he will; submissive I obey. Yes, he shall know, by the greatness of the sacrifice, that though I am infinitely below him in every thing else, I am not, however, his inferior in point of generosity of sentiment; and that whatever example he can set, I am always ready to imitate him."

Dubois, surprised at this effort, applauded my resolution with tears in his eyes; and I immediately ordered Barbara (with sternness indeed, though for the first time in my life) to get my things ready for my journey. The word was no sooner given, than the whole family was in tears at the thoughts of losing me, and apprehensions that they were themselves the cause of it.

"No," said I, addressing myself to my mother, whose distress on the occasion still heightened my own, "I tear myself from you, God
is

is my witness; an order I am bound to obey, an unfortunate accident, drives me from this delightful abode.—Oh! could I spend my days with you!”

With these words, I embraced my mother; my father out of respect withdrew.

“Alas!” said I, taking him about the neck, “suffer me to shew how dear you are to me. Perhaps a little time will convince you I do but my duty.”

I got into the chaise, leaving my father and mother not a little surprised, though pleased with my endearing behaviour.

On my arrival at the Marquis's, I found my lover waiting for me, pale, dejected, and as if he had been shedding tears. With a deep sigh he took me by the hand and squeezed it. As we passed along the apartments, he attempted to speak, but could not utter a single word; and when we reached that of the old Marquis, he again squeezed my hand, again sighed, and left me to go to his father's bed-side by myself, while he advanced, and, in faltering accents, told him, that I was come to offer him my hand in person. “Son, I am satisfied,” cried he, in a weak voice, like that of a person in extremity; and remained silent, as if unable to speak any more.

With a sign he ordered one of his attendants to conduct me to the apartment designed for me; whither I followed him with a swollen heart, but courageously resisting the tears that ever and anon were ready to start. I was hardly dressed in the morning, when a message came from the old Marquis, desiring the favour of

of

of my company as soon as possible. I trembled every joint at a request I considered as an order ; and the more, when I was told that it was to be present at the reading of the contract for our marriage, my old lover being determined to complete his happiness without delay.

Every thing was now ready for the fatal ceremony. The priest was in the house ; and I was on the point of stretching out my hand, when resolution yielding to nature, a shivering seized my limbs, a cold dewy sweat overspread my body, I gave a loud shriek, and fell to the ground in a swoon.

A fever, which brought me to the last extremity, was the consequence of this dreadful struggle. My lover also was taken ill upon my fainting away, and talked and raved perpetually of me, for the space of three weeks ; when my recovery produced a complete cure upon him.

The old Marquis, during this interval, had retired to the country for the benefit of the air, and had seemingly relinquished his matrimonial project. Before his departure, he waited upon me, to inform me that we should see each other again soon, and that in the mean while he would send a Lady to keep me company, whom I would be glad to see.

I could not imagine who it could be ; and when I found by her appearance that very day that it was Madame de G——, I screamed with joy, and opened my arms to receive her. After two hours spent in mutual endearments, Madame de G——, finding me in a condition to go abroad, made a proposal to me to accom-
pany

pany her into the country ; and I accepted it with an affectionate embrace, something whispering to me, at the same time, that the journey would be fortunate.

Monfieur de G—— (who now led a life of great regularity, and made one of the best of husbands) received me most cordially, and gave me to understand I should have good company. I could not conceive what he meant ; for it must be observed he was full as mysterious as my good mamma Madame de G——, neither he nor she so much as mentioning the Marquis of L—— V—— to me.

After I had retired to the apartment designed for me, in order to change my clothes, Madame de G—— came to me to know if I was ready to see some company just arrived. I answered, by rising and meeting the old Marquis, who entered the room, accompanied by Monfieur de G——, my lover, and St. Fal ; who, to my great joy, having procured his ransom, was now returned to his family and friends. The colour came into my face ; little did I expect so ceremonious a visit. The old Marquis complimented me upon having recovered of my illness, handsomer, as he was pleased to say, than ever. On my part, I returned compliment for compliment, and wished him joy of his good looks.

Silence ensued (after a little general conversation upon our past indisposition) because the old Marquis was mute, and seemingly absorbed in thought. I trembled, and knew not what to think of it. My lover's father at length asked Monfieur de G—— if he had given orders

ders that we should not be interrupted ; to which being answered in the affirmative, he said, “ It is well : ” then, casting his eyes on me, thus he expressed himself.

“ It is high time, dear Jenny, to put an end to your troubles, and to crown your virtue. You certainly merit a fortune superior to that which you are on the point of enjoying. Of this I have long been convinced, and you are accordingly dear to me. But, with all your good qualities, I should never have decided in your favour out of motives of convenience, and such as regard me personally, had it not been for the proofs you have given me of your elevated sentiments. Those proofs have been hitherto a mystery, and I will first of all explain it to you.

“ I knew the passion you entertained for my son, as well as the excess of his toward you. It would have been too great a sacrifice in me to have approved of your mutual flame, without an assurance of your being worthy of it.—What means did I employ to find that out?—Why I gave you both an opportunity of sacrificing that passion to me, which from its birth had created so much uneasiness to me.

“ I would satisfy myself by a trial arising from my son’s heart, whether he deserved that I should forget my own rank, and the public censure, out of complaisance to him ; and whether I was beloved by him sufficiently to yield up to me all that was most dear to me in the world.

“ If I discover in my son (said I to myself, contriving the means that were to convince me) that he loves me well enough to renounce what

he doats on, then he deserves that I should consent to his happiness.

“What I am going to say will surprise you, Jenny (continued he) when you call to mind all the steps I seemed to take to gain your favour, and the proposals I made to marry you. But be not deceived; it was only to try your character to the bottom, and whether a fortune in present was capable of tempting your vanity. Young people are so often ensnared by objects, artful in bringing about their own ends, that I would not suffer my son to run the risque of repenting his having given himself up to one. It is for that reason I watched you so narrowly, and endeavoured by all possible means to discover the inmost recesses of your soul.

“In this respect I have reason to be satisfied with my discoveries. But this was not sufficient to determine me. I wanted to know what disposition my son was in; and if I had not received information by other means of the place of your concealment, I should have begun by obliging my son to discover you, and to deliver you into my hands. Had I prevailed, I should have been satisfied; I should have saved both of you the many hazards you have run. But Heaven, which has punished my presumption in endeavouring to penetrate, like itself, the heart of man, after shewing me the danger my son incurred, has been pleased to restore him to me, and to preserve for him a treasure in which his life was wrapped up, and which was ever destined to be his.

“To compass my ends, dear Jenny, that fit of sickness, which to every one appeared to be real—”

“How!”

“How!” interrupted my lover, kissing his father’s hand; “the cruel condition in which I saw you, and which the whole town talked of, was it nothing but a feint?”

"Yes, son," replied the Marquis, "it was all a pretence. But let me go on: every thing shall be made clear.

“It was not difficult for me,” continued this artful nobleman, “to act the part in question. My servants know my humour; they know too that I will be obeyed, and that I never forgive indiscreet talk. With the assistance of two of these, therefore, and my surgeon, who were the only persons that had occasion to approach me, it was no hard matter to make the rest of the world believe whatever I pleased.

“ Such was the mystery. My son has shewn himself worthy of what he is. He generously relinquished what was most dear to him to preserve his father’s life; nor was I more affected with this sacrifice, than I was delighted with your complaisance for my son. That day, when nature prevailed over your generous resolution, was I on the point of rewarding you; you were then going to be united. One minute later, my son had taken the place I seemed to occupy. Your fainting away, O my dear Jenny, prevented this stroke, premeditated with so much pleasure.—How much did I repent, from the dread of losing you both, my not discovering myself sooner !

“ But Heaven (added the worthy Marquis) which I have implored so much in your behalf, by restoring you to me, has put it in my power to finish what I have begun.—Approach,

proach, then, my dear son (cried he, rising, and taking me by the hand) approach, and be happy. I give you Jenny; and in making you this present, I reckon I once more give you life."

As he uttered these last words we both fell at his feet. As for me, I found myself so oppressed, so over-joyed, so full of I knew not what, that it is impossible for me to describe truly what state I was in. The old Marquis himself dropped a tear; and Monsieur and Madame de G——, with St. Fal, cordially joined in the affecting scene.

After a short pause, the Marquis made my lover and me rise, and take our places. Thus he again addressed himself to us.

"If you are satisfied, my dear children, truly I am not less so myself. But this is not always sufficient: decency must be observed. I have taken my measures so well, that the world shall be for ever ignorant of the real origin of my daughter-in-law. I do not mention this to humble her; she is greater by her *virtue*, and her fine qualifications, than a vain birth can make her. Considering, however, what slaves we are to prejudice, I thought I might lawfully employ a stratagem to impose upon those of my rank. Jenny shall appear well-born; and notwithstanding they bid the banns this day in her village, I have contrived matters so that they cannot discover my secret.—In fine, every thing is ready for the celebration of a marriage so much desired.

"It remains, however, that I inform you (continued the worthy old Marquis, addressing him-

himself to me, in order to make every thing clear) that being undetermined whither to carry you, I had recourse to my old friends Monsieur and Madame de G——, as persons on whom I might depend. I knew the obligations you lay under to them, and that idea seemed so suitable, that I went immediately and acquainted them of the affair, recommending secrecy. I was very apprehensive of its taking air. After causing so much distress, and being the author of so much care and anxiety to these poor children, I thought it but just to reserve to myself the charming satisfaction of being the first to inform them of their happiness.”

Thus did the old Marquis conclude his delightful harangue. It renewed our marks of acknowledgment: *my* heart was full; but I dared not give such lively proofs of it as my lover. He threw himself twenty times at his father's feet, kissed his hands as often, and spoke to him in the tenderest and fondest manner.

“After a proper time spent in these transports, the old Marquis told me, that my father and mother were come; that he had sent for them, in order to be present at my nuptials; but that I was to give them to understand they were to return no more to their cottage, it being of the last consequence in the measures he had taken to conceal who I was.

“They shall lose nothing by the bargain, said he to me smiling.—I give you my estate of F—— A——, which is a hundred leagues off, and which yields twenty thousand livres a year. There you shall live with them, and your husband, till I think proper to have you nearer me.

There

There, too, your father and mother shall remain, and be lords and masters, as an atonement to them for the loss of their own country. You will have time enough to instruct them in their journey how they must behave."

It is not difficult to assume an air of ease, when one is so effectually.—How sensible was I of so much goodness!—Should I endeavour to express it, the task would be endless.

Hitherto I never had an opportunity of owning to the old Marquis that Barbara was my aunt; I did it now.

"Well," continued the dear and worthy father of my lover, "so much the better; we shall render one more person happy."

Madame de G——, finding we had said every thing we had to say, proposed going to supper. Every one was willing enough; and as nothing gives a better appetite than joy, it will be easily imagined that neither the Marquis nor I wanted a stomach.

At table I could read impatience in his eyes.—Must I blush to own I felt the same emotion?—I was certainly excusable. Besides, I was in continual dread of some unforeseen event which might crush all my hopes. I had experienced so many disappointments, that I was habituated to expect no day could pass without them. But I was mistaken; every thing has its time; ill fortune itself will at last be weary of persecuting us.

The moment supper was done, I flew to my apartment, and locked myself up with my father, my mother, and my aunt Barbara.—I immediately fell at their feet, owning myself their daughter and niece, asking pardon for my
not.

not discovering myself sooner, and alledging the reasons of it in a short but succinct manner.

The reader must imagine their surprise and transport. They actually cried for joy, when I acquainted them of the happiness designed for me.

“God be praised!” exclaimed my mother sometimes, pressing my cheeks to hers. Then again, “I always told you, husband, she would prove a good girl.—”

Our time was too short to be employed in these mutual endearments. I told them in two words what was intended for them; then proposed to my dear aunt, who could scarce persuade herself I was her niece, either to follow me, or return to her beloved village, offering her my father’s house, and to buy a piece of land to it.

“No, no,” said she very honestly, “I am for no village where you are not to be, my dear niece, since providence will have me to call you so. Your secret would be well kept truly, were I to return to my village!—To be plain with you, I should hunt out every gossip in the place, beginning with Mr. Curate, to be sure, as our betters must be served first.—I am old Tell-truth.”

I could not forbear smiling at her artless simplicity; nevertheless, for my sake (well knowing her natural talkativeness) I earnestly entreated her to be on her guard. Her answer was, that I had nothing to fear, while she was out of her own village, as I had experienced from the time she had lived with me; and indeed in saying this, she said no more than the truth.

While yet we were together, somebody knocked at the door. It was the impatient Marquis.

“Every

“Every thing is ready,” said he through the keyhole ; “they wait for you.”

The door being opened, he caught me round the neck, and kissed me with so much eagerness that I blushed exceedingly.

“Nay,” said he, “you must not be angry now.”

With these words, he embraced my father, mother, and aunt, calling them by those names; and concluded with saying to me, “What is it we stay for?”

His abrupt impatience made me smile ; and, in a word, with a light heart I followed him to the church, where every thing was ready to unite us for ever.

At length, then, were my dear Marquis and I happily united in the indissoluble bands of wedlock. What did not follow from that charming ceremony !—I am silent.—Suffice it to observe, that it is ever fresh in my memory.

The old Marquis’s scheme was followed to a tittle. Our carriage occasioned various speculations and surmises ; but they made no impression upon my dear Marquis or me, entirely as we were taken up with promoting our own happiness.

Two sons and a daughter have been the fruit of our mutual loves. Amidst the great world, my family employs all my time ; there centers all my happiness. My husband is ever tender, complaisant, and fond.—Say, Reader, can I conclude with a more interesting, and a more endearing circumstance ?







